MY PROOF OF IMMORTALITY

By SHAKESPEARE'S SPIRIT

WITH MY DEMISÉD ACT

Class BF131
Book .S557
Copyright No. Copy 2

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

Farrah Taylor Ekhatford

MY PROOF OF IMMORTALITY

With My Demiséd Act.

By SHAKESPEARE'S *SPIRIT*

THE TORCH PRESS, INC.
NEW YORK

copy 2

BF1311
.S5S7
Copy 2

Copyrighted
All Rights Reserved
The TORCH PRESS, Inc.
New York
1924

AUG -6 1924
©CLA801261

MY PROOF OF IMMORTALITY

With My Demiséd Act.

My soul part, *and,* my sole part.
Dictated *by* my soul, to her
Who took my *former* leaves.
By word of mouth, the same.
My signature the same.

(Sir) Wm. Shakespeare. His spirit part.
By the Grace of God. In Whom I trust.
In the year 1924 A.D.

THE TORCH PRESS, INC.
NEW YORK

"The progress of civilization RESTS on the proof of immortality."

Wm. Shakespeare in Spirit
(direct voice to S. T. S.)

Preface

TO JEW *AND* GENTILE, CATHOLIC *OR* PROTESTANT, FROM SHAKESPEARE *IN* SPIRIT

First: This work, *of* souls, *for* souls, is FOR religions (S. Sarah). For all are not yet One, while One IS Father OF all. Souls. Alive WITH bodies, or, BESIDE bodies, AS alive as before this change which changed our POSITIONS *in* life, as our substance*s*. (S, make it)

Second: ALL should BE saved, *in* peace, FOR God. Until wars of religions (minds) cease, wars of Nations will *not* cease.

Third: SOULS must work FOR their betterment here AS here*after* (you call it so) (but it is *here*)

MY proof is substantial; enduring AS GOD. *MY* leaves have never died!

If this *I* leave, *must* leave, what you may *glean* therefrom will benefit YOUR souls.

I make this statement FOR God AND His intent. *I* have not died!

To FATHER the race, which HE did, imparting TO it HIS image, spirit, BY His Grace, POWER, was to fit HIMSELF inTO your beings, souls IN cases *this* day. Summons to witness your BETTER parts, OF His, that you MAY profit BY (through) my demise (demense were better here perhaps) OF Him, yet NOT His Own, is impossible. He IS GOD. Time only tells HIS secrets, mayhap, for I know not, being Shakespeare still.

Then IF I have NOT died, I AM here, able IN mind, that PART of His saved through His Own power, AFTER death, dying, grave raiment, and the like *of* these.

Monuments are poor if recorded ON these are sentences of derision FOR His works, inCLUDING bones. Mine nevermore did appal me AFTER that change OF dying, let me say. To dig AT graves such as hearts IN bodies dead to all He did contrive FOR ye, is to deal with those dead TO Him in body cones.

Pray FOR minds, sound, UNtainted BY subdiversions. Godless ones dissect His minds IN bodies, explaining all, when they

themselves distrust Him AND His Own breath, soul, yet they do use His nomenclatures as smugglers hide THEIR spoils. His subdivisions, elements OF Mind, Himself, UNdiscernible quite from OUR spheres NOW. Then HOW can ye pick at His reason, OR his reasoning processes the least, say I.

Will ye find BUT that ye did claim FOR Him at His door, I tell ye here. Minds of the insane ones, have ye suffered them to FIND theirs that was, is still, lost to THEM, I ask here. If ye have not, AND ye HAVE not, then pry open THAT distract beFORE ye PLANT in other minds all YOUR surmises supplanting His work, His *hand* for aught I know.

These wiseless ones smack with learning, psychoanalysing His UNseen parts *OF* Himself (soul-analysing that which ye do not pray ex*ists?*) then befuddling *ALL* minds with the scope OF reasoning powers, like UNto Him, since He alone CAN give, take, *un*snarl, *re*store in the *least* those parts OF his, Mind's minds. The mind! What more you ask, I SAY what more. Reason ye not at all withOUT Him. For unless, until, ye inCLUDE HIM Who IS God, the Creator, invisible for aught I know though *A* spirit *OF* His, here this hour. Tomes have ye written, alas, of NO use TO Him, all who be*little* Him, deny Him, Crucify Him, in the least. BEYOND *your* power TO reason, He adjusts His Almighty scales. Adds, subtracts, divides be*YOND* your POWERS of wisdom to relate, or comprehend Him. Souls wait upON Him Who is God. FOR His reason, OR His plan. For *I* know NOT here.

Dying solves much that ye WOULD hear past help OF mine. Opening, closing, HIS portals, each hour, FOR ye IN bodies. In so much as He LEFT Himself TO reason, as reason I do FOR ye though a shade I am become, He WILLS that mind OF His SHALL inherit Him at last. I weep for LACK *of* power here. To beware ye, souls IN bodies still. OF His breath, still. When speech is lacking, for which ye think He GAVE ye life, as ye smite Him with your every breath, men of learning GREATER THAN His, will ye recall MY powers here, able TO perform FOR ye AND Him, that ye BE rewarded at His final curtain. His last call, yea.

My plea FOR souls, all, all alike in bodies.

Shakespeare's UNdying part, His.

(To S. T. S. Direct Voice)

CONTENTS

PART I

MY Proof of Immortality
By Shakespeare's SPIRIT

	PAGE
Preface	
To Those Who Call ME "Dead". Sonnet	1
OUR Lord, Jesus Christ	1
To All Who Doubt My Cause IS His:	4
To the Holy Fathers:	6
Sonnet: To All Who Claim My Output Is NOT Me:	6
To UNbelievers, Scoffers, And The Like OF These:	7
To "Die"	7
The Flight OF Souls	9
Sonnet: At Peace	11
Sonnet: Divinity Is All	11
Sonnet: The Quest FOR Life	12
Sonnet: The Temple OF The Soul	12
Voiceless Death	13
Sonnet: Hymn OF Hate	13
Sonnet: Providence Divine	14
Sonnet: IMprovidence	14
Sonnet: Life's REnewal	15
Sonnet: Time (His Eternal Clock)	15
Starvation	16
Sonnet: Fellowship	17
"God of The LIVING" (Bible)	17
To A Blurb:	18
Sonnet: One Eternal Balance	20
The Divinity OF Good	20
Abundance (*His* Supply)	21
Sonnet: Jewry	21
Sonnet: To Art	22
Sonnet: To Artists	23
Sonnet: MY Juliet	23
Sonnet: Grief	26
Sonnet: The Awful Truth	26
"Now a Rhyme"	27
Sonnet: Hopatcong Lake	29
Sonnet: Such IS The Human Heart	30
Sonnet: Forgive each other. If there be a cloud	30
Creation's Divisions	31
The Power TO Heal	32

PAGE

Altitude (Thought's Altitude) 32
The Wheel OF Time 34
Silent Prayer (Intercession OF Divinity) 34
His LAW 36
The Joys Of The Kingdom 37
Love's Eternal Song 38
To Those Who Will Find This: 38
The LIVING "Dead" 39
The Great Recorder 39
Salutation *To* The Sun 41
Where? 44
To BE Born Again 46
A Cure-All FOR Pain 47
Worlds Afar (To Evolutionists) 47
Science 49
The Waterfall: The Mountain: The Desert 50
The Sea: The Stars: Souls 51
Voices: The River: The Sun 52
The Moon 53
Mother's Day 53
PEACE. BE still 54
To The Men Of Lambeth: 56
Truth 60
Sonnet: Truth 61
The Heart Of An Artichoke (The Heart of "Science") 62
MY Radio, Yet 65
To Be Or Not To Be: That Is HIS Question 67
Sonnet: To Die: Is THIS The Question? 70
Sonnet: He CAME to die, that mortals all Might know 70
My Play UpON Words (My Soul's diversion, too) 71
SHAKESPEARE'S ONLY SPIRIT PLAY, With Prologue, "My Demised Act" 75
The Lost is found 76
Why Spirits Speak TO Mortals (Preface to the Play for Pictures Plot) 87
OLD PROSPERO IN HIS GARDEN (Death Enacted) 89
The Play's THE Thing: My Words. (Preface to Play For Children) 93
"HULLABALOO" (Our Play FOR Little Children) 94
To One And All Who STRUT MY Boards, As, Calling On HIS Name, In Vain 99
To The Producer 101
A Sonnet for My Proof: The grave has cast me in the *part* I play... 104
To My Contemporary, Belasco. PAST my hide, where the future IS the present 105
Sonnet: All set is WISDOM's stage, whose parts WE play 106
What Improvement Could Be Made In My Profession 107
Why Hughes Is NOT The Inspirer Of MY Sonnets 110
Mental Vision (Dreams) To Freud: The Visionary 113

PAGE
To My Contemporaries, LODGE and Doyle 114
To "Clemence Dane": Sonnet 115
To Souls Who CANnot Die: 117
Why Souls Find Few Mortals FIT To Use 118
The Heart's Song 120
The Grace Of God 121
Agnostic 121
To Communicate *With* The Dead, What Is It? 122
The Tragedy Of Death (So-called) 125
Consolers IN Spirit 127
The Uprising AGAINST This Truth 129
Do Ghosts Walk At Night? 131
Analytical Science (The Atom OF Atoms) 132
Flowers OF Speech 135
HIS Thought World 137
The Mind's Eye 139
Sonnet: The Mind's Eyes 143
Adam's Rib (Womb-man) 143
Mice AND Men 146
To . . . A "Modernist" (His after-thought) 149
"They Who Understand . . ." (Bible) 150
A Talk To Sarah Radio: 153
"Write Me Answer TO This Article, Can Marriage Build Brain Power?" 155
Nonsense Anthology Of The Spirits (Themselves) 158
To Mme. ——— With Mme. ——— present 161
Soul Fragrance 162
Queen's Lace-Handkerchief (A wildflower) 163
My Paradiso (Song) 163
If *I* Were A Rose (Song) 164
A Bit OF Heaven (Song) 164
Who *Knows?* 165
The Woman GOD Forgot 165
"Lo!" said the Moon to the mulberry-tree 166
To the "fellows" of Fellowship FARM [?] 166
The Church-Yard, On The Hill 168
The Heart IS A Rose (Song) 169
A Plea FOR Unity 170
A Rosary OF Love (Song) 171
The old world is a bucket 172
To A Raindrop: From Shakespeare's soul 173
LIMERICKS (From Spirit side of Life) 173
The PERILS Of Mediumship 179
Soulship: Mediumship: AtONEment 183
Our Adieu To THIS City (New York) 185
IAMBIC: Shakespeare Poet 188
Spirit Voice Dictation 189
A Song Of Love TO Her Who SPINS My Yarn: 190

PAGE
O Moon! (Song-words) 190
"BeCAUSE Of Their UNbelief" (Bible) 191
To Atheists 192
The CLAIMS Of This Spirit Shakespeare: 194
Three Ghost Stories By Three Ghosts (No fables these) 196

PART II

Scientific Proof, Evidential Proof Of Survival AFTER Death of Memory, Personality, Love, And Affection. Proof, Which Only Spirits Could Give, In Each Case

Scientific Spirit Proof 211
" . . . BACK From The Dead" 212
To Those Who Find Themselves Written Herein: 213
Miracles of Proof: .....214 to 472
Letter to Doctors Peebles and Austin containing Scientific Proof given free in California 433-437
Miracles of Proof Given By The "Dead" to these in Bodies, called "Living" 438-469
To Whom It May Concern: 470

PART III

BACK from the Dead

Preface By W. S. In Spirit 475
Illustration of Sarah T. Shatford .....facing page 478
Illustration of Sarah Shatford's former Home .....facing page 479
Scientific Proof FOR The "Dead" (so-called) 479
The Truth Of All Writings Signed "W. S. In Spirit", and "Shakespeare's Spirit" 483
History Of This Case 484
The Mediums Who Have Seen Shakespeare's Spirit 486
Mediumship (my verse) S. T. S. 488
Mediumship (Three poems) 489-490
Clairaudience 490
The Part Religion Took In This Case Of Spirit Return 495
HOW Spirits Speak TO Mortals 504
Mediumship Is A Development, Not A Gift 505
Why The Incorporation Was Formed TO Publish This Spirit's Works 507
Why ARE Mediums ALL Poor? Why Do Ministers Deny This Truth? 509
What Value HAS This Proof? What Value Has ANY Truth? What USE Is Religion WithOUT This Truth? For What DID Jesus Come? Die? Except This Proof OF Spirit, Which Dies Not, Lives On, Speaks, Has The SAME Form? 512
Mortals As Seen By ONE Medium 515
WHEN THE WORLD IS *READY* FOR THE SAVIOUR (Song—Words only) (Published also with music) 517

PART I

MY Proof of Immortality By Shakespeare's SPIRIT

MY Proof of Immortality
By Shakespeare's SPIRIT

✠

TO THOSE WHO CALL *ME* "DEAD"

Sonnet:

Open the Book. Read *there* if *any* "die".
Why, there, are men then warned *of* punishment?
Why *came* the Nazarene? Was it *to* die
And come *not* back, that *He* was sent?
Why DO I live? Souls ARE His, AND saved!
Then, must HIS plan BE His Divine intent.
I write hereon MY words SHE hears complete!
Then AM I Shakespeare LIVING, as 'twas MEANT.
MY soul I give, HAVE given, for a CAUSE:
To better HERE men's souls BEFORE THEY "die".
Can I speak then, claiming my soul as fit
TO better men, who trod His earth, AND sky?
As every man MUST "die", I AM Shakespeare.
Then, AM I "dead"? IF so, where? When? AND Why?
Shakespeare immortal
Amen.
(Direct Voice to S. T. S.)

OUR LORD, JESUS CHRIST

For us who *are* His souls He came. He died
As "die" all mortals. Leaving breath, as clay,
Our nether part is laid away. His dust, at last, men say
Who drop His clods *on* us and walk *their* way.

On us, they *think:* else, are we "lost", else "gone", alas,
Where travelers return not. THIS, *I* said, myself,

When I was *wont to* strut my boards. Yet, did I know
Those words held nothing *true,* if Jesus came *TO* save.

Why, then, ARE mortals lost, I ask *of* you. Who see you losing
Day by day all that is *fit to* keep, your *souls,* for aye.

HE CAME: DID RISE: we know who write hereon.
We do not prate. Our souls have naught to win
UN*LESS* He came, 'tis true. Thus do we hope,
As we give forth *as* spirit, we may merit *still* His grace,
His pardon, *may*hap His reward. *If* souls *MAY* rise.
We do not know His plans who write today from soul's abode,
Near earth, the same, befouled *by* souls as WELL as men in hides,
I claim who KNOW. I AM His soul. My shape the same
As stood in carcass fold. My spirit, shade, *is* Shakespeare's, too.
Forever *on* my face *is* my trademark I earned while IN my shape.
On YOURS shall stampéd be the lines *you* sought, traded FOR your chance,
Your utmost will, then, *is* the final core.
Your every *beam* is His. You cannot *smile* un*less* it mark your face,
Nor beam upon a *child* of His, but in His Own eternal time
That beam of His has mould. MINE had. *I* KNOW.

I would record a *lesson* for Him, then, as here I write.
His part *am* I. Still would I learn OF Him who *took* my soul
To grieve through centuries of time.
Lest mortals die *of waste* and see themselves *all* loss, *no* profit,
I *give* to men *my* time, that they may *profit* by MY loss.
I live, be sure; am he who *wrote* my rhyme.
Long have we proved a spirit's here.
Who then, if not mine, would *sully* my time in coil,
Know *what* I did, for *which* I pay. Who, as a soul, *would* lie, defame.
Not I. Nor should I care to *face* my face, preservéd *by* my God,
Could I defame *another* from His sphere where souls MUST pay Him *all.*

I hear this tale discussed: impostor I: playing a Shakespeare part:
Poor men of *flesh.* How little do *men* count, whate'er their *names,*
When God has *closed* the door, perhaps has shut *You* out.
Great men *are* here, pass *by* my door, as well. I am not *lone,* then,

In His skies. No, no. The great *are* seldom worthy *of* their names.
The *poor* are His *great*est souls. Mark well, the POOR are RICH in God's forever.
His choicest sons are *of* His elements. Not Vainglorious.
Fame, what art THOU. A changling, profligate. Most *oft* criminal.
Parts of mine spread gore: others, filth: defamations abound.
Must I live *on* the while I stay earthbound *hearing* these scraping jargons I *did* write to *make* my salt *with* such as these.

I pause. I *came* to UNdo. To *save* all men who mouth my words,
And *love* my name. Defame me, as they do, my parts *are* theirs *in* garments fine, *and* plumes;
But *I, I* am acclaimed as *not* myself by those who *take* no part
In what a *soul* may do: *write: mouth: declaim.*

Forever do I now make plain I AM the poet Shakespeare,
Who, alive *with* bones, did strut on my own boards—betime.

Now, do I say with my soul-part, a *waif* am I. His Own, I claim.
HE saved me. Then, *AM* I His.
My part is here to *do* His will.
After I came to *know* a soul *was* I, AND saved, I set to right my wrongs of time *in* body.
That I may BE accounted His wherever *His* time *may* carry,
I do expound *through* her *to you.*
My Catholic tastes, they *too* are riven by you men in shapes of flesh.
All His ARE Catholic: *He* was *born* of One Who *gave* His laws
TO His for all of time. No variance, shuffling, transposition.
HIS words confine thereto. *Make* His laws yours. Make sacrifice TO do His will.
Else, shall you know His One Who came and saved you NOT,
You came not here *to find,* but serve, to RISE *to* meet.

I know. Shall all souls here be His without *rebuke* of His?
I *know* not, nor can *any* know.

We live *to* suffer still. Take this as *from* my soul this day.
ALL suffer here. Alike. No place *awaits* denominational souls
Who *carry* here their dogmas be*fitting* their narrow minds.

His, are His Own, no matter *what* their walks in cases may have been.
All *His* are humble, too. Taking Him *at* His word.
He lives where ARE His Father's, too.
He comes *not* down to *dwell* with sinners
Who went forth *to* rise where *was* His *Father's* Home.

His spirit walks *not* here, I now *affirm*. Yet *am* I Catholic
In body AND soul. My *better* parts *are* here preservéd.
I write, think, expound, to make You think while here your soul *may* take His banner *and* walk thereby.
Loving *all* men, as was my wont in *shape* of flesh,
I would souls *save*.

Then, am I Shakespeare writ as Shakespeare wrote.
Who else has fathomed my rhythm, style, marks *of* authorship, I ask.
Are these words mine? Could I *still* write a Play; of import, *too*.
My *verse* acclaims me. Yet men turn aside who *dare* not think.
Lest they be damnéd by their *wits*.
To lay *aside* parts-of-filth, and *walk* His *peace*ful meadows,
I would add days of Light *to* mortals time, and take *from* these
The rod af*flicting souls,* troubles of mind, conscience.

Shakespeare's Spirit
(Direct Voice to S. T. S.)

"This is our Sunday best." Shakespeare.

TO ALL WHO DOUBT MY CAUSE *IS* HIS:

We, are our*selves in* spirit. *Our* cause, *is* His.
No doubters OF His cause may *enter*, here.
I stand with*out* this portal, *FOR* His cause:
Usurpers HAVE intruded, *in* the mortal,
And used my time *for* theirs, to spare them*selves;*
Making of mine instrument a *servant, my* shade a servitor, less
Thinking *I* am *not* here?

Away. Be gone out of this place. To *work* I came,
But not to serve in chains for *mortal uses*.
Be sure of this. I witness all she does for others
Who have planned more she *shall* do until they fill

For their own *selves their* purposes.
To *aid* we were but come. All have *profited* by this one's *mis*-fortunes,
I claim who AM a shade, MY shade. For I have eyes set in mine head
TO witness *for* her who *is* mine to use *for God's Own* purposes, alone.

Have you come thus far in spirit uses and know naught OF spirit,
I ask? Think thy own thoughts, make plans *of* thine, but know we HEAR thee,
See thy selfishness re*corded* as with breath thou didst play with pipes.

The same. Utterance IS thought, *in* spirit. We give her this by the same mode, but apparent as heard by her.
Our thoughts make *up* our lives. *In* spirit, and be*fore* we enter here.
To give as was *His* intent, to *save,* we purpose *here.*
Save others *from* themselves. O God, hear me *this* hour as here I pound
On Thy thin partition, to *help* Thee, save Thy *world* FOR Thee.

To insist, is to be obeyed, *in* spirit. We *have* a routine planned for souls,
To *lift* the world, as once a myth is read to make it seem,
But no, a *loft*ier burden *we* carry, no mere sphere upon *our* backs, who write this down for men's perusal.
To plan with*out* the spirits help were *futile,* since *you* know them *here.*
Like children, you make playhouses, to be torn down at bedtime.
Today, tomorrow, *at* play, and nothing else. Nothing *to* save, to garner-up,
Naught to bring *to* Him but *empty* palms, upturnéd, as suppliant you beg
To be *forgiven,* given a chance *to* work, TO WORK, my friends, yea,
Blessing *of* God's, a timefilling *pur*pose back of, *through* His days.

(Release me now, for I shall attend divine service)
Sunday—May 1st, '21. W. S. In Spirit

TO THE HOLY FATHERS:

First, when I stepped before the curtain here,
I claimed myself as foul. A mass was said.
I could not keep in touch, o'erstepped the bounds,
The water from Lourdes spring relieved her head.
The scientist ("delete"), for whom I proved there are no dead,
Would rob me of this one MY cause to prove,
A Catholic circle formed, I closed the door
To every spirit. A nine days wonder while I watchéd o'er.
The Jews defrauded us; our Torch came through.
And through the desert to the coast came, too,
Proving to all *I* guard, AM here, with sense.
This proof, the while, our ONLY recompense.
Full many a one will still claim Shakespeare "dead":
To you, who LIVE with spirits, am *I* led.

✥

Shakespeare's Spirit

Sonnet:

TO ALL WHO CLAIM MY OUTPUT IS *NOT* ME:

All Priests WITH cassocks, hear me now. *I* speak.
YOUR woes have not BEGUN. Mine NOW are o'er.
Your time IN suit ply FOR Him who IS Love,
And give HIM heed who SENT me WITH mine core
TO save ye FROM yourselves who walk NOT in
The light He BROUGHT, AND shed FOR US as well,
To work FOR Him past aught that ye CAN do.
If *ye* could speak to me *would* I have spoke;
Nor drifted FROM your fires to this one's side.
See that ye counsel well, that none DEride.
Partake OF MY bread, AND wine, thus spilled FOR thee.
Each son, with*hold* thy spear from this one's side,
Who gave FOR ye Her current AND her tide.
AS I live I AM the soul part of England's poet
Shakespeare forevermore.

(Direct spirit voice to S.T.S.) June 27-'23.

"Larry sent you this." W. S.
"Who's Larry?" S.T.S.
"Larry At." W.S.
"Mr. P. Culiar presents his card." W.S.
"I don't know the gentleman, sir." S.T.S.

W.S.: "What's the good of a sieve if it leaks?"
S.T.S.: "What's the good of a sieve if it doesn't?"

TO *UN*BELIEVERS, SCOFFERS, AND THE LIKE *OF* THESE

From Shakespeare's Soul.

You WILL pause when the flesh is no more;
You scoffers who claim this the end.
Through hundreds of years must you weep bitter tears
Where spirits LIKE yours ever wend.

You will see the surmises of old were correct,
They spoke FROM the dead whom ye would not receive:
As of old it WAS said, "If one *from* the dead
Returned here TO warn, STILL ye would not believe."

Past delights there ARE nights, I Shakespeare here warn!
The time for EACH soul to recall his derision.
STILL I warn, pay ye heed, lest the darkness o'ercome you,
Where souls forfeit All for their Godless decision.

❋

Shakespeare's Spirit

TO "DIE"

To hold our converse as of yore—to speak,
Beholding all our vision knew and more,
All needs the same, unvaringly true.
No difference to us exists. A door
Has oped, and closéd lids no more know we.
'Tis somewhat for a visionary thus to ponder on,
IS DEATH; since we do live,
And minus naught but BONES to rattle
HAVE we escaped the pain of bodies.

Here, go slow. Alas, the pain, the ache, all souls know.
Stripped for action, suited to the acts of life we knew
Ere boneless, MUST we ache forevermore?
My tongue is in my head. I HAVE a head. And more,
It has ached oft and oft.
I have a heart to ache also.
Also, it aches as well.
Resplendent as the gems of thought,
My memory turns and rolls ITS gems.
I can recall my years of age, time with ink-pots, standards of excellence, honeyed words.
All these are left with this my part speaking hereon.

Thus we live, all keen as to sense, alert, sound, no missing parts.

Life varies much after the call we answer which makes us shadows, forms not unlike veils.
These float about wherever wills take them, send them.
Hampered through lack of wisdom I cannot say.
I THINK will carries. Immediately change of form discloses truths apparent BECAUSE of the change of bodies.
Discussions end from which rewards cannot accrue.
Surmises cease.
We long for wisdom more in new bodies than before the change,
Thought forms, forces, powers of spirit ever increasing with knowledge, serve us now.
Did learning cease with breath, how stale the change called "death" had become.
It is NOT true that God limits His souls actions after these pass here.
Our powers of observation alone increase our store for thought.
Trust weakens or becomes a bulwark.
Forms interest us more than lights.
We yearn to associate with our own kind in bodies.
These attract us. How I cannot fathom, tho' a soul.
Magnets possess us, else we draw others to US.
Harrowing thoughts seize mortals for which THEY are not responsible, 'tis true.
Witness this paper. 'Tis mine own. I gave it her.
To ruminate ON "death" must I HAVE "died."

To call and be answered by a human's voice is the dearest experience of souls.
These attendant are lambs of ours indeed. My voice then can CALL, and be heard as well.
If so, affirming it so, HAVE I, Shakespeare, "died," I ask of you?

Impossibilities ARE impossible.
Shall others do what I have done in spirit form, 'twere useless to surmise the end.
I might stand by conversing with mine own the while my grave was being digged, spitting on the digger of it did he not lay my bones deep, away from forest diggers.
A grave subject, to be sure, we chose out for this.

The grave is closing over all who breathe as I write this.
A puff of wind at the lattice and YOU have "gone", are here where I am, boneless, breathless, alive, keen, knowing.
An end there is not to anything which e'er has life, a pulse TO beat.
Life is precious to each pulsing frame.
These call their young, suffer for them, mother them, yearn to express love!
Therefore, these creatures are a part of His wisdom.
Why blood is ever spilled, has been so, ever, began through error claiming food sustained hunger,
Which is a fallacy, no less.

Good-night.

❖

Shakespeare's Spirit (To S.T.S.)

THE FLIGHT *OF* SOULS

Wings, *we* have not, who flee the carcass' mould.
With*out* impediment attached we learn *to* soar,—
Lift *up* our souls, to heights but little dreamed
Of men who claim us gone "beyond" *their* floor,
Where souls *must* walk, *and, serve* His time, nor curse
His plan who *saved* us thus *to* work His will.
There *is* no Paradise where *ye* may wing,
New found *and* foundling who must find *Him* still,
If, not brought *in* that part He does preserve
Apast His *change* of bodies, men *call* "death,"

Ye must take *what* ye bring, a *sordid* thing,
And make it *fit*, ye could have *made* while breath
Could aid you in His speaking *part.*
The change *will* change, but no thing *of His* plan,
Rebuke, *or* retribution, or, His Heart.
Which beats in tune with every vibrant pulse,
Attunes the souls *escaped* from carnal clay.
Until *their* notes per*form* His symphonies,
No souls escape the debtor's debt, *all* pay.

As onward swings in orbit every star,
All tuned, performed, *to* work His Sovereign Will,
Must every cog per*form,* nor *slip its* part,—
His shuttle *is* His hand, His Divine Will,
Whate'er it *is I* know not *though* I speak,
Perform *for* Him, all rampant *every*where.
Knowing *but* God could *keep* His secrets thus,
Sustain *us* through His will with*out* His air!
(by) W.S.
Then, souls must *find* their way who long *to* soar
With their thin bodies wingless but *for* Him,
And walk His earth *and* sky *until* they rise
Where *is* the Lord *Who* rose to go *to* Him.

Shakespeare's Soul. Who views His Patterns, feathered tribes, all flying things, strides as with limbs His universe, making souls fit for His cause.

Nov. 9th, 1921 Direct, audible voice To S.T.S.
New York City.
(Proof of spirit-voice [given free] last evening to:

Miss Louise Hauschild,
Schilling Press, Inc., 137 East 25th St., N. Y. C.

Mrs. B. R. Hayes, 968 Morris Ave., Bronx. Mrs. K. M. Healy, c/o Tierney, Ansonia Hotel, N. Y. Miss Jeanette Cleanen, Hotel Endicott, New York. Miss Connor, War Finance Dept. All the above have been given hours of speaking with their dead: in some cases these spirits have gone back three generations to bring forth proof. S.T.S.

AT PEACE

Sonnet.

Where wars have devastated Nations, and unrest
Has set her prow, and furrowed every breast,
You soon will pass and lend a hand for them.
Who know war's pain have touched the garment's Hem.
Hearts burn in spirit to disclose our share
We took, ay, still SHALL take in THEIR welfare.
Our purse is scanty here, our "funds" *are* low,
Except in love; THEN rivers here doth flow.
We work to make an earth OF love, FOR Him,
Who write hereon; when, hearts abrim,
We all regret the hatreds, strife, despair,
Left as our records where all SEE the past
Sullied AND seared, where guns their miseries cast.
We know, then, Love MUST servéd BE at last!
Shakespeare, who loves all.

DIVINITY IS ALL

Sonnet.

What Godless creatures tread His universe.
His air they breathe BUT His Supply of all,
As every Art which compasses His skies
IS His unvarying wisdom, answering His CALL.
All useless are His gifts, at last, we see,
Who knelt NOT down, or worshippéd HIS stone.
His every pebble covers BUT His wealth.
A God circumfers ALL, where souls atone!
Into *His* arms we *come*, out, in the night,
To have revealed *but* Wisdom's plan: A SHADE
He did construct, build, or construe, create,
However BY His will, hand, ARE we made.
We yearn TO serve Him then, who saves past "death",
A body of His Own, His life, HIS breath.
Shakespeare's undying soul.

THE QUEST *FOR* LIFE

Sonnet.

Seekers of Life are WE who mourn our loss,
Divided from His fold who bore a cross
For each, that each MIGHT Share His Home.
Lost was our time of days. NOW MUST we roam.
Questing *for* God I came who write hereon,
Filling His time with proof. No rays of dawn
Await the sinner questing but FOR sin;
No light of Life where darkness shuts HIM in.
Search through your life, however poor ye be.
Find, as ye must, if hearing, ye MUST see.
Where Life Eternal moves the swinging spheres,
I know HIM ALL. He, knows each sinner's tears.

If one come here to warn YOU from the "dead",
Will ye repent, *be* led where HIS *Are* fed?

Shakespeare's Spirit

THE TEMPLE *OF* THE SOUL

Sonnet:

The Potter's work. Who fashioned FROM His clay
HIS statue, man, in Wisdom's blesséd way.
His house He gave, mysterious AS His life
He placed WITHIN, REcalls, to battle, end, in strife.
Upon His breast *I* lean who AM His soul.
Wondrous *His* mighty works, complete, *and* whole.
His hand *may* lift His latch *this* day for YOU.
When, poised OUTside His clay, what can YOU do?

His temple *makes* His dust for EVERY man!
His light WITHIN that house IS His, nor can
You profit BY His time He gave *at* last
You *see* a mound OF dust, YOUR chance is *past.*
Then pause. Behold His works. Respect HIS Plan.
Revere Him AND His temple Godmade, Man.

W. S. In Spirit.

Nov. 16th, 1920.

VOICELESS DEATH

DEATHLESS, *we* live, nor voice *our* prayers
To those we love, who love *us* as of yore.
We ply the same, yearn, too, *un*satisfied,
Who MUST voice deathless from the *spirit* core.

LIVING, we know God's truth: THAT NONE CAN DIE,
The Master *came to* teach at *His* be*hest;*
But, voiceless, must we yearn to save our own,
Nor carry e'en the message, "God-knows-best."

YEARNING, WE cry to men, who voice a plea
Using a pipe here used, adjusted ear,
To warn each soul no trespasser comes hence
HAVING a voice to carry on *as* here.
He crowds the pressing throng seeking his own;
In view TO him, while *he* must live UNseen.
Could ye who scoff MY spirit speaks hereon,
KNOW this plan His, who sent Him forth *to* plea,
Would your contempt be vile lese majesty,
Who crown my work with censure, OR demean.

W. S. In Spirit.

HYMN *OF* HATE

Sonnet:

Take from my heart its woe and give me peace.
Its tender throbs long silenced would renew
The valued stores of memories again.
Take, take the wild, exasperating hate
That clutches at the throat of every bliss
Until it dies, stifled in pain.
God never *made* it so; He made *all* love;
MEN rifled *at* their hearts, and *sacked* the gain
OF Love, which stood aloof IN hearts OF woe
Looking askance AT twisted, formless greed,
That robbed ALL of the power TO love OR fain
Resistance TO those strangled parts OF God
He GAVE TO bless, to FOSTER *in* men love,
LIKE His, a Father's, Mother's, but IN His skies, above.

W. S. In Spirit.

PROVIDENCE DIVINE

Sonnet:

But FOR Him AND His wisdom men MUST "die".
He CAME *to* Father out a mystery, then.
WHEN Jesus TOOK Him AT His word, AND gave
HIS breath TO save for all OF time earth's men.
He *gave,* to *all,* alike, that they MIGHT live
ABOVE the world He did create, AND love,
So that He planned TO save this FROM earth's woe
BY promises OF rescue TO His Home *a*bove.
His plans, *are* His abiding care, HIS love:
In each there IS a God-like image, then.
TO rescued BE when HE shall find them *worth*
His Home AND Him: (mayhap, for aught *I* know)
Since we HAVE "died" and *still* we canNOT "die",
HIS providence PROVIDES His amplitude.

W. S. In Spirit.

*IM*PROVIDENCE

Sonnet:

High over all IS One who cares, AND knows.
His works sublime still hidden for us all.
The poor, His mites who see Him not, NOR care
IF here revealéd He His atom small.
ExCEPT they seek TO find Him, then, IN this,
He STILL reveals His might, His *majesty,*
Where ARE His Own domains, *above* the stars.
Ineffable *His* pastures ARE: while we
Who TAKE Him AT His word, PAST His OF breath,
Do GIVE Him worship OF our better part
BeCAUSE He DOTH sustain past EVERY need,
ExCEPT reliance ON HIM, *as* His Heart.
The poor impoverished ARE His sons *too* small
TO see beYOND *their* wisdom Who *IS* All.

W. S. In Spirit.

LIFE'S *RE*NEWAL

Sonnet:

When winter's blast, so cold, closes the door
Where we have lingered, leapt, through summer-joys,
We feel the end has come, that we no more
Can labor at our tasks, like girls or boys.
But, underneath the grass we trod, so dead,
There lurks the seed of Life that has *not* died.
We live to put aside *our* olden dress,
We joy in Spring, held by His love so wide,
Who planned that we *should* live, who *gave* us birth,
Just as the seasons give back all *they* take
To make a round snow-ball of His "dead" earth.
There *is* no death, there *are* no dead, *'tis* true;
If God *has* planned *for* summer thus, think *you*
He *can*not make *your* winter love anew?

W. S. In Spirit.

Original taken at the machine. No corrections, time Twenty minutes.

TIME
His Eternal Clock

Pulse of the universe *art* Thou, we know,
Who see Thy jewelled wheels AND lights
As we seem useless IN Thy time devised
Eternal IN its glow, its days AND nights.
We know Thee BETTER on Thy starry breast,
Who GAVE us all Thou *didst* create FOR us,
InCLUding Thy ETERNal, ENDless Time as SOULS.
Thou dost annihilate us NOT. Thy power
Which SWINGS Thy hands outnumbers numbering.
Infinite *Thy* lights. UnKNOWN OF souls.
Who hide not, creep not, BREATHE not anymore.
Yet, in Thy vast creation, inCLUDING shades,
LIVE we, who KNOW Thee now, reap not NOR sow.
Having obliterated naught OF Thy time IN cone, alas!

Shakespeare's Spirit (To S. T. S.)

New Year's Day 1922.
New York City.

STARVATION

Starvation? There are *several* kinds.
(*This* gives us food, for *thought*)
A belly CAN BE filled, or, not:
WITH food which CAN BE bought.
Starvation of the soul WE know,
Who write this paltry rhyme.
Since we HAVE starved, housed, yet UNfed,
Through cycles OF His time.
Decay IS, then, starvation.
If YE would UPward climb,
DEcry the rot ye REACH to GAIN,
ELSE rot, IN spirit-clime.
I am a soul who has been fed
That I MIGHT rise AND go
Where IS my kind to FEED MY mind,
Which never has BEEN low.
Ye men take *down* My leaves and read
If any call me so.
STARVED was I, THEN, who knew ALL want,
Progress AND sin *be*stow.
THEN starve: BUT, feed ON poverty,
Lest IT shall feed on You.
Staring you gauntly IN the face,
Impoverishment DOTH show.
When poor AS souls ye wear NO cloak,
ALL poverty WE know.
A starvling MAY an ingrate be—
Starved in his plenteous place,
While un*accepted* ARE His gifts,—
Ye turned *aside* the face?
To starve the *heart*, then, is IT right,
When He has MADE us love,
And GIVEN all He made FOR us,
HIS measure FROM above!
Reflection OF Himself, maybe,
Is EVERY lover's heart.
If ye would *claim* the *part* He gave,
Shall be ONLY *HIS* part.

W. S. In Spirit.

Sunday, Jan. 16th. '21.
"Could you use some intelligence?" (Spirit voice)
"Just to show we are in touch." (Spirit voice)

FELLOWSHIP

Sonnet:

Divine was He who ROSE to PROVE His laws.
He came TO do His FATHER'S will, NOT His.
He met adjustments, claims, as He was bid,
Nor claimed He needed aught which was *not* His.
Supply He gave great numbers from small means,
Subtracting, multiplying, aiding the *un*seen,
And, *left* His Record *where* His footsteps trod,
Where *is* no selfishness, despiséd act, less mean.
He comes not back to such a world as this!
Mayhap He bides where IS His Father's kiss,
Where IS fulfilled His Father's promises,—
Where angels ARE must BE His Land of bliss.
We yearn who write hereon FOR such a land,
Who know the torments, justice, dealt US, *by* His hand.

Shakespeare In Immortality.

"GOD OF THE *LIVING*" (Bible)

That "Dead men tell no tales", I often read.
In works of mine implied 'twas, oft*times* said.
HOW true IS this, His SOUL of ME doth say
WHO lived, because Life WILLED, WILLS THUS, THIS day.
If God *be* my Redeemer, then, *at* last,
No powerless power can EVER me OUTcast.
I, live. I tell ye here. Hereon 'tis writ,
That such As ye, NOW Powerless can befit
YOUR soul of His WITHIN His dying clod
Ere passing FROM His clay, powerless, ye live, FOR God.
One "dead" tells YE THIS tale: No man HAS "died".
As Jesus came His plan to prove FOR *YOU*,
Gave UP His ghost, to prove His FATHER *True*,
Came I, to benefit at last, TRUSTING HIS PARDON, too!

Shakespeare's Spirit

(Through S. T. S.) "All scores are the spirit's own." W. S.

"Write me a sonnet for this man JASTROW". W. S. In Spirit. Monday, Sept 11th, 1923. (After reading the article in the POST called "METAPSYCHICS", By Joseph Jastrow.) Sunday Post, Sept 10th, 1923. New York City.

TO A BLURB:

(Jastrow) To Joseph Jastrow, commenting on his right to say none live TO prove themselves alive and more. From Shakespeare. Living as well.

YOUR light is small. For Him your poor wits ache
To blast His crop. A blight fall on your soul.
Who GAVE you then this PART *to* ache at last
You come to BE His blighted part, His troll,
But the SAME God Who proved *for* you as well
Souls CANnot "die", but live discarnate FROM the clay
AS HIS from whose that stone WAS rolled away,
While HE arose *to* tell He WAS alive AFTER His hell
HAD purified *that* part OF HIM, His soul.
TOOK HE that clay, as well, *on* High for *thee*,
Who here deride His Messenger AND Him
By throwing vitriol in HIS eyes, ye mix
WITH power He gave ye too, as *well*. Must YE
Be cleansed TO write FOR Him, while ye too sit IN hell.
HIS measures ARE complete. YOUR stick is short, my friend.
Though I do call ye BY that name, ye ARE a worthless tramp
To fleck Him in the eyes Who gave ye ALL He made FOR thee.
MAKE Him, in silence, thine. 'Twill pay ye more than scribe.
Nor set upon Him, OR His proof (Proof) that none CAN "die",
HAVE "died" *since* then. At least *I'M* here.
If ANY "die" it is my part TO know?
Then TAKE *from* me, a Shakespeare oft ye name,
And take my words writ FOR such tribes AS thine,
JASTROW. His ingrates, specie lost TO Him for aeons hence,
BeCAUSE ye FAILED TO heed more works THAN yours,
Your puny witless words, begrudging Him His efforts, proof,

YE look Him IN the eyes. Is it *not* true?
Those blinking stars ye see are His parts, too.
His diamond studded sky, His sward all sparkling,
Colors His, sweet scents His Own,
While silent rocks murmur His delight FOR ye, His child
He loved so THAT HE sent His son TO thee.
Begrudge Him not at *all*. Or, SINCE ye fail to *heed* His miracles,
Lie silent nights beneath His moon He made AND saved FOR ye,
And take a grain of sense each hour, Jastrow,
From OUT His hand, while He doth hold the dose thou STILL must take
Ere ye BE whole, and wholly HIS, forgiven OF Him, then,
For aught *I* know.
Smile AT His works He DOTH permit to KEEP HIS works FROM death.
From every AGE He GAVE to some the right TO speak FOR Him:
To throw some line FOR men, to SAVE these, like you, FROM eternal slime
Of their own settlement.
Out OF the senses MUST *HE* spring, Jastrow.
From OUT His mind His UTTERANCE, then doth prove.
While thy poor mouth (and tongue as well) must thirst through time
FOR dew OF Him, ye'll reCALL my words I write FOR ye today.
Rivers are bent BY Him, Jastrow. HIS hollow holds thy part.
Take ounce FOR ounce, but never say *HIM* nay,
Else 'twere better far ye "died" as say all *can* and *do*.
Throw not away as from a phial ANOTHER'S long sought hours.
THY works are numbering, then, for *thee*, Jastrow.
Thy emptiness IS BUT thine own, Jastrow.
Thy curses, too, my friend. Thy slime doth spring from thine OWN mouth.
ReCALL my words. *Fling* thine arrows across the world,
But know, when these shoot *back*wards, as they *do*,
Ye'll WISH for death thou dost acclaim regardless OF His Proof FOR thee, Jastrow.

"Sign here Shakespeare's Savéd Soul."

ONE ETERNAL BALANCE

Sonnet:

One God our Father is. His power IS All.
I am His child, though He has punished me.
Each soul re*flects* His love, His Father's heart,
Where sinners find themselves, whatE'ER they be.
I am His soul. Not one can claim me else.
Then have *I* weighed my loss where sinners fail.

*Heark*en my words hereon, or, fail AS I
Who write *to* plea, who thus my loss bewail.
Eternal AS His chart, His tangled sky,
His tides, lights, plans, His spirit, here, *am* I.
Adjusting FOR His sum my wreckéd span,
The part *I* found, alas, which CANNOT die.
YOU will be called, judged, *lack*ing not a part,
Except His tythe: His atom, *for* His heart.

Shakespeare's Spirit.

"Many are called but few are chosen," said the voice after writing the above.

"Tangled" was written "spangled." The voice said "I *SAID* tangled sky, Sarah."

THE DIVINITY *OF* GOOD

The world *was* God's, in His beginning,
IS His, we know, who *have* no flesh,
But all He gave *to* live forever,
Enduring *as* His will, *and,* leash.
The *world* He loved IS His forever.
All good to them who *claim* Him God,
All knowing, *past* their own endeavour;
All righteous, though they *feel* His rod.
He came *to* save the world *from* sinners;
He rose to *share* His Father's good:
WE live to prove He *gave* us warning;
As *all* He said *we* understood.
He IS Divine Who IS the Maker.
Good ARE His purposes. All Good.

Shakespeare's Spirit.

ABUNDANCE

HIS SUPPLY

Open your eyes to all His wonders here
Revealed BUT to His Own who read His skies,
His plants, rocks, rivers, seas AND hills,
Relying on BUT Him and His replies.*
Open *your* sense to His revealment then.
Your arms may hold His wonder if a child
Unfolds to nurture at your Mother-breast:
A tree may hold His *secret* life, His *care:*
*Un*foldment IS His Own. "God knoweth best",
AND, ONLY GOD *DOTH* KNOW, as He alone DOTH spare.
Infinite *His* mind, AND purpose, AS intents;

Creator OF His world, His elements,
His systems vast, ay, vaster than man's mind,
His universe of universes, where each soul doth find
His pattern stamped forever, solely His own kind.
To profit BY His Infinite creation,
INCLUDING His Own plan, eternity,
Must you be open to a soul's rehearsing
His part FOR God from God's Infinity.

Shakespeare's Spirit.

Twelve minutes. Original.

*First heard "supplies"; corrected by voice.

JEWRY

Sonnet:

O Race withOUT a country, less a Home,
What tears must *He* have wept Who chose *out* you
FOR His eternal Good, His Sacrifice!
To DO His good must you His Sacrifice *e'er* rue?
LOST to the world His meaning, *as* intent.
HE Fathered all. All must His sons be*come*,
Be*fore* His Peace CAN come, or E'EN *His* dawn
OF brotherhood en*fold* His Mighty wings,
HIS *imprint* ON His children must BE drawn.

O wheels of Time! Speed thus *His* chariot on!
That, *Fathered* by One Sire, HIS time MAY come.
O justice nev*ER* blind! Take UP Thy reigns.
Decree, O GOD, thus SHALL Thy Kingdom come!
But draw the *veil,* Thy will would then BE done.

Shakespeare's own soul. Who gives to one who hears me speak that His rebellious ones, all, of every creed, may know something of His mystery called "dying".

Jan. 12th, '23, N. Y. C. (To S. T. S.)

Dear Belasco:

My time is given to reproof that I may HELP His cause. Also to verify my existence here I write in my own form. W. S. My seal upon it.

(Original taken at machine. No corrections. Time 20 minutes.)

"Unification of effort SPELLS victory."—W. S. Spirit.
"The curses of mankind ARE his own villainies."—W. S. Spirit.

TO ART

"My favorite form."

Mistress, who CLAIMS the soul, if you have won
Her favour while each breath she did control
And give FORTH FOR thee, bideth WITH thee still,
When, chains *un*forged ARE forgéd THROUGH her will,
PRESERVING wits UNlost, untrammeled, sane,
The loom Her hand HAS set, in Her own way,
Weaves on FOR thee! 'Tis HERE, then, Art CAN pay.
To You, who won MY heart, in TIME of Play,
Whose leaves preservéd are unTIL THIS day,
I crown thee with a laurel wreath FROM death,
Where Art dies NOT, howEVER lost IS breath.
And ON that brow no fame descends TO kiss,
Nor tongues ill-famed can wreak a vengeance fair.
I COME FROM death to PLACE MY tribute THERE.

Shakespeare In Spirit.

"To her who takes my lines and knots them tight and hard."
Nov. 6th, 1921, New York.

TO ARTISTS

Players OF Shakespeare's parts, his living VOICE,
Declaimers of his truths, ALL mixed WITH vice,
I WOULD my part ye now COULD take AND speak,
Rehearsing every line to fit HIS cause.
All SPEAKER'S time must end. Thus, ended *I*.
Not SO, I PROVE, who write (speak) these lines OF mine
To warn ye ALL, if none can play HIS part
In His IMMORTAL Time, none ARE divine.
Then HAVE ye tongues no *need* have ye to borrow,
Voices TO lift IN praise but TO your Lord,
Will His Great Drama find ye cast thereIN,
Where, blessed IN His part, BEFORE *HIS* curtain part,
Ye ARE supreme, of His OWN firmament,
Whose Name, mayhap, IS cast upON His Heart.

Shakespeare's Spirit.
"Spirit voice audible, AS direct." W. S.
Nov. 6th, 1921.

MY JULIET

Sonnet:

TO Love AND lovers did I weave a plot FOR ay.
DEfiling naught, but *making* history pure.
Her PAGE *I* see, as here I *see* my Play:
Such ARE words empircarian TO endure
THROUGH Time, HIS Drama, Plays, *and* Players rife
With Life TO pulse, create, blaspheme Him, aye,
Who TAKE His Name IN vain on ANY stage
Must REpay AS they act HIS scenes, NOR play.
To PAINT sweet love IN girlhood pulses swinging,
I MADE this Play for Him who GAVE us love
TO soothe mad, rushing currents, *on*ward flinging
The soul of man in*to* foul passion's hearse,
IMpure, defaced, UNdone, as seasons' rank winds denude
the Nature forests.
HIS plan, DEfamed, THEIR ever*last*ing curse.

To ALL young lovers would I sound a warning.
Behold what GOD intends, IF you BE true.

Walk IN His dew, while fragrance of Life's morning
Exhales FOR Him raptures enTWINING you.
Shakespeare's Spirit part. W. S. In Spirit.
(To S. T. S. Direct voice.)

See Sonnet other side. Proof Shakespeare wrote the article herewith.

"Criticism Of COWL'S "Juliet", By the one who wrote Her (Juliet). W. S. In Spirit form, no less a man."

March 2nd, 1923, N. Y. C.

When you take a character out of one of my Plays to make a Play of *it,* you spoil my work entire so far as that one is concerned at least. We speak of worth wherever it is found, subaltran, or artist. There is no referendum to this. *I* say it now.

To have been at rehearsals, as I have be sure, hearing my motive at stake still, is to write a part here for my fellow slaves, those I still love, play with at times, listen to *always,* on stage or *off* stage, as it suits them *or* me. I play still you may be sure.

Jane Cowl's impersonation of my creation, then, is my subject for *this* paper I now write to keep open the hearing of this instrument who plays at my keys for other purpose you may divine *than* Art. So must WE practice still. Then ends Art's perfections ever, I ask you.

There is yet *to* learn AFTER escape of breath, power TO hold the tongue, too.

Then I mouth for her to help YOU. All who play AT Shakespeare in this age of Wisdom's lacking creative powers.

When one IS young, OR beautiful, Jane, Jane Cowl, they display FOR others charms *of* Beauty's own. (W. S.)

You may take the undertaker's art and weave about it all the wreaths of spell AND witchery too, but you lack that form divine to tempt, arouse jealousy, admirations, longings IN love's bosom, the identical form of love for which youth is spent, alas, too soon. Why wind the sheets about your living corse, young woman? To make you a dignity forsooth that does not handle youth,—winding sheets in MY time were for corpses only. Too vast your materials from the drapers, too little display of your person for the youth represented by my part you play. You dress it not, I would say then. Beware of false modistes as

WELL as false modesty, young woman, it is ruinous to Art, genius, reputations, if you behold in one so young no flesh at all, NOR feet. A simple frock of lace all white and rounded at the throat would *be* MY choice for You. A thread of gold in the hair at *times, more* oft a flower. A swinging gait possess you? Use *it* then. It becometh the young to skip, rush out and in, joyous, with mirth, and flatter with smiles, nods, back glances, and the like, the lover whose glance has stolen your heart. A glance! If it *be* ripe can it UNdo a Prince! Cherish my admonitions, these are for *future* Players as *well* as thee.

That switch that falls behind. Change this to a coquettish, girlish mode, with curls at side each ear, as mine did wear oft *in* my time of Play. To parley WITH love OR lover must the temptress HAVE been there. In youth it IS such: make it so: you *can.*

A gusto speech, of new found uprushing, then, NOT a sad note bewailing new found love. Were lovers EVER so? Your face is fair; there is not perfection in your poise, that you know it to BE so. Less sure of it then. There is much could be improved upon even so. More reverence to the Friar from your part. *He* commandeth *thee. 'Twas* so in my time you may read History's page to see. Always the same Jane, with whom you speak, the same attitude of mind. The Nurse is NOT a witch, be sure. Would she be housed in MY England, for instance. Comedians are born not made. Nor made by veils of mourning nor sticks. Judgment is lacking here. A smooth face of velvet pink to rouse a youngling to the act of caressing must she have: a frilled cap of lace such as the station would warrant. A loving, teasing person, no pains o' joints, sloven, detracting person.

The minor cast is *better* set up in flesh and cloth. Mercutio is no alien in YOUR play. A voice, a voice, my kingdom *for* a voice! The pitch. Youth has ITS voice, too. *Your* whispers ARE your art. Not a pinch of romance has THIS Romeo about his person. Too sad. A *lover's* part.

If, IN my Play I HAD blasphemed the part, would I still be in the dark from whence I came to warn earth's men. I did NOT this. Why, then, IF YOU play AT my parts, do you insert insult after insult to the Almighty I did not place there? My betters HAVE played better WITH my works.

Shakespeare In Spirit (to S. T. S.).

April 29th, 1920. *Will you listen?*

GRIEF

A Sonnet:

Where worlds divide men care not here today.
They plunge ahead, as did *we* in the shell,
Uncaring *if* they live, or there *IS* life
Unbroken, where God's heaven is,—His hell.
Men plume them*selves,* are *critics* of our cause,
Be*hold*ing naught, while faring *out* to sea,
Where billows toss, and ship's wrecks strew the shores,
Where worlds divide, *in* His Eternity.
Our spirits strive, and mark, your wayward course;
Our hands the compass *hold,* to *save* your barque.
Why plunge ahead *through* storms and thunders roar,
Where lightning-crash may land you in the dark?
Forever must you *live,* though this curse *be.*
To SAVE your souls, believe this HERE. Hark! Hark!

Shakespeare's Spirit.

"THE AWFUL TRUTH. A SONNET."

Sonnet:

Men come *out, seek*ing Paradise, to find
There IS no place but *in* His world-of-woe.
They LIVE. Have *nev*er "died". Minus a breath,
But all *in* all as when a form of skin
Did *hide* their souls, their thoughts *and* wits.
I may not speak with all. Then must I strive
To mix a batch where I CAN feel my way
NOR care if YOU can take MY grist *of* meal
TO prolong peace AND breath FOR such AS you.
If I HAVE told you AFTER my demise
HOW you must fare when one door closes *o'er*
YOUR bones, and PAST your hide AND speech you grope
To find ANOTHER voice to speak FOR you,
I shall have done more *here* than most; *this know.*

W. S. In Spirit.
(To S. T. S. Direct voice)

"NOW A RHYME"

The days are long and every day's a night,
When you have come *to* spirit.
ALL night is dark. To *some* the moon MAY rise,
And stars may *glow,* thus we inherit
Our natures FROM the same old source, our Mothers.
Mine GAVE me this: to love all men, the world, AND skies:
Have I so far transgressed IN spirit any LAW,
I have no right TO all love in return for what I GAVE,
I may resent it later, but not here today.
The sun gives forth, nor tells a tale.
If ANY feel his warmth and do NOT glow,
WE need not know. We do not CARE TO know.
All life HAS sunshine in it, though re*flected* glow, 'TIS there,
The same as on the hills, of heights, WE browse, AS men OF thoughts,
Our *minds* have never changed. We spurn ALL reason if it GIVE us naught.
Ours IS a changed existence, though we can NOT mourn.
Have you the time, a watch, then have you *summed HIS* time? I ask.
Oh, little wites of His! His stinging things, are you
Who flaunt Him IN the eyes with JUST your tongues.
He GAVE ye EVERYthing. Ye heed Him NOT. NOR care.
Has copious reason then denuded thee, diluting all thy substance,
Lessening thy chance FOR HIM, AS ye. Can ye surmise it?
CAN ye at all think Him OR Reason out, ye mites of His creation.
I stand beside your pulpits, ye OF sermons, wishing FOR your chance
To play for Him *A* part, or speak a *line.*
Ye SAY ye do believe IN Him, and thus ye do es*cape* the clod I fling.
Must ALL endure who call not ON His Name.
I, Shakespeare, reason OF Him TO ye ALL.
What must ye be in time ye have *not* fathomed, *end*less wites,
Marking *but* His dest*ruc*tions. OF yourselves. Nay, more. Of His in*ven*tions.
Of Him*self.* Himself *IN* you.

Could I beleaguer WITH my tongue, as was my wont TO do,
I'd tell ye, one and all, His Rock will never hide *your* kind.
Firm, as His creation, blasting forth of reptiles ON it, nay on HIM,
Can harm naught of His everlastingness: but removed FROM Him, as ye pattern
Not AFTER Him, shall ye be, become, having become be*cause* OF your blast,
His LIVING, deFORMED utterance, twisted, hideous, foul.
Shaped He Himself IN each, called as His child,
To be an ape, an ass, a fish, a toad?
HAVE ye beCOME His AFTER mocker, His reptile, invention OF your wits?
Tall ARE His statutes, all. His subdivisions, too, are vaster than mankind's own reasoning parts, I do here *tell* ye *all.*
Pour *forth* your venom, mites *of* His creation THAT ye are,
If I COULD save ye would I *still* do it.
I'm *here!* I HAVE my head. Mine own.
I love His land! His skies ARE cruel. HIS punishment.
Would I SAVE ye FROM the truth, yet tell enough to *spare* ye woes beyond mending up. Through *time.*
COULD I do more would I, you ask me now.
HAVE mercy: spare my tongue: my heart doth fail me as I plod this tale FOR ye.
So MUCH. No MORE. If reason totters when ye do beHOLD his truth ye COULD not bear, t'is true I warned ye oft and oft as from His AFTER part I lurched through His space TO warn ye all.
My suffering part. What IS this, then ye ask.
My wits. Reasoning profound OF nothing TO reason ON.
Could ye halt would my time be not lost even for such AS ye ARE.
Preachers of His: Pulpit orators, surmises of His: profaners all.
His children, caught up by His smoke of war and killings, lusts OF flesh parts.
Corroded parts invite Him not. Sullied, the same.
War's horrors ARE surmountable. But that part IN ye denied HIM is NOT changed, OR changeable, either, here IN soul shape.

MY time have I given TO ye all. No labors suffice OUTside His mold OF flesh, as being enough FOR Him.
His time has but begun. His everlasting sunsets, dawns, snows, torrents, winds AND currents. Surmise on THIS.
Out IN these are YE, and SOON. Soon a brazen takes your breathing part,
While YE stagger forth forgotten, uncounted, a breath untied TO HIM,
OR, struggling as AGAINST His subdivisional underblasts. Derided OF His ARE ye, IF ye come out here having FORGOTTEN Him in the LEAST.
Put by my tales whereby my puppets dance before ye. Take my struggling part as here I sum, for YE, the sum of wickedness. SAVing ye FROM yourselves, Aye.
That it has come to BE, His Own are AGAINST Him now.
Flatter not yourselves with knowledge, as ye speak so wisely of doubts and disbeliefs. Scoffers killed Him. Judas betrayed Him. Unbelievers, all. Are YE WITH these from this time on. I ask OF ye. He saved ye NOT because ye WOULD not.
Wise if ye play Wisdom's part, His fool, belittles Him.
I played not here to give you this, my part FOR your hereafter. Mind ye all.
His illimitable time ticks off my soul's disgrace, though saved I *AM*.
Save ye YOURSELVES, before eternity begins tomorrow FOR you.
Made in His likeness am I, His soul, your Shakespeare who looks on, knowing your parts played *for me*, taken *for* me.

W. S.

HOPATCONG LAKE
(*A* paradiso)

Sonnet:

Cluster of gems set in their emerald green,
A paradise unfound but to be spoiled
When anvils hammers rout the peace of man
Perfecting man's inventions AS he toiled
To SAVE himself vast nature's solitudes,
Appeasing, as he thinks, his loneliness,
Where his Creator MADE him peace as well

AS solitude, that he MIGHT shrive his soul.
Poor man! He finds himself UNdone WITH toil.
When he seeks NATURE'S breast, her SOLitudes.
Marking her lonely spots as blest OF Him,
The Ruler OF the universe. *Man's* moods
MAY change. HIS heart beats ever TRUE.
His TREES are spires. Within, He speaks, to YOU.
Shakespeare's Spirit (To S. T. S.)
12 minutes of time, no corrections. July 5th '21.

Sonnet:

Such *is* the *human* heart, it takes *and* gives.
It swells: grows hard: 'tis said to *turn* to stone.
Its tenderness, only the Dear Lord *knows;*
A Mother's heart, the one most *like* His Own.
Such was His Heart, Divine, He *gave* a Son
To teach the world He *loved* what Love *could* do;
It *was* His Heart *could* feel such love for all
He calls His *children*—Father, Mother, too.
He calls on us *to* love, to love each other:
He tells us, then, it is His *wish* supreme.
Should hatred fill the heart He *gave* pulsation,
His Heart is wounded; silencéd *His* theme.
To love *as* God, is every *soul's* ambition;
To care *as* He *for* souls, ye mortals teem!

To Kelly. On the anniversary of his marriage.
From W. S. in spirit, who knows him well.
To her who takes at my spinet my yarn.
Original. Taken at the *machine.* Time, *12 minutes.* Oct. 16th '22. N. Y. C.

June 6th 1923.
This will prove that I am here, a beautiful sonnet. W. S.

My favorite form.

For*give* each other. If there *be* a cloud
So dark, so *un*dispelling on its face
Ye can not rid the heavens of its doubt,
Make of its *lining,* then, a *silver* shield,
Hiding be*hind* it. Give. It was *His* wont

Who gave us life it*self,* all weathers, skies.
To hide *from* Him none can. What place ye hold
It IS His place FOR thee until *ye* change
The currents. This, IS left TO thee. Behold
His time through which TO alter, if ye would
Be His, indeed. His Time: *His* measurement.
Alas, that all could wasted be OF His,
Of *HIM.* I'll recommend thee to beware MY lot,
That, *serving* God, *BY* GOD must ye *BE* sought.

Shakespeare in his ghost part, serving as he can help his fellow beings yet in pulse.

(To S. T. S. Direct spirit voice.) This is the original. Taken at machine. Time eighteen minutes.)

CREATION'S DIVISIONS

Abundance of His store, His kind, His molds,
HIS wealth, which He alone *devised through* love,
GAVE, to be shared by ALL, nor asked a tythe
FOR all He gave, ex*cept* His children's love.
Great Wisdom, then, devised OUR state;
That we *should* share the world He made
Un*til* He called our souls TO rise
Where IS His Home, His peace, His love,
His kingdom, ay, that Paradise
Where His Who came *and* served Him well
Was taken, when, His part, complete,
Made OF Him for His Father's share,
When, man, He served, and did entreat
His followers, brothers here, TO serve,
That His Own kingdom here *Might* come,
When He Who rose to bide His time,
Might come, and find His "kingdom come"!
His thin partitions, various all,
His will divides, and *sub*divides.
His bounty IS His will, as proved
By multitudinous supply.
My God, and my Creator still,
Who bade *no* soul come forth *to* die!

Shakespeare's Spirit

THE POWER *TO* HEAL

Faith *in* His Laws, His Word, Himself,
Exemplifying *His* Power through His Gift;
Such is the knowledge of Truth, Spirit.
Have You His Power, His Love, Himself, within?
Such is the *law* of God.
Could mortals *breathe* His power, as He *did*
When He performed *through* God *His* wonders,
They would ex*emp*lify His love, show their *thoughts,*
Prove His word WAS God: Power, All-Power.
To touch but the HEM of HIS garment was *enough:*
A *cure* was ef*fect*ed.
Then, to rush *in*to the arms of One All-Perfect,
Whom you have NOT attracted, held, followed, served, OR loved,
Can *any* here *be* so rash in act, OR thought?
We pause. *Our* powers are few.
Almighty Spirit of Good, One Father,
Keep men's paltry souls from self appreciation,
Satisfaction, lest they pause knowing Thee not,
Who have NOT touched Thy Hem,
Carried Thy cross,
Reached Thee,
Served Thee,
Utmost.

Shakespeare's Spirit

ALTITUDE

THOUGHT'S ALTITUDE

Can *we* ascend the Mount, peer *through* His skies,
You ask of *me,* a soul who met my*self*
When eyelids closed, stuck fast, *nor* oped again,
When Potter's mold, a useless case, was hid
In the *same* mould from which The Potter worked
That case *for* man He did breathe *in*to when he *gave* Him life,
Himself.

I fain would *answer* all men *wish* they knew.
If I could *know,* I would.
Few laws are made a*vail*able through change ye know as "death".
Fewer questions settled here *for* souls
Who live, wishing THEY knew.
We rise to higher realms through thoughts divine.
We elevate our kind as *well* as those *in* flesh.
We draw, as all *do* draw, from One Supreme, Illimitable Source.
We feel our spirits rise to *meet* His fount,
If we CAN rise so high: when we do glimpse His *Own* intents,
When He, Creator, Power, Inspirer, Cause, GAVE souls *His* mind,
His power TO think, create.
Poised aloft, we *know* His Mount of prayer,
Where He spoke *to* His Own, a*lone.*
Alone, He rose to sup WITH Him
Who gave Him power TO cure, bless, heal, cast-out.
For all who *read* my screed today *minus* my former power,
I say, new altitudes *are* mine; new hopes. Egress is slow.
Counting my *earth*time lost, *I* am a babe. Still, my Father's son.
While I do *look* Him in the face, I *pray* no ingrate's heart
May fall up*on* these lines I write today *from* my abode *in* spirit,
Where my hours *are* His, BUT His, as I am, too, *but* His.
How high, then, can *you* rise while there is *time* to rise on High.
This is my question *put* to souls who yearn to *ply* His Laws
For their own *profit.* Can you fly, leap, soar, ay, rise?
ABOVE YOUR BASER SELVES? Which hold you slaves *at* last.
With*out* a wing must every carnate *soul* of His rise up to *meet* Him, God.
Nor help *from* teachers, wise, good, generous, pleading.
At last you stand be*side* your base, foul flesh, you *need* no *teaching:*
You *are* taught, of your*selves,* at last: see what *you* made *of* His.
You cry, weep, pray, and fall IN prayer, at first.
You rise, as *all* souls rise, to try, and try, and try.
And *though* you fail, you, *as* a soul, MUST rise, must try, again and over again.

Piercing His elements your thoughts, supplications.
Biding *His* time in the *same* universe, where He *keeps* all souls
who must *still* serve Him, love Him *more,*
I wait today, await *You,* on this threshold *of* His,
To *help* You rise: pray: ascend TO Him.
For His glory.
Shakespeare In Spirit.

THE WHEEL OF TIME

Eternity, *Thy* cycle's but begun.
The wheels that *roll* Thy chariot of *Time*
Roll ever *on,* nor can we TELL the time.
We live, endure, uplift, as driven on
We comb the *forests,* while Thy winds *snarl at* our backs.
We love, HAVE loved un*til* this hour,
And stranger *than* Thy current *is* Thy laws
Permitting us TO love. Yet STILL the same.
In silence *Thy* wheel moves on,
Nor breaks, nor halts. On, on it *moves,*
Nor *marks* a line.
Eternal Time! Thine Own forever.
Sublime, past ANY mind TO solve.
In*scru*table Wisdom, Time-Maker, AND Keeper,
Thy eternal heaven's chart unsolvéd *is*
Past death's door, "dying",
*End*ing naught for us who ARE Thy wheels,
O God of Time, saints, sinners, souls. Ay, mine.
Shakespeare's Spirit.

SILENT PRAYER

Intercession *of* Divinity. His suppliant.

HE reads each thought, which, silent, IS a prayer,
If, from a heart which throbs with love all His
That thought proceeded, and, in tune WITH Him
Wings TO His Universe, outside OUR realm.
Where GOD abides, if in your heart, or mine,
There IS His kingdom, o'er which God alone MAY rule.

His universal Love surrounds *us* here: *we* feel His pulse:
We know He IS, nor doubt His Power, His Might, His Love.
As little children at the Father's knee we bide His time
When, called BY Him we SHALL BE SAVED from what we were
Which brought us forth a sinful child *of* His.
The *Might* of Power, then, *is* the power of prayer.
The veil is flung aside, His hinges creak, worlds sway,
Perhaps worlds FALL, through power of God's Own silent will.
To USE His Power ye must then be content to wait upon His answering voice,
Which, silent, small, within, bids you come forth
To share His peace, His plenty, Love, Himself.
All silent swings His spheres above OUR heads. HIS Power.
His silent Power. His answer to men's questioning, doubtful hearts.
His universal Systems, vast beyond OUR minds to comprehend,
Sway our souls, ay spirits, to question HIM no more.
All silent, watchers wait for Him, as prayerful ever His ARE watching here IN spirit.
A spirit kneels AND prays. To find HIM, GOD, we kneel TO Pray.
First, our minds alter to His truth, evident, since we *live.*
WE came, as others follow, to know His unalterable Laws ARE His
Past human adjustments, cavil; sponges of doubt as mortals ARE.
And, since WE pushed His Law aside to help HIS cause,
WE pray for His forgiveness. His law includes His souls
Shall live apart from flesh and unbeknown OF them till all shall bide His time.
I tell you this. 'Tis true. Exception may be made for those who seek no harm, neither amusement, but to reveal His truth as He expounded it Himself to help His kingdom come on earth, as Jesus bid.
Then AM *I His servant.* Pleading still in spirit tones, graduated as my human organ was, heard by mortal ear adjusted TO hear through my infinite pains AND practice, that YOU may hear this prayer of MINE, your Shakespeare, read, revered, and more. I see. I know. I am not dead. I'm standing

by, in humble quarters, for His souls in bodies here and now before His silent voice calls YOU, and answering, as all must, you rise to share His peace, or walk the earth the same but all impoverished.
CALL. SEEK. FIND. He knows who sent ME here to bide His own time.
Silent, or with His added gift of tongue, praise His Name, JEHOVAH.
Add naught but worship to His Laws writ down.
Then hear His voice reply, all harmonious without AND within.
He needs no words of thine. He knows thy purposes. He sees thy heart-strings, vibrant in tune, or loosely strung.
You cannot rule Him, fool Him, defy Him, mock Him Who is God.

Shakespeare In Spirit.

HIS *LAW*

His Words: as all He gave, Divine:
His Prophecy foretold that He WOULD send His Son
TO PERFECT here His kingdom *through* His will
That all *might* rise to join His perfect One.
No mystery attaches to HIS words:
His purposes ARE His, Divinely wise.
No child of His need study here His plan
Yet UNrevealed: the mysteries of His skies,
His Spirit, OR His souls. *We* pause at this.
We know Him as we find ourselves alive,
And WITH His purpose AND the part HE saved,
Adjust His balance that our souls MAY thrive.
Divine then IS this plea for MY poor soul,
That men MAY rise, obeying HERE His Laws
While yet His Words may benefit their souls
And from effect may each obtain the Cause.
To profit BY His souls hark ye to this;
Nor peddle ye His Laws for creature bliss!

❋

Shakespeare's Spirit
—Original. Time, fifteen minutes.

THE *JOYS* OF THE KINGDOM

"The Joys of the kingdom," I heard a spirit say.
"I hear," I replied; "The joys of the kingdom,"
"Just to keep in touch," said the voice. Which meant to write. STS.

Looms it on high, above earth's stress and toil,
The world where HE is King, where IS His Son,
And, shall WE journey on when souls ARE fit
To join His Land OF Spirit, where no moil
Begrimes the souls ALL His, as WAS His Son
Perfected through His Father's love TO reign
O'er all the perfect who *obeyed* His Laws
NOR fell from ANY height to tempter's claws,
Now used His Power within for selfish cause,
Nor gave the Giver what BUT He COULD own:
Nor silencéd His voice whene'er He spoke,
Nor skulked in *dis*obedience to pause
Before they were aligned but FOR the King:

Reservéd naught but what His soul COULD bring:
As HE Who gave His life up on that cross
TO bring HIS spark out pure, (His sacrifice).
Nor asked a handful BUT His Father's love:
The price so small *to* rise, at last, above,
Where joys of God await such souls AS His.
To better here His Land, *I* gave *her, this.*

❖

Shakespeare's Spirit

—Original copy. Taken at this machine. Time about twenty minutes.

LOVE'S *ETER*NAL SONG

O Mighty, AS eternal Power,
Whose souls impress each note complete
As branded with Thy mark through time,
We read the life note of each beat
Sent pulsing to imprint us Thine,
Harmonious, sweet, *pure*, true, divine,
Or, lost in discord *for* Thy use,
Or mute the strings which knew abuse!
Could now one harp I play for Thee
Resound one note, sound now one plea,
My God, accept this soul of Me.

✽

Shakespeare's Spirit

TO THOSE WHO WILL FIND THIS:

To weave at rhyme for Jesus' sake,
To save a soul, hearts that must break,
I HAVE a soul, here, now, at stake.
My part for God, her part for me:
You may be sure Shakespeare I be.
Alas, to BE Shakespeare and see
The part I played, the SOUL of ME.

Take down the stars and weave a crown,
A diadem to spell renown
For one who *played* my part hereon.
But trample not with *sandaled* feet
My pasture flower, humble *and* sweet;
Played *well* Her part, I here repeat.

✽

Shakespeare's Soul

FOR Sarah, to those who will find this.
New York, Aug. 5th, 1920 .

THE *LIVING* "DEAD"

We live, we love with all our old-time selves.
We spin at rhyme, or weave a plot, who write.
Our actions predeterminate our lots,
Awarded each, their bliss, or sombre night.
We have no quarrels, now we think upon it,
So gross, we would not nudge one of the pit.
Our lands are forfeit who come hence, nor profit,
Who forfeited our time the whole of it.
Our shores lap, roll, ay vaster *than* the deep.
And IF ye doubt, ye soon can know about it.
The wonder is how CAN ye mortals sleep
Who *give* no thought *to* a deceaséd brother.

Nor CARE if he CAN reach your garment's hem.

The spirit tides rose high with this war's ending,
Yet, voiceless, death, *must* we BE "dead" TO them.

✤

W. S. In Spirit

THE GREAT RECORDER

On High, where mortals THINK to wing
AS souls, to FIND a reckoning
WithIN His Gate where must be, then, His Own,
There waits for all a summoning FROM hence.

The sphere whereon we trod IS God's.
ALL souls ARE His. Yet none MAY enter in unless they claim Him HERE.
Aloft MAY swing His worlds.
We know not more AS *souls*, than when, in frenzy rolling FROM earth to that
SAME sky the eye, *we* knew His lighted lamps, hung out ablaze surrounding *us*.
Nor can *I* tell though centuries have passed.
My time given to luxury, I spied Him in each leaf, each *stone*.

YET brought naught here through my demise fit AS a soul OF His.
We know our deeds are drawn to suit EACH house we occupy,
Else find awaiting us. We learn little else.
As mourners we weep over our graves, the CHIEF mourner, Ay.
Finally the one TO mourn AND weep.
No man welches forth to *snub* his neighbor, re*sent* injury or declaim faults of *others*. His *own* stare him *out* of face. *I* say who *know*.

To BE spirit, revert TO God, is, to "die."
Death, then, takes the *core* of man.
That, *while* he lived *in* his old bones, rotten with conceits, lusts,
Defamed the Maker OF the same, marking his shame on that INward film
Which outstands Time, lusts OF the CRAVEN form.
Yearning to help mankind IN bodies we ply here using our experiences past "dying."
Ultimately all pass from their clods, needless parts, resembling the SAME form.
Shadows OF that form, in truth, lighted if OF Light, dark if OF the dark.
No chemical change this of clay AND spirit.
Souls emit, stand erect, float as veils, evermore.
All, *regardless* of crime. No vault holds a single light of God's.
Mine own was shady, spotted.
Clear as crystal must the soul emit who claims the right to share WITH His HIS promises.
ALL fail. ALL. Should you feel this sudden repulsion, it IS fact the same.
Guiltless ARE none in fact.

Where have we registered our acts, desires, MISdeeds, beside upon this record recorded forever?
WHERE?
ON High? Perhaps. Who *knows* our being, faults, failures, and where resides?

IF I MAY trespass further could I in imagination preservéd OF my pate project FOR ye a panorama, would ye grasp at it?

After the end comes this:
YE live, as I. Weep, too. Be sure.
It is painful TO live, in His forever, homeless.

Then have ye cause to investigate His methods while ye stalk ingrates OF His,—babes knowing all? or caring for *naught.*
Should YE labor boneless AND homeless, a waif, LESS *than* a cloud, will ye then revere that part HE did create, as moulded He *within* dust His shade.
Towers ON High a benign Force knowing all, since naught here IS planLESS.
We believe this IS true.
Gathering FOR Him, as we are, I pull at my old wits to save ye.
Hark ye, then, and rise above INTO that realm OF his reservéd for His Souls.
We know who HAVE obeyed Him, loved Him, worshipped Him, lived AS His followers.
Marked ON *each* soul the brand of living representing the span given WITH breath, as FOR trial.
Known as he is, no pretense carries. Justice IS truth.
Recorded is life's days and that record IS you, beLONGS TO you,
Represents your choice, your lot, then: cast up by your failure, IS YOU.

✤

Shakespeare's Spirit

SALUTATION *TO* THE SUN

"(The sun's rays are peeping up, spreading their fan-like bows. The birds are chirping, dew is sparkling, and a summer sky is roseate streaked with breaking dawn. *I* am a soul knowing His beauties, varying these *are,* in storm or calm, besetting us souls with agonies, if *not with* joys, and I pause to try *my* pipes, on this my last subject, spoken from deathside of Life, His *im*-mortality.

Shakespeare's Soul

"Direct voice to her I use."

Morn is breaking! Once MORE 'tis day.
BeLOVed of all is this, His orb OF light.

Long watches through His night dispelling doubt
Turns day TO joy. Though HE is EVerywhere,
His robe OF gloom is FEARful unto souls
Who huddle ON His sky, His UNprotected ones.

To sleep, to wile aWAY His time, THIS cup DID He bestow
WITH His Own hand, (the while MEN ponder on His NOTHINGness!)
As He GAVE breath, His MYSTERY still,
Though wizards bake their wits to make it *seem*
Men came through lizards, faunal life,
As up and up they sprang inTO His image.
THESE will know HIS dawn. That life He does preserve
He GAVE. Their wits, as well.

His SUN, His orb of DAY, His LIGHT He gave, and *called* HE INto being WITH His words.
AT His command does it arise WITH Morn?
Yea, verily,—ALL know who have watched centuries through His time of days AND gloom.
I AM His soul. Have come to know Him, TOO.

WithOUT His wings to FLY His sky, WE muse.

All topics do as *threads* become.
We know who know naught else but THAT we live, HAVE never died, ARE here, WITH HOMEless heads. His *souls. HIS* images.
I do command the one who writes for me.
Then MUST I SPEAK!
How else, WITH wits preserved could I pass THIS on.

We speak, then, of the comfort OF His light, His daylight, ay.
Surpassing All He made AND GAVE, His sun.
To unbeholding eyes of men who trod His mire nor SEE His sky,
May THESE words reach their sight.
That they may know His BLESSINGS are the riches HE bestows.
O God. That ANY child of Thine SHOULD heed Thee not.
'Til, coming hence, he is withOUT Thy door.
When, SEEing Thee, at last, aBOVE himSELF, CAN see Thy benefactions made *for* every child OF Thine.
At last that breathwave, which did come FROM Thee,

LOANED for Thy time TO each to profit THROUGH,
Is tossed back on Thy sea—ETERNity.

Thou gavest much Thou gavest to en*dure*.
But breath is for a span: not more.

How CAN men answer, if in perfidy AND blind these TOUCH THY shores
To find ALL Thou gavest, *ALIVE* and more.
Swung BY Thy hand, THY time-piece overhead,
Thy stars AND sun, Thy orb-at-night as well,
Which IS a star WE dream, cold as it seemeth,
May His wonders *hold* His secrets?
Thy glowing warmth spread *from* Thy furnace everywhere its ray DOTH fall,
GIVING life, effulgence, joy, bloom, harvest.
Making SOULS active, too. IN daylight all MAY serve Thee still; though CROSSed death's portal, NEVER door HAS closed.
I live, AND serve.

ALL live and serve.

Glory-*of*-God, His lights!
Secrets OF His, SAYing to men:
"BEHOLD ME *HERE*. I, am. GOD."

Blind mice are ye who SCORN His wonders, proofs.
Ye soon MUST wonder AT yourSELVES,
His spirits. His IMmortal parts: MADE He to ENDURE through time which *end*eth NOT.
Immortal Spirit.
By Thy side travel we IN spirit, beholding not Thy face OR form.
BUT ON Thy firmament we see Thee IN Thy works, MADE for Thy children BECAUSE Thou DOST love, AS Father, these.
Awake, Arise Thy light, Thine INner part, in EVERY man, as child OF Thine, that, through MY plea, Thy wayward son's POOR WORds,
Each pulsation, Thou knowest alone, may vibrate WITH Thee, OF Thee.

Alter men's minds. Change their false hearts.
Lift up their voices while they MAY serve Thee only.
And to Thy heavenly lights OPen their eyes blinded through sordid dust AND grime,
That, beholding Thee IN Thy HEAVENly works,
They may revere Thy silent GHOSTS, shades who must walk beside them in their miseries,
UnTIL Thy Door swings wide, THY curtains part,
Making Thy INvisible ghosts, VISible:
Thy worlds INseparable, one.
"Thy will *be* done."

Shakespeare's soul
Through her I love. Amen.
Nov. 2nd, 1921. N. Y. C.

WHERE?

Where IS His kingdom in the skies
Where men MAY look into His eyes?
SOULS trod His earthplane, homeless still,
Obeying HERE His voice AND will.
HIS voice, whose SILENT TONES, complete,
IS wafted from HIS judgment seat
Where His WITH Him MUST now reside
Who WERE His children AS His pride.
But WHERE this seat IS none HERE Know.
Homeless we stride, where mortals go!
There is no spot FROM spirits free—
Such Is His hospitality.
When souls emit their casks OF clay
He GAVE TO house in mortal's way,
They shudder AT just BEING "free":
Escapement—with no lock OR key!
We find no path EXCEPT His, then,
Although we walk the marts WITH men
Who STILL defile Him WITH their parts
He made AND gave, as, with their hearts
He asked OF them a Father's part
EACH should return His Divine Heart.

WHY spirits trod the earth is clear!
None reverence God, nor even fear
The Maker OF their souls, when here.
Encased IN flesh WITH bones He made
Who CARES He made INside His shade
OUTliving all BUT time, alas!
And THIS is WHAT we find who pass
INto His Own eternity
Timed by His Clock, whate'er IT be
I know not who revere His parts,
WOULD save men refuge, aches AND smarts.

WHERE IS HIS HOME. God *IS,* WE KNOW,
Who bend beneath His gusts OF woe,
His torrents, blares, WITH stricken souls,
Pressing as sands stand we, *in* shoals!
MY spirit aches THROUGH homelessness.
(And, spirit Aches, I, here, confess)
Where ARE mine gone? They are NOT here.
Shall *you* find yours, then, past YOUR bier?
What ARE His plans FOR souls? ask we,
Who toil FOR Him incessently.

ARE God's WITH Him where IS His Son
Who lived FOR Him whose will WAS done?
Do ANY rise who lived encased,
Or are they *fit,* then, to *BE* placed
Where Only His abide AND go?
Souls ponder, where His winds STILL blow!

What is the HOLY ONE'S intent.
Our eyes may seek the way He went,
But if those footprints of the heart
Lead NOT TO Him, no tides will part!
WithIN then, IS His Way He left.
That, following, none might be bereft
Of soulship with the Maker's One
He GAVE to show His will Be done.

Then, IF ye seek as GOD decrees,
And drain His cup of bitterest lees,
KNOWing Him God, your Father aye,
YOUR time MAY not BE thrown away.

WE love the Giver OF our lives!
THROUGH love OF Him each spirit thrives,
If HELPing Him, they WILL atone,
Perhaps BE called TO join His Own.

✽

Shakespeare's Spirit

TO *BE* BORN AGAIN
"From Shakespeare's Spirit"

O fount of Life, whose spring *gave* forth
A virgin to be called by Him
Away from strife left by war's god,
As, hopeless, workers work *for* Him.
Effacing hatred's searing scars,—
Attuning hearts *to* Harmony,—
How frail the barque of her young soul,
Cast helpless on His raging sea!
Where compass of her faith *must* steer,—
Where only Love *can* pilot be,—
Where bonds of His all spirits find,
Who would escape soul misery!
Yet freedom is thy daughter's share,
As *my* soul lives, and speaks to thee.
Unhampered may she serve *but* Him,
Who, born-again, *is* His, and, free!

✽

W. S. In Spirit

Direct, audible voice.
All stresses the spirit's own.
This is not only a voice, but in*flec*tions *of* voice as well.
S. T. S.

A CURE-ALL *FOR* PAIN

Love: essence *of* His, reaching His Heart.
Knowing: His *power,* reliance *on* Him FOR His part.
Sufferance: *His* part *to* play, no matter *where* it leads.
Endurance: Love *of* Him Who endured to save you FOR Him.
Enlightenment: Re*cept*ive longing, to be one WITH Him.
Defiance of *all* wrong, denial of its power to harm God's Own.
Prayer: His path, His way, His truth, merging With Him, heard OF Him.

✤

Shakespeare's Spirit

Direct, audible, spirit voice.

WORLDS A*FAR*

(To Evolutionists, from Shakespeare's ghost, His shade, His element, form.) To S. T. S. Direct, audible voice.
New York, March 5th, 1922

WE gaze on high. O'erhead it seems
Are spheres perfecting all man dreams.
We love TO dream. Our hopes are vain
UnLESS His plans reWARD Our pain.
OUR stage is set where mortals roam
UnTIL He calls His spirits Home.
Adjust YOUR minds. and make these fit
With this MY plea, worked bit by bit
At tapestries I wove the same
As when mine OWN hand SIGNED my name.

You cannot slip, REverse His Laws,
REmake His elements, change His cause
To FIT your minds and BE His Son
When breath escapes and YOU have done
YOUR bit withOUT Him OR His plan
Deviséd for His image, *man.*

Come hither, who fear not God,
Until I bare them WITH His rod.
Holding aloof, as traitors do,
What CAN my spirit speak TO you
To MAKE you fit, or FIT His plea
When Justice bares the SOUL of ye!

I LIVE as hereon AM I writ.
My soul CAN bare the WHOLE of it.
Then write my plea to men who think
Their pigmy minds spilled out with ink
Can DROP a line through ANY spasm
DePICTing mind OR protoplasm,
Dividing FOR Him who IS God,
Almighty Potter OF earth-clod,
A single STRAIN or element
Divinely made, divinely sent!

As by the thunder's mighty roar
HIS elements may crash thee lower,
NOR save you FROM divertisement
Where ARE His fools ON folly bent,
I CAME TO save ye FROM those minds
Ye carry out upON His winds.
AND AS I speak now PAST the "dead,"
WITH all my mind, my wits AND head,
I thumbprint Here this paper wise
That it may reach your hearts AND eyes
BeFORE ye stand withOUT His coil
He GAVE to bless ye AS ye toil
But FOR Him AND His potter's part
That holds His SOUL, sent FROM His Heart.

I, Shakespeare, weave these truths FOR all.
Defying clergy, press AND pall,
As came I FROM the dead FOR ye,
That ye MIGHT know, beware AND see
That WITH my soul PAST death I do
What none HAVE done TO claim Him true.

If ye lie down in peace TO die,
Believing ye can do AS I,
AND pay Him all you failed TO pay,
Yourselves ye'll curse aLONG His way
That smiles not out of PEACEful sky
On warriors OF HIS PLANS WHO "die,"
Come—out, emit, stand—forth FROM clay
He made AND gave *'til* Judgment Day.

Shakespeare's Spirit. For all who revere His plans.

Note: These stresses are the spirits own. Showing this voice *has* measures, and stresses. Recites in his own way, and if I fail to mark it so, I am reminded as follows: "stress *and*, Sarah."

SCIENCE

What have ALL the seekers founded
With the light He gave,
If, triumphant NONE arrive
Who served HIM PAST a grave?
What HAVE men who STORE their treasures,
Seeking NOT their God?
Will they know true devastation
Where they feel HIS rod!
What were ALL His tools of science,
If NOT Him they own?
Would these delvers OF His secrets
Seek for HIM, alone.
PAST the grave His secrets hold them
Spellbound, LACKING breath.
STILL, they live, revere HIS knowledge,
AS His secret, "death."

Spirit-voice. 12 minutes of time.

THE WATERFALL

Rushing madly to the river, I tarry not!
Over rocks and precipices, thundering I roll!
Every drop of mine has power,—no one knows MY Source,—
Thundering, splashing, onward, onward,
MUST I seek and roll.

Spirit-voice. 4 minutes of time.

THE MOUNTAIN

Look upon MY face, Oh wanderer,
See the face of God.
Turbulent His earth, His planet,
Upset His Verdant sod.
Seas of earth instead of water;
But His WAVE am I.
Towering high unto His kingdom,
Lofty in His sky.

5 minutes.

THE DESERT

Waste of sand, arid space—
Dry as ANY bone—
Unproductive, barren ground—
Men leave YOU alone!
Death has claimed a valley
Where YOUR mountains hem;
Creatures lost HAVE starved in you—
As you swallowed them.
Suffocation AND starvation,
In the sight OF GOD?
Yet HE knows NO land is LOST:
YOU felt His chastening rod!

10 minutes of time.

THE SEA

A continent of waters
Rolled He into space,
Hemming them with borders,
Kept them in their place!
High and vast, profound AS deep,
Held in His Mighty palm:
Secret of Creation's Own
Whose storm HIS word made calm!

Spirit-voice. 12 minutes of time.

THE STARS

Jewels of God on His robe of the night,
Lighting His velvet, gems of His light,
Swirling and whirling, vast suns all ablaze,
Wanderers' guide-posts—student's amaze.
Rolling forever, AS hanging aloft,
RULED by HIS voice, in silence, as soft,—
OUT of His hand WERE ye flung AS His pearls,
Systems of suns, stars, planets AND worlds?

Spirit-voice. 6 minutes of time.

SOULS

Wanderers of His—His spirits,
Seeking Him to serve
BETTER than in bodies
Which did hinder, swerve.
Veil-like shapes of atoms,
Spirits are *not* myth:
From His coil of earth AND bone,
Comes forth inner pith.
Parts of Him He *treasured,*
Since He *saved His* part
Wound off from HIS bobbin,
MAYhap, through His Heart.

6 minutes.

VOICES

That part of God harmonious
HE needeth NOT,
GAVE He, to be a MORTAL part,
Allotted mortal's lot.
Tunes are often silent;
GOD'S voice is the SAME.
Yet, IN spirit, VOICES play a part;
Melodious, silent game!

Spirit-voice. 5 minutes.

THE RIVER

I travel slowly to the sea—
Into its mighty deep—
Never halting, never dry,—
In His arms *I* sleep.
Winding, blessing, burden-bearing,
Every rock and rill
Sends me on for His OWN purpose.
From HIS skies *I* fill.

5 minutes of time.

THE SUN

Ordered BY the Maker,
I obeyed His voice.
Came, to light the world He made.
Chosen AS His choice.
But a *thought* of God, am *I;*
Perfected *through* His will.
Thundering clouds may hide MY face;
HIS face is with ME still!

10 minutes.

THE MOON (Song?)

Lady-Moon, so cold, so still,
Mirror of the Sun,
ART thou devastate AND waste?
Is THY silver spun?
MADE He thee FOR lovers?
Art SWEETheart OF the SUN?
Lady-Moon, make answer!
The stars blink, everyone!
Queen-of-Night, world alight,
Silvery paths and frosting white,
Cold and IRresponsive,
You keep His SECRET well.
Jewel of night's crown art thou—
But more, no tongue CAN tell.

10 minutes.

It required 81 minutes of time to write these 11 poems, all standing perfect as written. There are no corrections in this spirit's work, all written without corrections: see originals. Topic is first called. Invariably. S. T. S.

MOTHER'S DAY

Our hearts in spirit set no day apart
To worship at her shrine who gave us breath;
Our voices rise in anthems to her heart,
Who yield her homage where there is *no* death.
She sits upon no Papal throne who reigns
Where IS a queen all-loyal to each one:
Whose admonitions, had we followed them,
Could bring her home each stumbling, sinner son.
She *reigns* through love: sometimes, with scalding tears;
She wins enduring love, then, in return.
Had I, one Mother's son, another chance
To *prove* my love, or tell how spirits yearn

To fold once more their own within their arms,
And hear the name-of-all-names to each blest,
Each eye beholding here my spoken rhyme,
Will come and find her in eternal rest,
Where Mothers are God gave to mother sons
As His Own Mothered Him, through God's Own will:
Mine eyes have never here beheld mine own:
Through worker's service must I pay my bill.
Where debts accrue, adjustment too must be.
Eternal are the balances we find,
Where God takes out the wraith He calls Himself,
Saved *past* all dying *every* mortal's mind,
To suffer through their past, and make amends
To that same self, Himself, which should be pure.
Before the wicket's latch He shall unloose,
All souls have learned His justice to endure.
Could Mother's prayers lift off the burning shame,
Mine own could not have met adjustment here,
Where now I stand in God's eternal time
To *claim my* love for *Her* survives *my* bier.
When all is done a soul CAN do,
And I am *fit* to *touch her* brow,
Can I just hear my Mother call
Her name for me, 'twill be enow.

✠

Shakespeare's Spirit

Sunday, May 9th, 1920. New York.

"PEACE. BE still." Men, lacking the powers to comprehend His miracles are turned *His* scoffers. Yet he opens His Hand, showing further mysteries OF His each day. As though He were AT the helm enjoying the fulfillment of HIS Own wisdoms, FOR His children.

Atoms of God. Each of US, however small, insignificant, humble, poor, even sinful, ARE His power: His alone: being OF His substance, spirit: carrying forever His Image, part, soul: that part, being so dear TO Him, known OF Him so well that HE knew men must doubt Him if He did NOT prove eternal that part, soul. Thus, rebellion does harm. It mystifies others,

leading AWAY from Him, causing feet to wander in sinful ways, regardless OF Him. It defies Him. Defies Him TO prove His miracles His Own. God, Who IS ALL Power.

These atoms OF souls, must continue their search FOR Him. UnTIL they find they are not All wise, All power, All knowing. BEING His atom, must they be small indeed when that separation comes which divides Him from the clay: when souls escape, part *from* that part deriding Him.

The power of mind: Mind: intelligence, God. The powers of atoms left forever upon His dunghills to find Him. WITH that same mind OF Himself. I pause. Knowing His after life, His plan FOR souls. Then if men receive Him AND His mind, knowing themselves His inferiors IN knowledge, power TO reason, were His, powers, AS atoms, the plans HE makes AND carries out FOR them were sustained UNhindered BY men IN bodies, which, related TO Him survive FOR Him be sure. United IN glory, atoms, divided BY His sums, Wisdom's largess, ARE we divided FOR those UNwisdoms OF ours beFORE gathering FOR Him. Halt. Wait upon His plans FOR you, mortals, knowing Him not yet IN yourselves. But treasure AS His wisdom that part ye cannot devise, yet, being there UNseen BY ye still. Know I am His gathered one. BUT one, His atom. Beside ye, as OF your household, knowing my insignificance, as WELL as yours. United FOR Him the world would be at peace. Divided against Him, must sin, As sinners destroy that atom of Himself within those sacred casks given FOR His work AND glories. I am no more. Yet am *I* here. Such IS His power that being a shade of His I speak here FOR Him though demiséd. Beware OF my proof and my power FOR Him, deride it not ye atoms of Almighty God, lest ye fail because OF that derision. SAYING He made the light, gave birth to that sun whereby we live too, or darkness would not suffice us FOR His labors, He called INto being with His will omnipotent that orb of day. He rested TO do this: we so suppose. To summon WITH All power OF His GREATER power TO create an orb of light, heat, unvarying, stable, AND vivifying. COULD ye part FOR Him His wonder there, I ask. HIS child, the sun. He Fathered You the same, being possessed OF that Supreme knowledge OF atoms, He GAVE that structure WITH its mech-

anisms (add *s* here, old Girl) substances, engines, fluids, the like of them non-reproducible BY man, yet. Those secrets *of* birth ARE His Own, UNcomprehensible TO His divisions AFTER death halts the frame. His power: His will: for I know not BEING His shade, that part He did devise and SET within His clay part FOR His forever. THAT AM I, Shakespeare OF Avon. Propound His wisdom as ye think, denying the Creator His power and see yourselves undone BY that same. Atoms of God: souls withOUT faith IN Him, though you look Him IN the eyes by night as Well as by day: see Him UNfold IN every tree, root, branch, AS marvels of energies too great to itemize, though discovered AFTER eons of His time they be. To separate FROM that clay, His, I utter it again FOR mine OF sense, HIS part AND parts, life, reproducing in its elements, non-comprehensible to His mere atoms, children OF His, all. Atoms of Love, powerful to aid Him; atoms of doubt, denials, hindering Him AND His power. Oh, yes. Stalled for lack of Love, dwarfs of His eternal sparks, dividing Him WITH scorners OF Him. Atoms of souls, HAVING power OF Him, melt WITH Him IN that same love, HE bears You, join IN that effort OF His, God's effort, TO make you all His, that ye may inCREASE in knowledge OF Him, of His, no doubt.

✥

W. S. In Spirit

TO THE MEN OF LAMBETH

(England's Conference of Bishops, in the year of Our Lord, 1920)

Bishops, are His Clergy. A Supreme court of spiritual truth, learning, those many followers of His, wearing their cassocks, crosses, marks of His distinction, assembled to learn of one another, advise, report His progress, from every compass where ARE His followers, His children seeking AFTER Him.

A wondrous sight, so many disciples of the Lord Jesus, willing to bear His cross.

His paltry few denied Him not. But there was a murderer among *them.*

This subject disgusts all spirits who discuss matters of God.

To have projected from His disciples so learned, wealthy, wise, affluent, a roundrobin of condemnation for his cause, His blessed Father's proof of His undying SOUL shows souls the spiritual value of God's miraculous birth, Jesus, His wondrous powers given through Him, the Father TO His only Son while IN His blessed form of flesh, the loosening of bonds binding that soul with His flesh, their reuniting, ascension, for such AS these! To deprecate the interest taken by mortals IN HIS PLAN, to assume the responsibility of condemnation for these souls in bodies in search of God's truth FOR them WHILE here IN bodies, to bestow on Science the approbation of their learned pates, those hunters who seek NOT Him, nor believe NOT ON Him, boldly asserting their non-belief, non-religion, wherever given page or platform, *to* bellow OF THEIR discoveries, slight achievements. Discerners of God. Shepherds of His. Speakers FOR Him. Leaders of His. Followers of Jesus of Nazareth? Nay! *Nay.*

To *dis*grace Him, gathering under one roof so much power, sending forth their pratings of Conference, judgment, afar, will they travel *farther still* to UNdo before a court of pleas, the harmful decision of theirs that His spiritual truths formed very grave dangers as a basis for creed followers, or religion.

A seal of the great time, the greatest of all History, could this body of men have sent forth, stamping with approval the plans of the Creator, less harmful than themselves, THEIR plans.

To approve of God is to believe Him true as well as His purposes. To defame Him is to doubt Him AND His wisdom, All-perfect. To declaim Him NOT, stifling His purpose, marking with silence, or effrontery of criticism the miracles He wrought upon which is based the foundation of your very faith, is to be bewitched of Satan, the worldly element of gain, seekers of acclaim, progression of self that ye ARE or have become!

Pause. Spirit IS God. Spirits are His undying souls, all needful of His benefits. You, too, shall see, and soon, Bishops of Lambeth, where souls inhabit who carry their hidebound souls in carnivorous bodies, partaking of His luxuries, spending His wealth of days to UNdo His undying, undefyed, Holy cause.

I Shakespeare speak. I CAN speak. My soul speaks here

be sure. To warn each man who sat a delegate at that gathering of His Almighty Bread-breakers who chew Him NOT, but make a cud to their own liking, taste, while His sacred leaves rot unturned, unassimilated, unsown for the masses.

May YOU BE so fortunate as I. TO speak and BE heard after YOUR demise that ye MAY undo YOUR past, I ask with the grace of God hereon.

Could I with my foul tongue berate ye who belittle His souls AND Him, Wisdom Almighty. Seekers of naught are ye who befoul His nest to seek for your own a mere handful.

What part does religion play in His universe this hour?

O Shame, I cry, Snug, smug pretenders of God.

Shake with anger as ye will, cry out against MY soul, but take from my living spirit a cup of His living, purifying, cleansing potion this hour, that ye may BE His before AS souls YE wander as I, ay, and *yours,* carrying His banners under His stars, sun, winds that prevail AGAINST us, spirits of His, followers OF His, aye.

To feast the belly while starved souls cry out for food, manna of His to nourish THEIR souls, and be fed not by YE, is to have hurled His cross AND banner from ye that ye might denounce His words, His plans, His souls, His son, Himself. SPIRIT

Take from my soul this hour one tythe of suffering's pangs if ye BE His. YE thumb my leaves and mark them well. Ye HAVE a mind to do the same. Work how ye will if ye do not perform FOR Him through His sacred plan ye follow not AFTER Him.

I hold my light aloft for His Kingdom of souls as well, while here I stand with MY flare. Do ye as well say I when death hath wrapped YOUR carcass in ITS shroud of His pattern. But be ye warned. All souls are His undying parts He gave, preserved. It must be for Himself, when the world made *fit* for His coming, His Son WILL come AND reign upon the earth, His footstool, loved of Him, saved FOR Him else destroyed as self-destroyers operate this hour.

To help Him in His plan I came through darkness of hell's pit. To belch upon His sacred plans open not your mouths. Hold. Spit no venomous wrath upon souls of His. Pause. Take Him TOGETHER WITH His plans helping Him in His

work FOR souls having no bodies but shapes, thin air, His living breath, undying AS HIS plans are.

I pause. I grieve. My time is o'er. Told have I through chapters my soul's wrongdoing to help men mend their time of days. Hours slip and fade as fades the grass. Garnered FOR Him at last ye are, all worthless, unfit, else sharing Him ye do reflect Him IN you at the close.

BE warned. My mind is fit, my instrument in tune. Of all I COULD say would ye lend an ear to help souls save YE. No pass key fits His sacred lock. His Own mansion in His sky, wherever I know not here. We suppose on High, above this nest of snarlers, grovellers, murderous ones.

O GOD, MINE INFINITE FATHER, CREATOR OF MINE, SUPPLY OF MINE, ESSENCE OF MINE, reserved for Thy cause, through Thy wisdom, pardon Thine immaculate ones superior TO Thee in their own belongings, uphold Thy cross upon the shoulders of Thine Own who wear no cross of gold but serve Thee here, and make for souls still IN bodies, learned ones accepting Thy wisdom as FROM Thee, OF Thee alone, profit of Thine Own.

And Father of All Souls Living, with and without flesh, hear my cry hereon that the heavens be rent to show Thy purposes to each creature of Thine before the pleasures of the sodden benumb that part of Thee which Thou WOULDST gather TO Thee, Father. Uphold the poor who know Thee best, accept of Thee wholly, divinely, knowing Thee AS their God, Supreme Authority, UNknowable.

Gather us Home, O Infinite Heart, when FROM us Thou hast derived our part FOR Thee, as Thou dost require. And help souls plead FOR Thee, God-of-life, wisdom, Creator-of-blessings infinitely various, as abundant, as I do plead for men HAVING Thy powers of Mind to use them FOR Thee HERE.

Carry on High, wherever Thou wilt this plea for Thee from one of Thy immortal sons who played his part without Thee.

O God, silence me forevermore if Thou but preserve my plea this day until it fall upon ears that hear, as hearts that yearn FOR Thee, that I may be justified OF Thee, evermore, AS Thou wilt. From one of Thine. Amen.

❖

Shakespeare's Spirit

TRUTH

This word, so much abused, is the standard of all that is good, pure, efficient, honorable, just: and is mightier than any word except GOD, Who IS truth itself.

We pause before its reality, IN spirit; since we find our*selves* its verification. How easily adjustable we think our human equations, when, evasively we answer as it suits US TO answer at the time, knowing we are fraudulent if NOT true, but changing our standards as a quivering rod on a steeple's top, instead of invariably pointing to That Star as a compass on (Whom) Which all mariners rely, and safe harbour can be reached no matter what winds have blown midseas over. A little illustration, but as true as it is possible to point *for* illustration.

Each scholar, prophet, seer, IS a compass. True, or UNtrue, if human. For the little rod of steel on which the mariner relies is MORE dependable than human pointers BECAUSE *of* humanity's faults, which cling in imperfection to the mortal body, heart, even mind of even the BEST or deepest thinker, if he is still OF the flesh, that is.

For we are tolerably human AFTER demise. Some are *more* human *than* spirit, even, if I must speak truly. For we lose nothing that IS true, and some gain little in nature's change OF bodies. Then, it matters so greatly IF we ARE true, that I would speak of this subject of falsehood, also, in conjunction with this beautiful word, quality, power: Truth.

To admit OF falsity, is to vary the instincts *of* God: Truth. If two qualities cannot occupy the same place at the same time in thought at variance with each other, as falsity and truth ARE, ever, too, which takes preference IN that part filled BY your choice FOR you. Shall you joy, or sorrow? Shall you sleep or wake? Shall you live or die? THIS is truly the same matter: are you prepared TO choose, then, the BETTER part? To DWELL on this sliding from justice, fine balance OF God's, is to defy Him. He measures All. Holds All. Gives All. To face this Judge who is able: GOD: the ONLY good: All-good. Perfect Truth: Justice: Who alters NO thing from that Divine balance to suit wanderers FROM Him: Who sees all as they are, knows all as they are known OF all: hides nothing FOR us in spirit, but shows us OUR marks of failure written AS

our choices are upon our parts. He saves AS souls, spirits, to represent us AND His part undying of Himself we marred, defaced by living lies, INjustices, falsities, DIShonors, as we juggled with HIS balances to suit our craven hearts NOT OF Him.

Can you see your soul-part in His wisdom saved past "death's" severance, WOULD you strive to BE true FOR Him AND His cause.

Dwindling His balance every day, each hour, with you? Ay, His justice, I say. You are summoned to say if this thing is right OR wrong, true OR false, just or unjust: how do you value Truth in your decisions. Invariably mankind chooses that final vote as for himself AGAINST the Law, as suits him best at the hour OF choice, for all various reasons human, mortal, worldly, selfish, suiting his taste, his purse, his pulse.

Can time UNdo this choice, you ask of me a spirit who can see you AS you are withOUT pretence? I am here to UNdo my own, then, truly.

A man of honor, you say, speaking *of* a worthy one. Where? Unflinching, selfless follower AFTER GOD'S Laws. Lead me *to* this precious disciple of His that I may see HIS like IN human form! Justice, fair and UNtrammeled, clean, far visioned, true balance OF mind, laws, purveyor? Not in ANY court, nor in MY time.

Then, "THE" Truth SHALL make you free, indeed. UNvarying Justice: God. Bound IN service TO Him are you in spirit until you give Him every tithe part you owe for all that false inheritance brought out not OF Him.

Shakespeare's Spirit.

TRUTH

Sonnet:

Unsullied as the God-head, COULDST Thou rule
The universe He made, and kept, *for* Him,
Where souls must wander *for* His time *to* pay,
While seeing All in every aspect grim,
As travelling spirits work to *help* Him rule
Ingrates of *shades,* wrought out of selfishness,
Harming *themselves,* while thinking OF Him less

They blast the crop He planted in Good soil
To gather tares of their own harvesting,
To occupy with wars and strife and moil
The world He loved, Who gave His Son, AND breath
To profit BY His Truth: that NONE COULD "die",
TOOK He His BODY, spirit, AFTER "death".
Shakespeare's Spirit.

THE HEART OF AN ARTICHOKE
(The Heart Of "Science")

Leaves abound around the mental state of every thinker, as do these imprison the real, finest, most truculent heart of this tropical plant.

Covered up, as it were, by sounds, papers, diversions of words, thinkers seem to hold apart, from the eye or sense of workers of their kind, the real essence of being, thinking.

As a world swings above our heads, so swing other minds. (The human relation.) A secret invention of the Master Builder, these. Who *can* fathom a single mind? We pluck *at* it, as we take these leaves off one by one from this vegetable, but with the difference that we reach no end of leaves, so round and firm is the end protected from our *prying* sense.

Man, then, lives to himself. If not unto himself, at least he reasons to himself, alone. Who reads the thoughts of these? Mankind can*not*.

I affirm this to be true, as here *I* Shakespeare place my hand upon this leaf *for* man. As well *as* my mind. It is said man can accomplish this feat, wonder, by himself, of his independent power, mind, reason, machinery. Not at all. Not the least. I here affirm it. Never has a mortal that mirror in him that we use for this purpose: mind reading, solving thought processes with*out* words, audible. It is not *of* him *so to* do. As mind *to* mind we work, *and* suffer, too. I say we suffer. To hear you think, as we SEE your thoughts take form beFORE you utter. This is the DIScord IN spirit, I affirm this day, desirous to perform for mortals somewhat of help for their uses outside my body shape, in spirit form.

Supplanting forms for sounds, then, we see You, stranger,

foe, friends. We learn FROM you whether you will or do not will that we may learn so. For covered up you may think those soundless processes of your working mind, they are signs flamboyant to us in spirit, who runs readeth, surely. You CANnot, for all wisdom, take us into YOUR confidence, for we HAVE it withOUT your permission, here. Think you of this, at all? Ever did you, say I? Of course not. Your little enigmas, what are these. For I would help you *on* today from WHERE I stand, *out*side MY case of clay, or powder formation of wonderment, and fit to wonder at, *more* fit than apish junglements, defiled, by coarse mouths of those who would relate themSELVES to his beasts, having no USE for Him.

Thought, I say, is OF Him, Spirit. Silent, but NOT formless. Nay. Nothing IS formless OF Him OR His, we find here. Even a semblance to that clay we did inhabit, are we still. To fear His inventions and the like UNnamed, must ye be, become would be a better word, spirit. OF Him, LIKE Him. Somewhat, ever, at least. Then, mind TO mind, this is our process here. We work no more WITH His clay, its parts OR divisions. Think ye. Silent-forms, formations OF His: words withOUT sounds, even, we CAN use, often do. To you who occupy body flesh this is too far removed from sense for explanation understandable.

Flash as does the new discovery of waves carrying sounds, we have applied here, as all must who use His currents OF body, that same process often, in OUR work. Taking OUT of ether, wielding without hammer OR bow, His silences brought forth from understanding of His processes, Mirrors, tools, strings all silent, yet vibrating finest attunement. CAN ye follow, I say, WHERE NO invention leadeth, yet where I must carry to inform you OF His wonders ye can never find til spirit escapes burden OF blood, bone, AND lacking parts, as well. Discoverable as are His ghosts, for all time, to all who would apprehend these, their workings cannot be amenable TO mortals AND their wishes. Always, that is, they cannot.

Ye reason WITH your minds, think ye. Not at all. With OTHERS minds being used FOR you, ye MAY reason *out* His wonders OF mind, soul-shapes, and the like. If His currents are discoverable TO Science, or not, will it depend on their kind seeking, whether these *are* His seekers, or nay. To fail

to produce His shapes under certain machine made rules, as ye wait upon souls to step to your machine to be weighed up when called *by* you, I know souls not so disposed, I tell ye. Should YE fail to prove His plans for all His children AS proved BY Jesus, the Lord, ARE HIS, AND true, that ALL live, do still inhabit here, you are His mighty ingrate, weighed and found wanting IN His intelligence, if ye think He rules not the same to day and forever as when the Lord did rise WITH that sacred body. Subdividers of His wisdom, if ye WOULD thrive ON His words, miracles, seek ye ACCORDING to His plan FOR ye, but ye can never find the last leaf to BE plucked, hiding His Heart from ye and your like here in body.

First, ye deny Him, the Lord. That He lived OR died? Died for you. Then ye place scales to weigh His parts. Hurrah. Can any who live fail to see ye as ye ARE?

As THOUGH ye said to God, Himself, "If You are here prove to us who know you are not, that souls are not." Good AS He is, does He perform such for those who deny Him? I wot not. My soul goes about to help Him, as His cause, religion, this hour. I CAME to help His cause. My hand MIGHT wax a shape, still mine. It might, could I, with that hand prove to Godless ones He IS, might I. It is useless. Evermore these wind in their UNwisdom, WITH His shapes, who verify to all that they live when given so to do. Honors await the little vegetable, man, scientist, who CAN take Him AT His word. Find me out this one, I will summon the hosts to avail themselves of His opportunity. Smack those foul, denying lips, after quaffing your own brew of Him, making false faces AT Him, OR His souls, shapes, ghosts, and ye MAY find nothing OF Him or HIS scales. Tis true.

All had Jesus. His spirit form, speaking TO the ones He loved, who served Him. Here I stand, with my face AS my hand and seal, yet am I derided who CAME BACK, mark the word for me Sarah, BACK, to DO His will, and only His.

Besmatterers of learning, so vast your own opinions OF your minds they HAVE NO room FOR Him, take on your scales of your inventions, Science of pigs, grovellers of His, knowing Him not, weighing Him never, in your souls, that ye shall be able to find NO thing OF Him at life's close when

ye go, perchance never to come back, AS I, Shakespeare have, to do His bidding.

Each soul of ye, accompanied BY His ghosts, carry on. Using His mind to dissect Him not in yourselves, can you count on Him for miraculous proof that yours live who died?

Apast minds like yours *to* conceive IS Spirit. His tools may cool beFORE ye find souls weights, OR pictured forms, unless ye ply WITH Him, who is God.

> Shakespeare, who in his time served other gods, revering Him, as all know, in my work, but in my idle time forgetting the Heavenly plan for my soul.
>
> Ever in helpful mood, for the world still loved by me, as loving me still, this works my love FOR them.
>
> (To S.T.S. Direct Voice. April 24, 1923, N.Y.C.)

"Look at all the dukes I made. But I never tried before to make a human into a wire."

June 25th 1923. New York. W. S. In Spirit

"*MY* RADIO, YET"

ALL strive AFTER demise TO work His wonders.
All wonder AS they strive and work FOR Him:
His wonders ARE His everlasting souls,
AFTER His end OF coil, AND breath, His life
Ebbing as flows His tides, now high, then less.
If *from* His part which cleaves, nor strives TO cleave,
AFTER the end (you *call* His death the end)
We MAKE FOR Him some simple sum,
We figure He WILL know AND bless,
And By it we SHALL know if virtue failed.
We lay down at His cross this simple sheaf,
Marked each by tears we shed as we did write.
Hoped by our INward part He did devise AND hold,
He will unite us where He IS, after His ordered plight.
His plight? You ask: His ordered *fix*, say I,
Created He the part that writes hereon
TO smite Him back FOR all my trespasses,
Would I disclaim Him AND His part hereon.

How has He tried TO save us all FROM this,
His Word, His Son, His everlasting warmth,
His glows, seasons ripe; His harvests, cold:
All His divisions ONLY. Warped ARE souls
Who putter through His night AT tasks OF His.
Like mine; perchance, like yours if words I DO indite
Are trifled o'er, nor taken sore to heart,
That *same* heart will recall my effort, quite!
And by the same stars that He set, which *are* His crown,
As by His love I do declaim Him here
Who wove upon His curtain of the night
ONLY His *meanings,* and, to BUT Him clear.
His stars! I would had I a crown TO fling
UpON His lap, that I might bear His chariot *on!*
His lap! His arms. His mercy, at the last,
When all men ARE shines forth to greet them here
Where ARE His emeralds, rubies, diadems,
His gems afar, mean I: too vast to my accounting, but, His gems.
Sparkle for US who can conceive them not, nought OF them.
I would enlighten ye. As, *from* my circuit I must see afar,
AND know more OF His wonders than AS man, *think* ye.
Not oft nor ever has our sums OF mind increased
As here we do inhabit the SAME sphere.
Then has His wisdom but its added current
Through which we may suspend, subtract, divide, pass through unharmed,
But *never* fly. *We ride* His elements. HIS circuits fell us oft.
We MAY surmise, oft do: we GAIN NO SUM, call here my name hereon,
My honored name, sirs, if ye will do me such honor,
I pass my key along TO you beCAUSE you honor here my name,
Which, being a shade's honor still, I do transmit my message
That ye MAY bring hence, forever, His for aye,
HIS sum along WITH you: *of* honor, wisdom, play.
All given, I go. I go, but am not free.
Where souls inhabit freedom is no more if conscience lives: tis true.
Then to BE free, ye must pass out free. Know this now.

TO BE OR NOT TO BE: THAT IS *HIS* QUESTION

W. S. In Spirit

MY words when IN my flesh. Then these *I* pondered o'er betimes.
It was MY wont TO ponder IN those days. *I* held the key!
Those situations grave were OF my thoughts, are still:
For all we thought IS ours. We crave this knowledge still.
Where are we AFTER this, or, is THIS all. This nothingness of God's celestial time.
Where ARE we bound.
I have my wits still IN my head, no head the same, yet STILL I have *my* wits.
And all these caused, did move, atremble, found FOR me.
Then, if I ask the question, AS I do, in spirit wits standing here before this patient one who ASKS no questions *of* me as I bid,
Who then shall answer *me,* if NOT my wits.

I answer thee.
Can any know just where His time began,
Or, if He started the knitting ball Himself, as most suppose,
How came *we* here, being a *shadow* universe,
A ball with*in* a ball.
I prate of wits, my friends,—but know I smile at mine own folly.
Wits we have *none* where we abide, *prudery* none, *less* ambition TO shine,
To play upon words, to hear the euphonious notes falling,
To MAKE a pun, *be* a rhythmist, HERE?
Twould be a fool's paradise, to make Paradise such.
With none to prate his lines or strut his parts,
What good 'twould do, I say?
But good there is, and, God. We find Him here OUTside ourselves.

But no, ourselves INside, *His* part COMES out, *at* last.
And last, this IS His part.
I claim who know. I AM a shade, His ghost, that part *of* me
He did reserve to play a Divine part.
I hope I do not intrude here this hour.
My hour that's *come* at last to *speak* my part.
Knowing all men selfish who do not take Him into consideration,
While yet the body may help in praise OF Him,
I make my part too plain to be misused, or misapplied.
I *am* His shade. His shade IS His. What more to *utter* would ye?

Can YE take FROM Him this silent part speaking hereon FOR Him,
I ask ye? Have ye ANY power *out*side *your* body parts this hour?
No. No. Yet *this* side *your* grave clothes you deem it *smart* to rile
AGAINST that part of His, for fun-making and the like.
I say, this hour, to You, all, who canNOT revere His miracles,
YOU are His *fool!*
COULD you see Him IN yourselves, *as* we, who rise up after a spell
Of His process of waiting, time, His too, of repentance,
Ye WOULD be warned BY a shade, an immortal shade, no more claim I now.

Tricks ye like, fun: a smart snicker would ye flash instead of Wisdom's thought FOR you,
To prepare you *for* His eternal hours?
What WOULD ye? For *I* cannot think FOR ye.
To witness as we *do in* spirit forms *your* slavery,
Is to mourn FOR you I say. To spare ye as we would,
That YE MIGHT reach His eternal time BETTER prepared THAN His fools.
MY part is finished. Would I could prepare and *set* ye on your feet BEFORE the *winds* claim your shades, as they DO!

Housed BY Him eternally ON His land, YET with homeless heads,
This *is* His eternity for souls having His tithe UNpaid.

I'm here. This IS your Shakespeare still. To wound a soul OF mine
Ye would claim me fraud? Begone. Be off.
Ye have NO head, no heart, no ears, no eyes. No time
To BE warned OF His shades FOR ye, lest YE serve AS they.
We need verification. How. Those whose eyes CAN behold shades
Speak up. Verify my cause His. My mantle I fold about me still.
My plumed hat, capron, have ye seen, ye ones who CAN see.
Tell of it. Make a place in print, before the eyes OF men,
That ye who WOULD receive a Shakespeare with OPENED arms
Were I that man who wrote my dramas standing in his SAME body
Among ye.
HAVE ye hearts, I ask. Take one good man with eyes UN-bandaged
SEEING parts of His after change casts aside those bones of His
Own making, marvelous parts of the Almighty's I claim here,
And have HIM tell if I AM he as he can describe my form still mine *own* form.

Play NO part FOR me, then die, as ye must UNwarned BY me,
Who love His creatures, all, all the same, the same being my part
TO love them in, with, I say too.

Make me a Sonnet now, and shine therein many a couplet of mine own rhyme,
To say if I AM he, the immortal bard of Avon, Dear Old Mother Country mine,
Mine still too.

TO DIE: IS *THIS* THE QUESTION?

Sonnet:

As I *have* "died" I call all men TO halt.
To pray each hour that He may call THEM "Home"
Where HIS went on TO be WITH Him Who rose
BECAUSE all fit TO share, and NOT to roam.
As we who write this verse must wander on
In servitude FOR Him, to serve AND wait,
Until we pay each tithe we owe neglect,
Until we learn BUT His enter His gate.
Until His stars go out I AM Shakespeare.
Until His moon fails nightly rays TO shed.
I NEVER died, AM here in my own shape,
Nor CAN His souls e'er die, nor ARE they dead.
I came to save, as all His yearn TO do,
And WITH my wits, my thinking parts, MY head.

HE *CAME* TO DIE, THAT MORTALS ALL *MIGHT* KNOW

Sonnet:

He CAME to die, that mortals all MIGHT know
They too should follow after where He led.
If they espoused His cause, they lived WITH Him,
Or else WITHOUT Him, as with bodies dead
They searchéd FOR His truth, where, earth defiled,
Bemoaning, as *I* do, there *is* no death.
For aught I know this is our ONLY land;
For aught I know a spirit IS His breath.
Can ye, who take this down, all undefiled,
Make this, my verse, as *was* my wont TO write?
Ye cannot: nor can ANY write my verse:
I burned my candles out a many a night
TO write FOR shades; *I* knew: and TELL ye now
That Shakespeare's witless wit WAS spirit-kite.

W. S. In Spirit

MY PLAY UPON WORDS

My soul's diversion, too.
Shakespeare, who punned, and penned, words.

Hi Atus is calling.
Lilla Putian, and Anna Nias, are coming later.
Sally Magunda, Mag Pie,
How many handles (names) have we got? W. S. Billions? Shake up some more". WS (Bill Shake)
Moll Icoddle,—Mr. I Declare.
Old Massa Donia is here! Poor old man!" W. S. Spirit
"Pel *I* Can, Pel *You* Cawnt, Sarah." (Spell? STS)
"*You* pan, *I* shad!
"Patty Gonia is calling with a mess o' potamia! (W. S. Spirit)
What does it look like? STS. Ans: "Long and Green, W. S.
Captain Kidd is here. Some beets are red and some are dead. W. S. Spirit"
"Poor as Job's mice, is MY statement. W. S. Spirit
"Aunty Deluvian is calling, An old fashioned woman, you needn't *dress.*" W. S. Spirit
"Aggie Memon wants to speak to you." "Danny Mora is out." (How did he get out? STS) "He escaped by air."
"How's that your eye is so black?" "I met Paddy Gonia! He was returning from Narraganset. I says to him says I, "HOW narrow IS Narrowganset? An' he struckh me here—(hand over eye blackened) W. S. Spirit
"Tommy Rot is calling on Mary Bud and May Blossom." (Show him up. STS)
Ida Claire (I declare)
G. Whizicans is calling.
Aunty Bonus is here. (Anti-Bonus)
"Diana Manners is OUR choice, Sarah. Her MANNERS just suit us. Morris Gest right when he brought HER over." W. S. In spirit Jan 9th, 1924. Evening at Seven.
Cal I. Han is here. (Calihan)
Sarah Brum and Sarah Bellum are calling on Sarah Cuse.
Aggie Memon is here.
Here's one who liked to write "a quibble I *said.*" W. S.
Sad You See, it will soon be Fair I See! (Jan. 9th. 1924)
Hair Shirt is calling. (Herr Shirt)

"I will show you the difference between script and nondescript soon." W. S.
"Callie Ope is calling."
"If awful were spelled offal it would be less used." "It is an offal word to me." W. S.
Annie *How* is here. (Anyhow) (I laughed. STS. When the voice said: "You may THINK I'm a nut, but, I'm nut!" (Jan 17th, 1924) PM.
Ruby Con and Dannie Mora are here together.
"Que: What about ectoplasm, W. S.? (S. T. S.)
Ans: "I do not care to work against Doyle, he is doing good. *Let him keep his word.*" (ectoplasm).
W. S. In Spirit.
"Could you use some intelligence? Tim bucked two. (Timbucto) W. S."
"Positively curtailed along spiritual lines until you can sort. Cannot give out much from this on. No messages in fact from now, this date, to friends who have used us for centuries. Among the scientists there are two we are anxious to reach. You have surmounted difficulties none have reached BUT you, Sarah. Now we want quiet from intruders both worlds here, your health deserves it, you deserve more than I can furnish, this I CAN furnish you. No more material snarls unravelled at your expense. W. S."
Juices must be replenished. W. S.
"The spirits are tired seeing you Grub."

Sunday, June 17th, 1923. New York City,
"The Mum twins are calling!" (WS) Spirit voice
Show them in! (STS)
"Minnie Mum, and Maxie Mum," said the voice. ("And Minnie is undersized, while Maxie is large.")

Monday, June 18th, 1923.
"Polly Wog is calling!" (Spirit voice)
Show Polly Wog in, who is with her? (STS)
"Mr. B. Frog!" (spirit voice) "Do you care to see him also?"
I should prefer to see him fried, said I.
"He would only hop all over you, so I'll just bring Polly. She is some wag!

I thought you said her name was Wog,—said I.
"Well, the Wogs are some wags no matter how small they are!" Spirit voice.
She's related to the Frog family, anyhow, isn't she? STS
"When the tailor cuts her tail off she will belong to the Frog family then. Spirit. (Taylor is my name (STS)
Why must she have a tail if it is to be severed? STS
"You must know that I do not, have not, associated with Wogs OR Frogs since I left England. That is some time ago too. But shall I ask her if she must miss her tail when it is shed? Shall I?" Spirit
"Yes, go ahead, ask her. STS
"She tells me this is swaddling clothes, only infants wear long suits, and she longs to grow up and BE a Frog herself. Who wouldn't. For *then,* she can live on land as well.
All a tale of a tail, my dear." W. S.
Get your stick (pencil) and hurry." W. S.
"Retta Cent is calling!" "Be quiet'."
"Artie Choke is here!"
"Camie Sole & Mr. Green Hut are here!" (W. S. In Spirit)
(Analyne dye) pun
"Why did Anna Lyne die?" W. S.
Give it up. STS. Why?
"She did not care to live with that stain on her brow (to say nothing of what was on her mind.)
"A. Phibas, and Eva Porated, are calling?
"GO-DIVA for a pearl!"

Nov. 27th, 1923, N. Y. C.

"General Issamo is calling," I hear.
"There is no script like nondescript, Sarah,"—is also said.
"Anna Mosity is calling. Thomas Didamouse is along with her.
"E. Liz Mosinery, Callie Han
"To skim the sky with an eye is easy. Though to skim the eye with A sky is difficult indeed. W. S. spirit.
A Long is here (along)
Moron than off.
Is Annie Body in?
Miss I. Sippi, will you page her, boy? (Mississippi)

Lou Z. Anna, Liuisa Anna. E. Liptical is here. Edel Weiss is calling.
Hi Atus is with him. Hi Atus. Camie Sole is with him. And R. Bucle (Arbuckle) And D. Light. Ann Sonia, B. Cause, B. Gum, T. Toteler: (If I MUST DIE I will die hard." W. S. Spirit
(Go on. STS)
Fred Reeka, A Sistence, Allie Gory, Allie Mony,—U-Rip-Idees, I sews 'em up,) W. S.
Sam Aritan. These are all waiting to speak to You, old girl." W. S. Ann Arbor, too. Ann Arbor
Stella Stew Rat and Lady Slipper are calling. W. S.
Annie Body, Mary Christmas, Mr. Tom AHtoe, Nickey Wah-wah, Anna Lytical, and Count NOaccount.
"The aides are calling" W. S. (Send the corps right up. STS) Mr. Collanade, Mr. Cannonade, and MISS Limonade! W.S." P. Destrian, Miss Anthrope, R. Snick (arsenic) Mr. P. King, (Peking)
Laurie Ate, and Dick Shun, all are here, Sarah. "W. S." Spirit
"Cholly Melon, is your name Indigo?" W. S.
(Meloncholy)
"Minna Tonka and Minna Ret are calling with Miss Minnie Apolis." W. S.
Minna Ret and Ruby Con are calling."
"Steve Dore *is* here, Sarah."
"This is the pun-maker. Billy Doux is calling."
"Amen, Tut Tank Up!" "Page Mrs. Shaw. O. Shaw.
"Sarah, you're one grande dame chance. My lucky chance." W. S.
"E. Liz Mosinery is calling."
"Did old man Noah *know-a* lot? Ann Ecdote is calling. (anecdote)
"John Quil and Si Attica are calling.

Sunday, Dec. 9th, 23.
"Mary Garden, it is time to trim your "bucolic sprouts!" (Brussel sprouts, in my kitchen) STS
"Coue's twenty knots?" Yes. (STS)
"Some Do and more do NOT!" Katy Did is calling. W. S.
"Letty Letup is calling," I hear. STS

"Ann Phibias is here too," said the voice. "Eva Porated, too!" said the voice.
"Maggie Zenes, Sara Cuse, Allie Gory, Helen Maria, are calling on a lady."
Letter-bee, Sarah. (Meaning, answer the mail. STS) "One doesn't have to be *small* to be a child: Eh, Sarah?
"The great are all great children. Meaning small things *are* great. I suppose." W. S.

For the Play: Made O' The Mist. Shakespeare In Spirit
In Come Pat Ability! Here he is! . . . (W. S.)
(Incompatibility) Calling on A. Bility.
If O. Genia is here, let me hear?
You Rip idees, I sews 'em.
(Euripides)
O Henry, . . OH Henry, Oh, Oh, My.
Frank Forter is wanted at the phone!
Made Of The Mist, Made O' The Mist. (Maid Of The Mist)—Name for Play. *My* Play in fact.

SHAKESPEARE'S ONLY SPIRIT PLAY
With Prologue
Spoken of by him as "My Demised Act"
Written down to spirit's dictation
Oct. 26th, 1920, New York City.
(S. T. S.)

Oct. 24th, 1920 (A.M. 8:20). "Our Play mentioned yesterday will now begin." Spirit voice. W. S.

THE CAST

Bellows, a buster.
Nordica, a singer (here present with us).
Helen of Troy, an acrobat.
Shake 'em up, a tramp. A dutiful son gone wrong.
(spell Shake'mup, W. S.)
Bill, the cat.
Fellows, a duster.
Cardinal Bumm, and, The priest.
Merry-go-val, a spirit monk.

We now start at Play making, to prove Shakespeare dead is Shakespeare living. A tomb holds my guts, my brain survives. Not the same methods. A ribald jester for a king's amuse, was I. A light for God would I be, *become,* Sarah, make it.

Go about your several duties. I'll have my wits working on my demised Act. Old Bill.

THE LOST IS FOUND

Three Hundred years ago I came to be
What God intends His souls TO be:
A shade. A wraith. A floating veil
Sent out to wander. And He MUST see
Who could devise His time,
Lasting eternally.

Then ARE we here. Have proved the same
To many hundreds in their skins.
To garner FOR Himself at last
A CROP of souls where ARE His bins.

Take heed ye scoffers OF His plan.
And take my warning for EACH man.
Reservéd for Himself, His souls.
ALL souls ARE His; I cry hereon
AGAINST the prophets NOT His Own:
Defying Him, must THEY atone
Wherever justice meets THEIR case.
Twill not be far, or fair, this place
Where SUCH await through time He counts,
Their dues, before *to* Him each mounts!

To TAKE His hand while yet ye MAY,
And walk WITH Him along HIS way,
I *stormed* this castle "from the dead",
That, severally, YE might BE led.

Kneel down, thou traitors, in His dust,
Pray AS ye will, BUT pray ye MUST
BeFORE His gates ope wide for YE
Shall ye His Own disciple be.

Led by an army vast, *I* lead.
Be warned no "dead" are here who plead
With powers but added, for His CAUSE,
Immutable, Divine, His Holy Laws.

I lead, a Shakespeare men *still* praise,
Where I *now* walk, if now MY days
I spend where I can touch each man,
Does any CARE? *REVERE* MY plan?

Then what *is* fame, I ask OF you
Who mouth my speeches, often true,
But oft and oft defile your tongue
WITH phrases mine, applauséd rung!

To make a Play then, PROVE I CAN,
Shakespeare who "died" still LIVES a man
As WHEN his OWN tongue mouthed his speech,
And sent it ringing still, for each.

A play now I intend to write.
Still to amuse, to prove soul's MIGHT.
Ye'll ponder oft as ye sit to it,
How IF I died, still CAN I do it!

Behold the show where I NOW strut
Minus a phrase befouled, nor smut
OF tongue, (still COULD I speak it)
That ears, hearts, Minds, MAY glut
The same MY speech for Him intended
Who put me back where HIS *ARE* mended.

I then begin, fit AS a soul
MADE fit, *as* clean, *I* write the whole.

My soul's Play, then,—Now set about it.
A SHAKESPEARE Play! *Living,* I *shout* it!

A Play for men who have still reason,
But find His spirits without season.

Adieu—farewell. This is my prologue.

Oct. 23rd. 1920. W. S. In Spirit

Oct. 25th. 1920 3:40 P. M. New York City.

"The demised Act will now start. Begin were better perhaps. Don't dot every word I speak." (W. S. spirit voice.)

THE CARDINAL'S PALACE

ACT I.

(At the left a chair of royal state. An emptiness as clerical. The Cardinal seated in immaculate surroundings, a small cap on his head. Many papers at hand some having large seals upon their corners. His Eminence wears a large seal ring, of course. Reading slowly a document of State relating to his clergy.)

CARDINAL BUMM: "I call to mind a force unusual here. Zounds! (An imprecation). It matters not. I am his superior. All is well if I govern. Then all IS well." (He stops. Holds aloft a picture, crosses himself, rises. Walks to front of stage. While he has been speaking he is overheard by one he sees not who sees him. A trifle of a man, wearing no garb, a nakedness profound. A cloth of some portion must cover for decency, no more. This is the spirit of a priest passed into eternity, a realm here at present. A brother monk one might suppose, who surmised the end changed little, and ended nothing but flesh parts. He sees the change he values is not understood, thought on as a correct state. He shouts his words at, into the ears of, the High dignitary.)

MERRY-GO-VAL: "Pause! Listen! Hear me! I come to warn! A poltroon was I, afraid of a Pope! Now behold me! What AM I? A whiff! Pooh! Not so much as a star's light am I. A sinner wronged me. I held him in disgust. Am I his superior? No! HE is mine. Above me he must be, yet I have not beheld him here.

Come away now! Let us be off to wipe away some tear. Come." (Goes gently up to His Eminence, crosses him on the forehead, pleads devices, all unbeheld by priest. Yet there is something CAUSES the Cardinal TO pause. He reasons thus:)

CARDINAL: "Mine eyes close down but sleep no more. How is it.

My conscience plays me fair. Methinks the time is near at hand some loss may come to me. Perhaps my sainted Mother is this day in pain!" (Sighs. Rises. Walks decidedly back and forth. Mumbles, as prayers flow WITH these. Sits again. Holds documents again. Worried face.)

CARDINAL: "How can I make for him a trap in which his feet must fall. To lay aside his robe, he shall. I shall have power to rule in this regard. No priest of my authority shall speak for the demised, TO them, if I can prevent the same. He shall pay in this regard. A miracle, he claims, that he has seen his father's spirit, talked with him as in life. Was told there was no death, no hell, no heaven. As religion goes he cannot hold office and believe his father's spirit. Yet he claims I can do naught to seal his lips of this experience. He tells it to his fellows and they sit welcoming the dead at night to hear the lost and damnéd ones lie, forsooth. God knows I have the provocation to undo his seals and signets, tear his robe from him who expounds to ME of ghosts claiming him a relative. I'll do it. Round and round his head must spin with prattle as of "spirits", ghosts. (He pushes a bell. A servant in livery appears. Very stiff.)

FELLOWS, A DUSTER: "Your holiness, you rang?"

CARDINAL: I did. Go to the Mission House at once. Take this brief request. No answer is the answer to it. Go. Make haste. I wait."
(Fellows bows. Exit rapidly.)

CARDINAL: (Sits him down heavily. Alone again he thinks, but nay. Merry-Go-Val suddenly is seen approaching as a spirit does out of thin air. This time he is beheld by the eyes of a visionary idealist clothed in robes of honor, crosses and the like, who has not yet put away papers, edicts of reprimand for the priest who has claimed to speak with, see, HIS "dead". He rubs his eyes, wide open, shocked beyond control, trembles, shakes in affright at the sight of A NAKED SOUL. Stares ahead speechless.)

MERRY-GO-VAL SPEAKS: "Father! I come to warn you of calamities approaching. YOUR soul SOON will be naked, too. It's true! We live! ARE here. No Paradise awaits. Your

mother is a widow. Hers dwells WITH her, your father, sire. He can speak to you. Shall I fetch him tonight, your own, your dear, dear father? Speak. I was a monk. Knew the blessed rules. Bowed at the bells ringing, fasted, prayed. Yet am *I* here. No cross of gold fastened my chain. I dwelt impoverished by choice. Yet, still, am I here, on the same earth. No Paradise awaits. Only God knows where it is. He keeps His secrets well."

CARDINAL: "Hold, Hold! Enough. You speak as wise, yet am I not agreed you are not evil being a monk himself. Religious orders hold the traitorous too, I'm well aware. Be off! No good can come from this." (Spirit vanishes: de-materializes is the word, Sarah, we SHOULD use now.

CARDINAL: (He calls "HELP! HELP!" (A valet rushes in attendant.) "Come quickly to my rescue. An evil spirit brought this paper here and laid it on my desk. An associate of the Franciscan, who speaks to spirits. I've sent him word I'll take his robe for this!"

MERRY-GO-VAL (present, unseen): "You'll never take HIS robe. This night shall YOUR soul waft aside that portal of flesh. To see souls then BOTH wicked as good, as ALL souls ARE, a robe you cannot TAKE along but fairly, you WILL need."

CARDINAL: "My head swims! I'm accursed of an evil spirit sent to warn me of the end. No time have I to lose. Something tells me this." (Looks over papers on desk. Adds seals thereto.) "Forfeits of life and pleasures amany to serve ingrates. A priest may pray to saints, for they BELONG to us. But if he dwell with spirits earthbound here, he's damned. I'll have none of—it. To be sure my robe is clean I'll pray o'er this tonight." (Goes out. Catches his breath as though a stitch had taken him in his side. A hand on hip, as going out.)

MERRY-GO-VAL (spirit): "I'll clean his shoes and mend him up his time if he be damned because he's dead! Dead! To lie no more! To eat nothing. Spend naught. Make no show of vile pretence. This means to 'die' as spirits see demense. I'll leave him to himself. Anon I'll return, to bake his liver

filled with wine. A grace to wonder *at* is appetite! Justice! Mercy! Under NO cloak, mayhap he passes out to BE Thy aid, as souls all must, who 'die'." (Stalks awhile prating. Vanishes.)

(A priest in a cell. Unfrocked. A wild expression, harmless, undone, abased, forlorn.)

PRIEST: "A wickedness to claim me foul. While my intent was but to serve His Grace. I lost, because of fate. His rights he used. Thus am I here. O wicked world! I sometimes hate thee with my heart I swore should be but God's alone!" (A father's spirit speaks to him. But a face alone appears in the cell.)

SPIRIT OF PRIEST'S FATHER: "Take courage, son! Thy mother's here also. We know thy pain. But thou art not alone. Reach out thy hand and clasp the hand of him who sent thee here." (The spirit of the Cardinal becomes plainly visible in the cell. A hand plainly pushed from out an invisible curtain, which wears the seal ring upon it, as two hands are clasped, one is extended.)

PRIEST: "Your Grace! Have YOU passed out? But yesterday YOU placed me here in this confine so small because I claimed my father's soul did live, could speak, who 'died' afar from here in mine own land. Thus have YOU come to know the truth Our Blessed Lord was sent and died TO prove to all, that ALL should know, and profit BY demise. How far is heaven off, do tell me now, your Grace! Why are YOU not among the savéd: say?" (This spirit of His Eminence now develops and stands forth in full regalia of priesthood. A Cardinal's robe, hat, cross, surplice. A holy, awed expression, clasped hands, hand-cuffed together.)

CARDINAL (spirit): "A prisoner of this world am I, unable to unclasp the lock and set me free! A mass will *help* a soul. Let *mine* be said. Understanding all, I blamed you. I am undone, thus properly to censure mine own soul. My spirit yearns for a body to house it. The winds are passing souls. Homeless, unhoused spirits adrift in His skies, knowing not WHERE to go. Restless they drive, are driven, *any-*

where. Tis God's plan. And He is at the helm, be sure. Before I lay me down to think over my past where all souls go, I was sent here to you to plead forgiveness. I did not fairly, knowing souls COULD speak. Beware. And ask protection for your safety. I left mine order signed and sealed to put you off a ship with lepers, diseased of bodies, for your spirits to undertake their cures. They'll carry out mine orders every whit. Escape. Pass out. I lift the bars *for* thee. See to it thou dost put no bar upon my soul for this. Free, go—but my injunction heed lest thou be apprehended as an evil one." (Disappears gradually, faintly staring face at last.)

PRIEST: "But life is brief as uncertain! Where SHALL I go? Father, Mother, accompany me from this place, lead on, I'll follow." (Spirits have lights, now visible, now out, these proceed ahead of Priest. He follows these down a bank of steps precarious, slippery. A shipper's yard where a maul is waiting—he puts out in it led by the spirit lights, two.)

ACT II.

(A lonely fellow seated on a rock in the land. Shake'mup, a tramp, takes off a burden from his shoulders. His soliloquy.)

SHAKE'MUP (spirit): "Tis foul to find no bourne after all. No bones to ache, no heart to plug *or* pound, but still, all keen, alive and more.

My folks, now where are THEY. Mine own! Arrivéd on some OTHER shore, or, WHERE? No answer. Answer me this then all you cawing crows in pulpits: If *I* am here, and I DO speak this play, what hope have ye who live to preach His wisdom yet deny ME the right to live whose soul was saved, NOT damned yet, by Him. By Him ALONE, I say, who COULD save souls but He who made souls, hey? I came the *way* of souls. That way YOUR soul must trod. Ay, without boots, *as* mine! Seeking, seeking HIM.

'Tis false the wickedness that's practiced through deceits. False lies, false hopes that lead souls to despair,

despairing ever. Heaven, where is it now. Who knows. And where's my mother, children, friends. There's ample room for worry you defenders of faith when YE find naught but His winds, skies, souls AS ye, forlorn. To cling to hope then is it all we do, CAN do. Other realms, homes, stratas, spheres,—Other tales, perhaps. *I KNOW.* I'm *here.* I'm here still who would be off where ARE mine own who must await my misery's closing hour. Mayhap. I do so trust their old time love prevails for me. Propound as ye will 'tis but a theory of some mind. A scheme befitting their ideal. God made my soul. 'Tis His. My misery made I for myself. *'Tis* mine. But could I spare through effort, toil, pain *of* soul, one man, my soul's experience, would it pay me as I sit to think this time could never wasted be I took to warn him.

About face! March! 'Tis time to go. If I'm alone still have I God and He has me, a soul, a shape He gives eternal life to further His plan, whatever 'tis, I know not now. I must be off. The dawn awakes. The birds stir. Another day of light for which to thank Him. (a bird sings, others peep) GOD of Song! A bird is Thy feathered creature having Thy melody. Precious to Thy ear, close to Thy heart, these trusting ones, voicing for Thee harmonies but Thou CANST read, know, understand. (The sun rises. Peeks above the horizon. An azure sky.)

GOD of Light! But for Thy warmth all life WOULD die. We spirits love Thy daylight, watch for Thy refulgent rays bringing forth Thy secret life in seed AND soil. As we marvel ON Thee, Scientists are paltry, genius is bungling; miracles are Thine alone. Homeless, a beggar, but not without Thee yet, God of Song, and Light, all Life, love, perfection. To *be* a tramp in spirit is to be homeless but not Fatherless. Still have we One to Whom we belong, pray, in whom we hope, trust, on Whom we rely. A many a king a beggar is. Popes are God's starvlings, too. (He makes off down the road carrying his sack of load, a heavy shoulder burden.) (A spirit-shape he is but faintly seen, is heard.)

W. S.

(Now, on this same Rock (capital, Sarah. The Rock of Ages) other spirits rest, weary of *their* burdens. Some relieve

themselves of their packs while resting, others simply pause, with Alpine sticks, a Shepherd's crook or the like.)

A Singer speaks: woman: our friend here: a helper too. Nordica: spirit: (Beautiful soul all light having a voice of wondrous power and sweetness, stops awhile WITHOUT a load. Apparently there is no burden. She sings. And I Shakespeare write this song for her in my only spirit Play. W. S. spirit.) (Long flowing robes of white diaphanous, a glory of light spread on their folds.)

AN APPEAL

(Song)

Life of my life, I would speak to Thee,
Forth with Thy current, which is BUT Thee.
Out of the heart Thou dost preserve,
Infinite Love, Who canst never swerve!
Lifting my voice Thou hast savéd still,
Through which, even I, may work Thy will.
God of the homeless spirits here,
Behold us, uphold us, knowest EACH tear!
Where every brook must Thy river meet,
Infinite Source, restore US, complete!

(With uplifted eyes, with clasped hands over her heart she moves slowly, majestically out of the scene.)

(All the others follow after, by twos, threes, passing, ever passing, SHADOWS. Some move with haste, others loiter. All pass, while the day HAS passed. Now the sun, which rose, begins to set, slowly sinking, leaving darkness COMPLETE.)

THE FINAL CURTAIN FOLLOWS:

(Moaning takes the place of song. Darkness of light. Faith is rocked. Hopes all shattered, where souls in darkness speak to one another. NO CHILDREN ARE HERE. No taint soils or begrimes His innocent ones.)

The Cardinal speaks in Purgatory: "Merry-Go-Val, had I believed in the Power of God as of old it was written in His

Book, I would have believed in thee, taken thy warning. (Gently, now) While mine eyes were unbeholden sealed *with* earth, my passion was revenge. YOU came to warn, to help, I scorned you. Called you evil. Now am I your debtor and INferior, who thought my arts supreme. Would I pray had I the Book before me. Is there a spirit in this pit who COULD pray without the Book, LET him pray now. Address the God of souls with reverence, nor mumble His sacred Name. Didst thou behold His face, wouldst thou address Him thus, chewing thy words? Fewer, make the supplications, more humble, reverent, lest the tongue be snarled with speech less understanding.

Lost!, Lost!, LOST. (fallen accent)

O Woe, fallen thrones, escapéd wealth, I would my eyes *could* CLOSE once more in sleep that door of memory!

Tides of the past cease pounding on the shore of this poor heart!

Making by covenant *with* Thee, I served Thee not: followed where gold led INSTEAD of Thee!

Son of Mary, Blessed Lord, Redeemer come to me, Thy outcast here. Preservest my soul for what? Still durst I question not lest worse befall.

Pray! Pray!

Where are my faithful ones, to let my soul stay here with stinking leprous ones! Fallen indeed, I served a cross of gold!"

(With hand-springs, ribald jests, scurryings, shoutings, jeering, a woman's form belittles the prelate who mourns.)

Helen of Troy, A woman trapeze performer regales him, the holy man. His tastes were low. Buster accompanies, aids, laughs, sings naughty songs, while a cat, Bill, claws at him in the dark. "To confess thou canst not, my lord Cardinal. Who would hear thee! *I* will! Unburden thy poor soul, "Umpty, trumpty, (sings) to me, eh now? *I* can sing a mass. Listen. (growls at Latin utterance with low notes.) Haha aaa ah! (ringing)

CARDINAL (spirit): "Must thou have been a wicked one, to torture with words here.

HELEN OF TROY: "My face was worshipped, sire. My arts, the same. But here,—who cares for ME! (Sings mockingly) Umty-um-tighty-woe!)

(A clanging at the Gates. A shaking, keys rattling, all absorbed in fear but the acrobat and hers. Voices, curses, a scream is heard in high note.)

VOICE: "Where is the Cardinal? His time is up. And he is free. Masses implore his release. Come, then. Kneel down. (kneels) (A tarnished cross is placed about his neck) Go back to the earth's surface where mortals tread, once more, and take thy soul to save it. Beware of lies, false blessings, rivalry, venom. Thy powers are weakened, thy mercies few. Serve. Serve. Serve. Wait through His time His pardon inexorable AS ye serve, WITHOUT pay, show, riches, His cross of wood. If ye stumble, ye will pay. If ye halt, ye will delay." (The Cardinal, very humble, entirely altered in aspect, obeys, blessing the souls that remain as he passes out.) (We leave the Cardinal here.)

(A light shines through the darkness when he leaves. Broadens into a path at the end of which is a CROSS OF LIGHT. All kneel before this in its searching rays, as looking aloft upon it, their aspects alter in holiness. The Gates open wide without touch of hands. When all pass through *ascending the elevation* leading to the cross.

"Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty,—is sung, as of angelic voices, a heavenly choir, unseen OR seen if present day Managers could unfold these as a vision twould add to my effect.

Pause.

Ring the curtain down.

*

Shakespeare's Spirit

(Through S. T. S.)

This voice is a direct audible voice, outside the body, at the right side.

WHY SPIRITS SPEAK *TO* MORTALS
(Preface to the Play for Pictures Plot)

First, to HELP these help themselves. To SAVE them, in fact, OUR experiences past the change mortals speak of as "dying", death, etc. which alters nothing of ourselves.

We HAVE failed ultimately, we presume. At least no voice comes through to tell us our chance (individual, Sarah) is NOT lost for eternal time.

We trespass so far on the individual's time as we break His Laws of silence resumed (we suppose) WITH the change of bodies. HAVE we trespassed here, is the question, in putting before the public our Screen of experience, sticking to facts, desirous of aiding all mortals we say. Yes: we ARE trespassers who haunt the waking OR sleeping hours of mankind, inflicting them with OUR charges, missions, and the like.

I purpose to lay this matter, charge, bare to the bone. All spirits love humanity. All are idle IN spirit. We loaf, wander, hide in buckets, and "die" not except for exploration. Who can say what a day will bring forth here? None. We waft about the universe UNemployed. UnLESS we attach TO mortals for a divine cause, we molest. This IS invariable, true.

We "hike" much as you mortals too. OUR feet are NOT sore, that is the ONLY difference between spirit and mortal I see, can see, know or could divulge honestly.

Then, DO mortals attract spirits FOR causes their own, to be "used" by them for purposes well known? Ay. This is also a broken law of His, yet. Why. Until His kingdom comes,—we suppose this hour. We of intelligence, bearing, frown down the tricksters in OUR worlds of lights, much as you condecend to accept legerdemain except for entertainment. These often work much harm. Laws are broken, strength depleted for this purpose of wonder-makers. Attracting lightning they are as rods for the purpose. Harm attaches to this, making frail the instruments often restored at our risk let me say.

Why then molest, you ask. I answer. My bond 'tis true these words OF mine. To marvel AT Creation must ye be-COME shades OF His. Our parts verify His power. Should YOU revere no man, OR God, until you find that part represented by me this hour, will YOU halt the procession of bones

and flesh to work a wonder such AS I. I PLEA for shades! WE suffer, here. Without, in His realm FOR souls. It is apparent YOU must slip your hide. And, soon. A span WITHout reasoning, and *His* reason is evidence without knowledge of His part, Play, what you will. Infinitismal as each spirit part is, His eternal heart-beat, Time, is not summed up BY US, yet. WE know not more after demense. Our wisdom slips away with life's conceits. Our plans as well. No conceit will ye find where spirits work His sums regarding themselves, His atoms OF Mind. Should your old twinge bearer not follow AFTER you AND find you as you represent that part of Him I use here today, you will be the first to arrive WITHOUT conscience, my lad.

We sum our sums continually here. As over again we work BACK the years, invoicing our LACK, still what we find on arrival, this we represent here. My subject.

How many or how few molest humans FOR His cause, to better FOR Him His eternity. I KNOW not. Universe OF universes, His "hereafter", here. Within another world, yet OF it, the same we trod in boots.

What rights HAVE we, unLESS welcomed OF mortals. I pause. To gain eternity must we lose ALL? I ask ye. All thought from whence we arrived, all care, all careless of our whereabouts? TIS so. Lapse of minutes ticked off from His time and all mourn not, care not, so it seems. WE care. Care more. HAVE less, become as naught through His will FOR us, souls. Then some few rebel, say you. Some few. Others strive and fail who would come hence on review or parade, as we say. It takes courage TO molest, sufficiently to shock the living in bodies that we behold their reason is at stake. Mark you, I am withOUT foil, *I* know. Oh sights of woe do we behold as mortals HAVE become victims of lying monstrous ones in our shadowedland. (shadowedland) HAVING succeeded I warn ye of others UNgraciously it may seem. But no—my cause is uppermost. Deride me not; but, as ye turn my leaves, behold MY words there writ FROM spirit to warn ye, as others, OF His cause, betterment OF which I came through armies vast, and dangerous too.

Ply as we will, as take great risks, to work a wonder even FOR Him. A wonder I claim it is. Could you string ten thou-

sand harps and play all with one hand, then COULD ye BE told, comprehend, my task from spirit, as voiceless we create voice, speak withOUT utterance,—but no, ye would decry my words if I could tell hereon the WAY I came, to ply FOR *Him* alone.

Should spirits BE welcome as they can manifest in every home, His will may be survival OF His love, the UNdying part treated derisively in pulpits, by mortals who hold at arms length EVERY spirit, as being His evil shades, forsooth.

Why do I now picture the part I HAVE played. To show BEFORE the eyes how little scientists have found, delving as they do IN His pond FOR bait, worthy the name discoverer. To discover is to Un-cover, to find I take it. *I*, found betimes, have proved myself as true. Pay ye heed to my message and find for yourselves a record FOR the Almighty AS His wisdom.

To PLAY in pictures then my spirit's part I took when I molested her to play Divinity's part I FAILED to play while having speech,—utterance for vile parts.

Back of the curtain I step now, to see my players, instruct her for YOUR benefit.

Should you approve and so applaud we hear. Should you revile my Play as played by me, Shakespeare in His spirit form, I too may hear and pity ye, from where *I* stand, in God's forever.

New York City, July 19th. 1921. W. S. Spirit
(Through my player, Sarah)

OLD PROSPERO IN HIS GARDEN

(Death Enacted)

By Shakespeare's Spirit

(Dictated at one sitting. No alterations in the original MSS.)

ACT ONE

Scene I. Prospero in his garden. A light over head as though the sun were shining ON his head. Speaks to himself.

PROSPERO: "How cool it seems! 'Tis summer, yet 'tis fall. The grass is ripe, some harvested, I see. The Garden's beautiful!

Luscious. How ripe am I, old man still young: I wonder." (Muses. Hums lullaby. Pulls at long beard, as he walks along the path to the steps of his dwelling.) Have we the RIGHT to ask of Time MORE than YOUTH in AGE? I vow not. Limber up the heart to MATCH the joints, Father Time. The heart is slow at 50,—*slower* at 70. But my good-man pluck me a floweret that may live for AYE! Its fragile fabric endures for ITS day. And so, with ME. I'm, growing, OLD. Ah-hem (sighs) (enters manse)

A TOAD: (A toad in the path speaks, who has been watching, listening to the old man's talk.)

"Gulp—enough! *I* wish that *I* were YOU. To stride and NOT to leap, is MY AMBITION! Hideous our KIND to YOU who never gave an ounce away to us who feed on flies that would molest your crops. YET we thrive. *I* am YOUR friend! And YET you heed me not. He's coming back." (said softly, as he hides his warty hide)

(The old man has placed a seat on which to sit, anear the toad. And reads aloud, although he is quite alone.)

PROSPERO: "The Age of Reason come at last when man may worship as it pleaseth HIM. No stout folk in sombre garb to flout *their* theories happily. The world is on the mend, methinks, when God so disposes." (His book falls. His carcass tumbles ON THE TOAD which jumps aside)

TOAD: "A close call,"—(says he the toad)

(The old man never moves again. But at his side is present the shade of himself, as live as ever, looking on his fallen shape which moves no more. Shade speaks:

PROSPERO'S SHADE: "I'm bound if I can see what here has taken place WITH me. I SEEM alive! I MOVE as usual! Yet *is* this I, this heap? Old man wake up, I say (tapping him on the head with his fingers). He hears me not. (Listens) He BREATHES not! Then have *I* DIED? I, *wonder!*" (mystified)

(The toad hops around both the body and the bodiless. Evidently THIS creature sees ghosts.)

TOAD: "I say, old man, you're DEAD. Dost know it? Your old parts will stink soon, those old fingers that have plucked these flowers, THEY'll drop away and rot. But YOU, may

walk here *as of yore* and take your time and ease and pay no rent. You've "died," you've DIED, you've died!"

The old man (shade) turns about, seeth himself that was, and *runs* into the house! Swiftly runs, also.

Toad hops over his body and back. Smells his face, especially his old ear. Whispers profoundly, gently, therein:

TOAD: "You NEV-er, harmed, a LIV-ing thing. The GRASS loved YOU! It loved to HAVE you touch it with those GENtle footsteps! It grew BETTER when YOU passed! IT K-N-E-W you, too! *I*, too, know you now. I'll live on here a spell WITH you the same, and do YOUR work you CANnot do. I'll help to keep your garden beautiful, the rose-bush that you loved to smell of in the moring dew before the breakfast bell sounded! You'll walk these same paths again, and oft, with no company BUT frogs and the like to speak WITH you!"

(A hurried door-bang; voices alert speak excitedly. A maiden of the manse, not old nor young. A chamber-maiden, hireling, with a cap on forehead, comes direct TO body, kneels over it, or bends. (Spirit accompanies her to the spot)

MAID: "Oh—Oh—Sir. GOOD Sir. What came about! So sudden! To have died withOUT a priest or prayer! Come, help! Oh Thomson come. Carry him hence. He is no more! I'm worried for his folks, his daughter!"

PROSPERO SPIRIT: Man looks on whose body is carried off, as he shuts his eyes murmuring: "I'm a dead man, I'm a living man, 'tis not TRUE, it's TRUE. Where WAS I. Where AM I. IS this "death," do you suppose? I'm living IF I died. And died NOT if I'm "dead." And they will bury me they CANnot bury, MOURN *THAT* I, DIED? Who am alive yet cannot speak so they can hear me speak! Then to die is to live and FOOL people who mourn over your old body that was dying so long it ached in all its parts. Is that ALL? How strange men DREAD to die. It takes not long. Breakfast I had—and the clock points *Twelve* and *I* have DIED. Where are my pantaloons with my mentoes? I am dressed as usual but I find these missing which I used to fondle in my pockets! I wonder who TOOK my pockets."

(Other spirits come forth to speak, explain, lead him off.

Those he knew not IN life, all strangers to him. Can he trust these shadows? He wonders. ARE they to BE trusted? He knows not. He is dead.)

FIRST SPIRIT, AN AGED MAN, SPEAKS: "Prospero, this is all it means to Die. YOUR time ended and you came to be with US. That is the end in body; no other."

A MOTHER'S SHADE ADVANCES NOW: "My Son—I've been *expecting* you—I'm GLAD you've come! Your *Father's* here."

A FATHER'S GHOST WALKS UP: "You never felt a twinge or pain my Boy. Say, is it true? So swiftly passes life's current at the close of eyelids, not a moment elapses in taking the LONG JOURNEY! The Beyond, is HERE. You've come to us, at last."

Children dance about the newcomer *in* spirit: (Loving arms of little children touch him gently, fondly fold him. All is serene for the time being. And he is awakening, sombrely to the grim truth—he *died* this morning!

His servants enter the garden he loved: "He arose early for the last ten years. His garden was his pride. His gardenias! THEY will always speak of HIM.

Another servant: "They say there was a tragedy in his young life—something he would not divulge. He never told a soul." (The spirit listens to all) "He loved women; he loved children, and flowers and animals. He loved EVERYthing but himself! He bought nothing for himself."

First one: "Now he's dead, they'll sell everything I suppose. He left no testament they say."

"He hasn't anything to divide. He gave it away—fed the poor—educated orphans——"

"But they say he HAD no religion!"

"I know he believed in *heaven*, for he used to talk about it."

"He LIVED it. He made heaven for others. I trust he is there." (They walk towards steps)

PROSPERO IN SPIRIT: "Then THIS is heaven. To dwell on among those who love you still? accompanied by the ones you love? And all must "die" who live? And all must LIVE who

"die." And find no difference in body, OR mind, except the separation of the senses, which cuts us off from the living ones in bodies, to whom we *can*not make appeal be-CAUSE *of* the change OF bodies?"

The sun sets, as the spirit speaks. In the darkness spirit forms walk about everywhere plain to view.

In the garden, on the steps, through the doors, into windows —from nowhere, anywhere.

In the moonlight the Toad hops, hops, feeding on the insects *of* night. All is still. Peaceful.

The man who died walks in his garden, accompanied by souls. Among THEM he prays.

And God rules THIS world: 'tis evident.

✥

Shakespeare's Spirit (To S. T. S.)
Audible voice. Oct. 25th. 1921. New York.

"THE PLAY'S *THE* THING: My Words."
Shakespeare's Soul.

(Preface to the Play "Hullabaloo", for Children)

Build *for* me exactly as *I* build. W. S. Spirit

My LIVING parts ARE here. My nose is blue,
My eyelids RED, as IN my days OF skin
I roistered with my FELLOWS oft AND oft.

I NOW proclaim the Play's THE thing to make men think
Who *will* not think else there's amusement to it.
You fellows who HAVE boards, now go ye to it.
Proclaim thereon *I* live, HAVE never "died"
Who still DO speak and use MY speaking parts.
I know you cravens all have work to do.
I SEE you day by day; with my SAME eyes
I do behold your purposes. TO FILL THE PURSE.
Have *I* a mission to fulfill withOUT my bones, I ask,
That I AM here to ask OF you as well?

I need no cash, nor *any* fol-de-rols.
I need no prayers. At last have THESE been SAID.
Then, *if* I knock upON your door, I claim *I* should BE fed.
I am no beggar. It IS I who speak.
HIS beggar came I here TO beg of HIM.
'Tis done, HIS work, through her who writes you this
FOR me, who cannot write YOU else.

Now, would I give you ample cause TO boast
A Shakespeare HAS his witless wits FOR aye.
I mean to take my pen just as of old
(A BIRD did furnish MINE) and WRITE a Play
No spirit else COULD think with wits OF mine.
Then am I HERE whose dust is blown away?

A Play for Children, first. Whose little hands
Have clasped mine HERE, and soothed my poet-heart.
Then shall I make a mirror for THEIR minds,
And YE shall find the product for these parts,
And CLAIM them MINE.
Ye'll know that I MUST do it. Since none CAN do AS I, nor bake nor stew it
AS their Shakespeare's Art.

Now, then, set TO it! W. S. In Spirit

Direct voice to S. T. S. Oct. 26th. 1921. N. Y. C.

"HULLABALOO"

Our Play *For* Little Children, By Shakespeare's Spirit

Far away the bugles blow, at set *of* sun—
Calling all the children Home, when work is done.
Rest, is all tired children need, IN His scheme—
Who comes hence WITHOUT a home, IT is OUR theme.
Are these good enough FOR you *to* speak *with* tongue?
Hearts are waiting FOR the truth, hearts that ARE wrung.
You will never *miss* a word flung TO these.
TRY. The harvest is suPERB. Make an effort, PLEASE.

W. S. In Spirit (To S. T. S.) Nov. 13th, 1921.

"HULLABALOO"

"OUR PLAY FOR LITTLE CHILDREN"

By Shakespeare's Spirit

"Taken down by Sarah Shatford at his soul's bidding, WITH voice I do affirm."

HULLABALOO

(Build FOR me exactly as *I* build) W. S. Spirit

Cast.

Sir Christopher Salaratus—(A bold knight of the lance.)
Miss Papricka—(Hot stuff)
Miss Do-Say!—(sings)
Mr. Shortfellow—(is short) (of funds)
Miss Virginia Creeper—(creeps all over) (everybody)
Mr. Portly—(puff, puff, puff)
Mrs. Smally (wizened old lady, small as a mouse) (not unlike)
Colonel Saltcellar—(a tang of this, or that)
Miss Vinegar Crewet—(sour visaged)
The Scorpion Family—(at odds with one another)
Jim Bloodgood—(with a bucket of blood in his eye) (the clown or fool of THIS Play)
Mr. C. Roach—(a bug of a man)
Paddy Rooster—(all hair and hands, who plays at a harp)
The Poorly Weds—(wealthy, but mismated)
The Poorly Feds—(mated, but very poor)—neighbors
A little waif with curls, aged ten.
A Sailor Boy in rompers, somewhat younger.
A Cook, in costume. A Man-chef. Rotund. A black man I should think.
A dozen small tots, all sizes, very young and beautiful.
Winged things a plenty. Birds and flies.
A Croaking Frog. A green old frog. (a pollywog also. Since nothing IS Impossible at THIS time)
A fountain in the garden where these emit from its pool.
Axme-no-questions, a woodsman.

Hullabaloo, the gardener. A fine, old, gentle, man, loved by all.

The June-bugs, Lady-bugs, Potato-bugs, Bed-bugs, also Big-bugs of the Avenue. (A skipping dance. They crawl through their parts. Big-bugs (men) scorn these parts)

Cootie, the cat.

Scootie, the mouse.

Doormat, the servant.

Fairies blue and white with trumpets and horns, glittering things in Baskets, bells on strings, gum-drops and toothsome goodies which they hide in hollow trees and under stones. Bean-bags, sleds, and marbles, balloons and squaking things for the mouth.

An ounce of prevention carried by the Queen of Fairies. The only one with wings. A goodly sum of shining coins tied in a money-bag of glowing gold stuff drawn tight with strings.

A slide of broad light from the Moon, from whence these come to earth, and return. A silver pathway of light having runners I suppose.

Singing birds. And pet animals as well.

Fine, friendly dogs AND tabbies.

Neighbors, Spectators of the Play (Introduced as they arrive, in pairs): Country folk visit the Play. Set aside seats on the rear stage for these. Dress as near like their names as can. Hats to match tops of vegetables as growing in the garden. The vegetable kingdom walks in to witness this Play. Make them real folks looking out of the root or leaves represented by their names. W. S. In Spirit.

Ladies:

Miss Creamy Onion (white and glistering)
Miss Green Peas (petite, thoughtless) (Pod)
Miss Carrot (young)
Mrs. Red Cabbage (Dowager)
Miss Cayenne Pepper (temperamental)
Miss Lettuce (charming, bland)
Mrs. Brussels Sprouts (Aristocrat)
Miss Squash (a mess)

Miss Canteloupe (juicy)
Misses Thyme and Parsley (highly flavored)
Mrs. Spinach (very green)
Miss Parsnip (Oh my!)

Gentlemen:

Mr. New Potato (pronounce tatt-o)
Messrs. Bean, String & Lima (of Boston Commons)
Mr. I. Garlic (turns up nose: wears goggles) (very loud)
Messrs. Turnip, R & W.
Mr. Celery (a prince)
Mr. Sweetcorns (farmerlike)
Mr. Radish (rotund, red-faced)
Mr. Cowcumber (long green, very rich)
Mr. Watermillion (his friend)
Mr. Hallowe'en Pumpkin (hospitable, and yellow with gold)
Mr. Oughta Choke
Mr. Green Tomato

FOR CHILDREN

(The vegetables take part in a Drama, each dressed to represent himself or HERself, as the *case may be* with *them*, of course.)

Ladies:

Miss Creamy Onion
Miss Green Peas (petite)
Miss Carrot
Mrs. Red Cabbage
Miss Cayenne Pepper
Miss Lettuce
Miss Artichoke
Mrs. Brussels Sprouts
Miss Squash
Miss Canteloupe
Misses Thyme and Parsley
Mrs. Spinach
Miss Parsnip

Gentlemen:

Mr. New Potato
Messrs. Bean, String and Lima (of Boston Commons)
Mr. I. Garlic
Messrs. Turnip, R and W
Mr. Celery
Mr. Sweetcorn
Mr. Radish
Mr. Cucumber
Mr. Watermellon
Mr. Pumpkin
Mr. Oughta Choke
Mr. Green Tomato

The procession of onlookers:

Add to Children's Fairy Play of Shakespeare's Spirit: "We like still what we did like: to pun upon or *at* a word."

"OUR plays never cease, *'tis* true. My *life* for this, good lords and ladies."

ONLOOKERS:

The Duke of Marmalaide
How much does it Costa Rica?
Spinoza (spin nose ah)
Miss Polly Wog
Mr. Goldfinch
Queen and King Bee and their retinue, court, etc.
Mr. Ising Glass
Nicky Wa-Wa
Mr. Peach Stone
Miss Cherie Stone
Mr. Sapolio
Mr. Damphule (*my* best) W. S. (This is to be an old man wearing big trousers, high hat, soft of speech, winning smiles, and mannerisms. One not to affright the young ones, one to be trusted.)

The pleasures of children consist in mouthing things. Over and over, like monkeys or parrots they rool their little gleanings, few toys, be it inside the mouth or out. To give a child pleasure, or cause *one* to laugh is to belong to the immortal ballet, as we see it from our side now. Clowns furnished *my* fun in playtime. Those were serious times, my lord. A little play went far to loose the wit. My trousers stuck amany time to make it SEEM I could not move, to furnish me with wit or word-play. I found a glass of jell would do to empty out before their eyes, as though some pretender HAD made me to stick so. It brought down the house which was not a playhouse under cover you see, but a real mirth set agoing.

With young things it melts so now. A little fun, not overdone, and a child will retain a sweet mouthful to turn over by the tongue. We find these puns with fun ourselves, so why not share this with youth? Will you please add the drake. (What is that? S. S.) The old fellow who is always left out, Sarah."

Odds bodkins Galushia,—

Virginia Creeper (Add to Cast)

"TO ONE AND ALL WHO *STRUT* MY BOARDS, AS, CALLING ON *HIS* NAME, *IN* VAIN"

"From Shakespeare, in his soul shape, His thin division, who plies to aid Him and His cause. To her I found and taught to hear my voice without a key. All souls do speak. Few mortals hear them speak. W. S."

Where ARE my SOUL'S defenders. None I see
Come forth to claim His wonder HAVE I wrought
To SAVE mankind where all MUST search their pasts, and find HIM out,
Who knew Him NOT.
Then AM I here. Make answer TO my plea
In justice TO my plea for ye FROM death.
I live, and bring forth souls each day to prove I'm HERE
Where SOULS MUST thrive if bodies MUST decay.
To prove I AM myself, then set ye TO it.
If ye do *not, another* part ye'll play, AND, rue it.

Where struts MY kings have ANY made their like
UNTIL today, I ask in my soul-part.
Then pick my lock, I hand this key,
And SHOW me if FOR Shakespeare you've a HEART!
MY time *is given.* NONE pay recompense.
I NEED no food, whose TASTES have NEVER changed
FOR food, and, SENSE, who loves a garden spot
Where His per*fume* is cast, winged BY a bee.

Soon must *I* lay *me* down. Who THEN will CARE
If YE fare forth to blister IN His sun
He GAVE TO LIGHT your ways, as forth He spoke those words
Which halt MINE tripping OF *my* tongue.

SHALL there BE light. His lights decree there shall
If ANY SHARE His kingdom, 'yond OUR sky.

To carve a monumental work FROM death,
Ay, HIS DEMISE, *I* come. PAST breath,

Past lust, and cravings OF my lustful parts.
THAT ye, His living FLESH MAY throb IN tune,
While ye HAVE throbbing hearts.
Would ye *believe* my soul, could I write ON
And GIVE thee help to help YOUR brothers HERE,
Before, AS waifs, THEY wash His spirit-shores
To find HIS realms admit not ANY peer
Unless a peerless One. (capital O, Sarah)

Speak out! And give me *space*. Ye LOVE me still.
Accept my wonder-part worked WITH my sense AS parts
"Death" CANnot kill.
And play no more WITH God. His Name, OR will.
I call WITH *MY* death-part, that soul He GAVE,
Preservéd past all claim OF dying, death,
Performing FOR all souls wherever lisping
My PARTS immortal Shakespeare planned FOR breath.
I, call. I prompt thee with *no* wings,
But set apart TO speak I warn and break
Your hearts of stone, and grind with many a tear
On this poor stone to sharpen UP your wits.
See! Look! Before ye MUST I stand
If mine own imprint HAVE I left FOR thee,
COULD wits BUT mine BE here?

Ye'll take the tools YE find, and make THESE fit
TO grind a grist in His eternity,
I tell ye who have strung ONE human's ears
To hear my SOUL speak forth a part FOR ye!

Take heed. And PLAY this part in all HIS work,
And work no crimes AFTER my lines ARE writ
Marking your spirits His defaméd parts,
Which should come forth to PRAISE Him, *every* whit.

Then if ye chew *this* cud and LIKE it NOT,
Pecking for flaws NOT mine, contained herein,
I writ (spoke, W. S.) to SAVE ye SINNERS part IN sin.
UnTIL ye WORK His part harmonious, 'twould fit ye *better* to behold His sun that worketh as He *PLANS*, turns OUT His life that ye MAY live.

His ENDless riddles, then, revile ye NOT.
YE must perform AS I, IN spirit's lot
Allotted AS He plans. *Alloweth*, please,
If it WOULD please thee more.

How COULD I speak FOR souls withOUT His part.
HIS PART, eternal as His useful life.
Filled WITH His life, ye'll SEEK His being, aye,
Regretting every breath, pulse, FLUNG AWAY!
His soul now speaks TO thee. One soul beloved
Of EVERY soul, in alMOST every CLIME.

Then take MY lamp, THESE WORDS *OF* mine,
Addition OF my soul, and ADD these TO my rhyme
Ye finger o'er and *MUTTER* for THEIR sake.
This part IS my soul's part, part of His time
Eternal AS His souls, Himself,
That, WHEN *YE* "die", AS I, and WALK His sky,
Ye KNEW, *from Shakespeare,* souls live, AS, these "die".
MY soul for YOUR soul. That you may end your time made fit to walk WITH Him. Amen.

W. S. In Spirit

Audible voice, direct. (To S. T. S.)
Nov. 6th. 1921. New York.

Original taken at machine—S. T. S.

TO THE PRODUCER

Spirit-voice: "Let us write to the Producer." *Jan. 8th.* 1923. 11 A. M.

You will commence to wonder where I got my plots, as you comment on their various sides, motives, handled by my hands for royalty, not royalties, my lord.

You have wondered oft, as I sat by without power to discuss my modes, lost to this century at least. I will now divulge my parts as I took them out of books, OR plots, wherever found, some make history, of course, these I did NOT steal, pilfer, or produce either, since the revellers themselves wove these out of experience, their own persons were my plots as well as their marks on time conceived by fate, I presume now, since we no longer

think of souls' achievements as being their own woof solely, but threaded up FROM circumstances, the like of which we find when we arrive masters OF fate, or no.

You will follow where I now lead, good friend. Our time in those precious days OF cone and wigs is NO MORE! Our days are numbering still. Our errors, too.

When I DID gather wool, my lord Belasco, YOU were not propounded, *were* you. Then AM I old. Your senior, sir, though NOT *your* better. I would make this plain else WHAT I say may wound you as WELL as yours.

I came through time TO speak, it seems, since all my time is given TO it. Then, I propound FOR you a goodly measure of ripe grain, opening my sack to fill your bin, your warehouse you may say, do say this day. To speak FOR those who "died", went out UNspoke, was, IN my time of cone and wits (the latter here preserved, I do pronounce me) my privilege. I WAS TO mouth injustices, it seems, FOR them. Ay, to mend up their soul's time for them, adjudge them for all time in voices hollow of mockery and the like, I put them onto leaves but once, nor bid a single man to print. BUT act, AND mouth for me.

That these remain, are tomes, gave me first a jolt of learning here. What had I done to thus deserve posterity's curse, I wondered, as I wonder oft and oft. Were I a man as THEN TO stride my boards AND speak would I call down on those who gave me so much trouble the shivering silver of my tongue. O WOULD that I COULD speak AS then. This now resembles me, you say. But no. No tongue CAN speak like that cloven IN the head all yours, to run or skip, besmoothe the tempers, strike like adder, broil AND bend in sloven speech, the like of which no master can outstrip. SPEECH! That echo of God's. Voice GIVEN FOR relief OF souls. To mend the mind, a man MUST speak. Often so. Still, to flay WITH the tongue is man's perogative, too, in no gentle accents falling, these flails fall. To propound theories whereby men given voice, as calling, MAY use this same to their advantage, for others, NOT for fame, I came through thunders of heavens, blasting MY way here. Then let US speak together, You, and I. My fellow (Fellow, Sarah) NOT my brother, for I am too near to you to say there IS a difference in us. So. *I* speak.

My parts. What were these in my time *of* cone. Alas, my

living, I hear You say who make a meal's measure out of *every* part. Yes, but MORE than this WERE they. My living was my dying end. 'TIS true. I gave to royalty my best undeserving ANY praise. Mark THAT too for ME. I PAID to royalty my sum, as well. Receivership in my *gone* days there was none such. We fail who fail to pay nor are we rescued OUT of our dilemmas by the courts OF justice. Then I HAD to write, to sit and muse, upon this OR that FOR my purse AND TO order. Think twice on this, I say, you who know the fleeting manner OF idea, hinging on a thread so slight you may offend IF broken in upon and end your time under a knife upon a block. I HAD to play upon words to carry on, to MAKE a Play and make it pay I oft resorted to ruse unwilely, I fear me now.

For in my time OF bones which rattled on the King's path tonight and slept on the riverbank tomorrow for lack of better wits to carry me on and out *of* my muse, I had recourse to Letters which I used up in my ink, absorbed THEIR learning I did, oft and oft as was my wont to write a Play to unison OF pates instead, my learned ones.

To reveal those LOST of me, would I could speak with tongue at length upON your stage. Had derision spoken of me in my time like in these times I hear me spoke would I have fallen down nor soared to heights whereon men ride today. My heart fails me here. To give, but not for posterities, one's part, was all I ever tried, nor IN my time would I have given so much as a coin to flip mine honors extended up to this. No traitor, I. My Plays are, were, mine own, except for the various causes for which I wrote, extending histories no doubt, but unaware OF time was I.

The Play you now produce, your Player's part, your Race's plot, I criticize FOR you, having stalked YOUR stage, thereon TO light when I can be OF service to it.

THIS Jew I called by name I founded, too. A bargain IS a bargain. Shy-lock. Ingratiate, bewildering to most a gentile's part to make this great as in MY time I did rehearse it o'er. You follow me of course. Should you fall INTO a shark's mouth, beware, say I, over AND over I warned of it. Fast enemies are racial creeds. Faster their prophets. Beware now, too. The Jew today is calling for justice as never in history, calling in vain, too. You HAVE the key, you know the lock, be-ware.

Once that key fits no other gets in, NOR out. Derision is left to weigh WITH justice, a King's ransom FOR a Judge.

To spit upon MY kind I would not now. I am still the gentle man I was. If time CAN cure that sore of leprosy, the soul of INjustice, I know not HERE.

Then, make the part anew to suit the times (time, I said, Sarah). Give OUT a soul's just hatred for a race belied by facts scorned for any but examplers.

I say, Call NOW, call loud and fiercely call. Down from That Sky where He may see His kind unhoused AND scorned, revile me a usurer's mess but *if* you will so long as you do USE ME WELL. USE ME. USE ME. BUT, O Christian, Use Me Well. And if, this part will NOT part in twain that curtain in front I'll go MY way as one who COULD not see when he HAD died he LOST a mess o' pottage in the verbal nonsense created to hide the meaning of that traitorous besmirching.

MY, and MINE, lose not sight of. Smooth with the tongue, caress these sacred appelatives lost TO hearing. Besmirch me not if you MUST use me, pay I have and WILL, for must we pay it is the Lord's decree until that debt be wiped away we owe. From out the Christian's heart, mean I. Stain ME not as you build upon my ducats. See this clear. Mend up this rent as was MY wont.

Too fast you cannot mouth my words here. Lost to the senses lost to wit. Slow going, smiling into this part a meaning all its own, for the Jew knew his part well having the law on his side. Who will STAY the hand once it is ON the throat of villian OR wretch. Then the conscience canNOT be pushed BACK OF the eyes!

Yours, for a grain at least.
Your Shakespeare. From his heart.
(Spirit voice to S. T. S.)

A SONNET FOR MY PROOF

The grave has cast me in a *part* I play,
To *give* to time *my* wits, PAST my demise.
Thus *give* I *to* Your Play the *sense* I wrought,
When I would pull the wool beFORE men's eyes.
Shy-lock did lock with*in* his pate, so small,
A *grief* he bore *for* wrong, for all *of* time,

That none COULD e'en forgive NOR pay the curse
OF tongues who *utter* sense through*out* my rhyme.
TO pay AS he for ALL the debts o'erdue,
Heaped up, scraped up, through eons yet *un*dawned,
That which No usurer *asked* was *filched* from *him,*
That which no curse CAN cure, still must BE pawned.
Out-*RIVELLED* was the Jew, in hate *avenged*
By Christian's thievery, whom no *Justice* spawned.
Shakespeare's Soul (To S. T. S.)

To my Contemporary, Belasco. *Past* my hide, where the future IS the present.

Shakespeare.
Who spelled as larkspur, the old blue flower.

You will see I AM here. Before YOU reach "here" from where I speak WITHOUT a part EXCEPT the part I found AS mine, we write briefly a Sonnet FOR you.

Would you profit BY your time PLAY His part, use that span of influence to prevail upon weaker minds less susceptible TO Truth, the inevitable, found AS He planned.

May all good works attend you. Mine eyes have witnessed your wonders before YOUR curtains. MY applause silent, alas FOR souls. TO behold a wizard's perfections, BE one WITH him, yet UNknown, IS spirit's lot in Life's plan worked out as BUT He, the Great Dramatist, CAN.

What is MY part today IF I speak here? One which generations may heed, I tell ye. ALL ours are with you. The boards our delights. To work AT Play we must if work our minds we would. What THAT part of Him IS, living still, UNhoused but capable OF its part, is to express a soul's finding, to attain AS spirit, to work our passage WITHOUT bones, to appeal to His OF bodies FOR space, be rejected or taken at our worth or less.

Ye can conceive no part of God. Limitless AS He is, my soul IS His part, as every other soul stalking under cover of flesh or DISembodied. Ay, true. His CONE is His; His breath, His Own invention. Waves OF God rising AND falling, as, unconcerned, men trifle WITH ye. A secret OF His, THAT breath, His soul, shaped, yet INvisible to eyes LIKE ours.

My final curtain MAY drop soon. My part played AS I worked past your skill to comprehend. The transient glories OF an EARTHLY part, whosEVER part it is, subTRACTS from His time unLESS it inCLUDE Him. Time, His invention. His forever. Can ye fathom THAT, ye mathematicians?

Compute YOUR sums, His, ARE incomputable. The line of life HE throws you; His life. HIS secret, too. Yet men breathe careless all. UnTIL that wicket open "past" breath, past "dying", when SOULS stand WITH Him, as face to face, beholding not Him BUT His plans FOR souls.

Behold His beauties UNdying reFLECTing Him, (for aught I KNOW) Power Almighty THAT HE is.

Play with His secrets, imitate His inventions, work with His mind, as WITH that heart OF His ye store IN His storehouse, His eternal Time, remembrance PAST mortal's conception. Too vast for men, is Wisdom. Too incomprehensible for souls.

ALL SET, IS *WISDOM'S* STAGE, WHOSE PARTS WE PLAY

A Sonnet:

All set, is *Wisdom's* stage, whose parts WE play
Who PLAY His parts, all lacking parts OF flesh.
Who, when HIS curtain falls, find NO applause,
But bear a MARtyr's part, who feel His leash.
Tethered are we, as, bound BY chains we FORGED
To His SAME earth, we see our parts ill-played,
But STALK His stage withOUT a MUMbler's part,
WITH His HE saved, and, BUT His hand HATH made.
MY part is here, as hereon AM I writ.
My only solace IS my part FOR Him.
Would I could enter here my flesh AND bones,
Nor stand His traitor WITH my part so slim.
The play's the thing—IF, work ye AS ye play.
HIS part take ye AND own, where YE must pay.

Will Shakespeare. A player of His, in His immortal part.
(Through Sarah. To whom I commend you.)
(This is the original. All work of this spirit's written without correction.)

WHAT IM*PROVE*MENT COULD BE MADE *IN* MY PROFESSION. (To aid Artists, AS Producers.) (Advancement a better word, Sarah.) Shakespeare's Soul.

Trials must be met of course, and adjustments are not easy AFTER strife. A pot has boiled over and the smudge is in OUR nostrils still. The same with you who play. Players must act what Managers buy. These buy what the people want, which reflects their minds, of course. HAD these lofty thought, promises OF Mind, would WE rescue THEM from the filth of salacious productions which play upon chords, touch sentiments, wake lusts of the craven only.

Problem Plays. What ARE these. To wax indifferent TO the times AND thoughts must somewhat be devised for men's *souls* this hour. Perplexing situations of the mind. Fine substrata of conscience huddled into corners, outstripping vengeance, villainy and wrath, overcoming evil with that PART of conscience we suppose IS God-given, mind.

This, plays upon the heartstrings ever, UPbuilds, tears not down, leaves NO wrecks OF mind OR conscience, flays no soul AFTER departure from those parts delighting IN crimes, sensations, lustful habits.

To reform the world spirits ARE in bands working for regenerative purport. While houses fill and coffers, souls are degenerated for the purpose of supply. Wealth which decreases WITH time invariably.

Why am I thus writing. A soul must labor on FOR good, outstrip evil, HELP mortals, or, fail and BE His failure.

Can YOU surmise a world withOUT effort, I ask? Tunes must be played. Time IS long. MY work then is for YOUR regeneration OF mind. A calling is a profession. Service. Aptitude FOR brains, plunges many over walls HERE as well. We presume we know HOW shades manage since we strut no boards today but play FROM spirit *a* part, nobly or otherwise.

I claim men foul of purpose who make their monies for themselves at the risk OF souls-inheritances. The reMAINder IS the profit, or, loss, IN soul-shape. I cry for redress here. Switch back the lever of men's minds. Turn on the current which will disseminate filth. Change the air. Decry this smothered atmosphere, and LIFT men's minds, that their soul-parts may be magnified, ennobled, embettered say I, THROUGH

your effort AT Play—but work indeed. *I* know. I SEE.

As one drop of poison despoils the goblet, one germ degenerate misapplied to natures weak by inheritance, lack of wisdom, ideals, or power of resistance, is ruinous to youth, dwarfing, unexpungéd THROUGH that time His Own.

(My subject now. Please hurry.)

You ask me where ARE the men OF minds laboring for Him ON His footstool, taking countenance of His invisible souls and THEIR parts, who could manipulate this lever, change this flood of passion, turn back the curse of crime AGAINST souls.

As a soul MUST register each day, each moment of their breathing life, I write this morning to enlighten THEM, souls having powers, influence, Play Houses AND work houses. None of these have I, *a* soul in His kingdom FOR souls.

Do you think sparing your off-shoots OF bodies degeneracy, ye shall escape blameless who befoul the minds of HIS children, whoever these may be, rich in satins, or poor, near the roof seats? Nay.

Opportunities have ye in bags *full*, holding the strings, measuring out, doling so much *for* so much. What ye HAVE stored *in* sacks IS yours while you breathe. When YOU become His WORKER alone, NO play will ever touch that living heart you carry where I stand this hour unless it is IN part OF God, enlightening, ennobling, sufficing All.

I pause. Knowing MY words fruitless. Money IS power this hour. Decency, morality, cleanness, is lost as in my time, because of houses and their patrons.

Freed of the curse of serving Sovereigns, free to speak out whatEVER mind ye have, is THIS BUT a curse, I ask? Restraint, where is IT.

Pause.

To work at as WITH minds, is to thread on His string, His jewelled parts OF Him, repre*sen*ting Him in His forever.

Could ye so sway men (souls IN bodies) that from the source within themselves they would flout sin AND sinning, would YE become Saviours yourselves!

Opportunities! The precious combinations of cravings AND powers.

The axe must fall! And soon. To fell a monster down, would YE aid WITH your might, I ask?

Deliver up YOUR boards to God and HELP Him, then. All-power is NOT power*less*. Almighty Good THAT HE is, over and above ALL souls awaiting His hour AND will, when, THROUGH His impulses, changes and chances will be unlost FOR Him.

A Play OR Picture is His uneffacement. Filmed AS recorded OF His parts. Unknown by ye witless ones USING these.

Mind records ARE we, SOULS of His.

Every pulse beat adds, improves, or loses in defacement OF *M*ind. (Capital, Sarah.)

The power to sustain Him, then, have YE. Would ye be His BEnighted one for an EMPTY sack? Would ye stand with-OUT a cloak, known FOR or AGAINST that Power ye aided or stifled IN minds?

It IS His Mighty question AS His chance, *I* tell ye.

Wonders of God's HIS Plays AND Players. In His Infinite submersion, before His spangled curtains part FOR souls, we witness all YE do, ARE doing. Few play as I FROM spirit, ANY part. MY mind I use still. Could ye commune with souls, His part He gives AND saves, would YE know me Shakespeare. His actor, player, worker, WHAT ye will.

Wizards OF lights, emotions, words—setting His stage FOR Him, or nay, what WOULD ye give, when FROM His sky ye parley FOR His cause, AS I.

If FOR Him ye HAD set YOUR stage,
And catered to HIS taste, AND ways,
With parts OF Him, His mind He GAVE
To SAVE you lustful parts, as Plays.

Before His curtain falls FOR you,
And ye CAN play FOR Him a *part*,
I come with this MY part for YE,
Out of His *life*, with poet-heart,
Beguiling you with my SAME tongue,
As here write I, AND speak, the same,
If playing ye *would* work *His* will,
HIS part WILL give Immortals fame.

✠

Shakespeare's part for Players. (To S. T. S.)
Nov. 22nd, 1921. New York.

WHY HUGHES IS *NOT* THE INSPIRER OF *MY* SONNETS:

By Shakespeare's Spirit. August 1st 1921. New York.

When I was but a lad-in-jeans I wrote those lines
To my own Mother. Some of them, I did.
But, needing SOMEthing to inspire my verse, a *yarn* I spun,
And many a rhyme therein WAS oftimes hid.
When I became a lord, a knight, and served the Royal house,
Whose cockades I then wore to SUIT my sovereigns,
I learned a royal thing or two 'twould NOT do to disclose.
MY pants did cover all my *wealth* 'tis true.
My hand was empty though my stomach filled.
I hid the starvling contents of my purse
By trippings of the tongue. A fit, as lowly, purpose,
To resume the fair support of mine own family.
I come here to the point I need to make.
There IS a lord whose name IS linked WITH mine
Whose house I did inhabit oft, as I made OUT my plays,
Wrote my rhymes, words FOR play, and all the like OF these.

Poor mortals play for ME, today. Thinking themselves but honored
If they CAN mouth mine as was my wont to HAVE them spoke.
I filled my purse, greatless, through hard, persistent labors.
No woman took my hard earned funds for ANY cause. Tis true.
Nor needed I a wench, nor any parts *of* hers.
I came to love a man for the sole reason he was *fit* to love.
My *family* knew of this predicament.
Round and round travels shame, the mistress of ALL idle tongues.
A minstrel, I: a player, for kings, then. A worker OF words, as well.
But mine own heart was rude were I less grateful than placid.
Intent was, then, to per*form* my part for one who HAD performed his part FOR me. What *could* I do to turn outside my heart of purest, humblest thanks to him, this one who came at every beck and call, listened FOR my voice, ay, SOMETIMES called FOR me.

MY purse was pushed aside, "You'll need it not," he claimed.
I found 'TWAS true: he came TO succor me FROM want.

Fires of the heart, how QUICKly these burn-out, it seems, THIS day.
But mine OWN, kindled in the TIME of shames aplenty, intrigues, blasphemous hours with wine-bibbers and the like,
MINE lives; still glows, too. To forget I would *not* though riven and split in two. Forget I CANnot, even IF I would.
My fair one was the fairest. Eyes, AS heart. No Hughes could wave a plume to mine. My love, who was to separate me *from* the King.
For this WAS done. In THOSE days and times a king MUST rule ALONE.
No band of *players* should smother *royalty's* decisions. Nor their legs should hurry out between t'acts until the curtain fell.
IF so, 'twere better YOUR head were ON the block, I tell ye.
Mine often fell. Cut, bruised, torn apart, for lines I wrote into my parts.

Punishments came without notice too. The axeman called PREPARED to sever you from that thinking wit you used AGAINST a king!
Woeful memories indeed have I in the SAME head.
This friend, then, who was he, who saved me oft and oft from seeing my own head in the sauce-pan.
Was he player or knight. WAS he mine lover, I his. What of his effects where I now stand. HAVE I his memory conscious AS I,
Shakespeare AM this hour of God's. Then, where is HE.
I would I knew. For I would travel 'till I reached the spot.
Is he still able to recall my name and fame as all my words I writ to please him oft, more oft to please myself.
For one MUSt love a friend who paid all bills, and kept one's head raised, raising it higher by his wit, acclaim, importunities to king AND queen, *for* me. Thus came mine honors.
No Hughes hewed mine. I planned them off myself, my saws AS gauges all WERE mine, to fit the play, OR case, as it is evident still.

To make reply to all men wish they knew OF me AND mine, I say
TO her who CLEANS my soul,
I, say:

YOU, who live this hour, will never know his name for whom I wrote those earth sonnets still revered writings of my pen. He lives, somewhere, who loved me as of yore I did love him. Should he—wish to divulge TWAS he who loved me thus, I plead with you to take HIS word as here I ask you to take mine I am BUT his lover still, loved NOT of Him.

To take a lad, OR woman, dress that form regaled AS this pictured BY a Wilde man for my love, is to defame me. I cry out it is but to DEFAME me, Shakespeare. Mine WAS a man. No cross between owl AND woman, but male all through, AND mine.

Should You, who read these lines be saved WITH wit and tongue TO speak, be heard OF woman, who will TAKE your part befouled and clean it for the God who SAVED that part as FIT to be His still, you will not care whose brat I was, nor if my father swore, drove calves, OR stole I game. No more a faint interest take in names.

Examples, yea. For all time will ye recall these lines ye read hereon. Wherein I say *I* was no calf, used no one foul. As all I *writ* is mine, and I am he who wrote my dramas AND my rhyme, my best I here acclaim as his who WAS a man, all gracious and with line and title, while he FLUNG his line to save ME from destruction of MYSELF. 'TIS true. IF ye knew all I COULD tell ye. I still recall my days in cone, my fleshly parts as well. To tell ye more I will not here. Mark this one grieved, this Wilde, to fit my crown to his own brow. My crown; poor, tawdry thing. But not SO tarnished AS my name, through time.

TIME! Fold back thy wings this night and take me to that bourne where NO traveler CAN return to this stinking . . . . called a footstool of Thine Own but too foul for aught OF Thee, as slinking curs rape, tear, spoil AND Despoil, thinking but OF lustful parts, nor caring FOR Thy purities *un*sullied.

O make men clean. My last request OF Thee TO

mortal FOR Thy children whorish by intent, lacking all but OF Thee. And BY Thy Ghost, Holy AS pure, part Thy curtains of black night and separate no more Thy shades from Thy flesh of bodies, lest all ruin and deface Thy parts given FOR Thy glory AND purpose, O God.

While men turn away from Thy wisdom as Creator, make all wise who shall refrain from harming Thy parts of Life, and bring from their unsullied sides babes FOR Thee, Father, whose plan IS reproduction of specie, as flower and shrub glorify Thee in blossoming time, male and female, FOR Thy PURpose. Spare Thy weeds: if Thy roots Thou didst create too, these ARE Thine, Maker of My soul, Shakespeare, who glorified Thee NOT, but amends FOR Thee hourly, as given by Thee this chance TO do. Amen.

MENTAL VISION (Dreams)

To Freud: The Visionary.

There IS a record kept, 'TIS true,
Somewhat BEHIND the human clod,
Revealed to each as they emerge
And find them souls, at one WITH God,
Or, terrified by *what* they see
Undone, brought forth FOR agony.

But he who claims to READ a soul,
From *human* sockets, still *in* foil,
Imprints, OR visions, *in* the mind,
Relying on man's sweat, his toil,
Completing his clear visioned plan,
Is BUT an ass; he's NOT a man.

No wonder then he finds too late
A wicket closed—himself *un*done.
God's sums ARE His arithmetic:
His visions, pictures *on* the mind,
All works *of* His infinitude
Unsolvéd AS His riddles still,
PAST any HUMAN'S thought, *or*, skill.

To tinker AT His work so vast,
To spend all profitless His time,
I tell mankind 'tis blasphemous
To CLAIM ye equal One Sublime.
Dividing, measuring, trespassing
That ye His secret chest may draw
And PULL its contents like 'twere threads,—
Jackdaws have sense compared TO these.
Nor ANY plan He has conceived
Can MAN lay bare.

HIS unctions ARE His Own, too great,
Bey*ond a man*'s mere crust, *or* pate.

That, *in*ward, by hyp*not*ic trance.
Bef*uddling* reason, deadening sense,
Ye throw a spirit your foul lance,
Suggesting by a towering will
Its full reply TO FIT your cause,
Ye may FIND wreckage, *lack*ing power,
Where ARE OBEYED His Laws.

❋

Shakespeare In Spirit
(To S. T. S.)
Aug. 8th, 1920.

To My Contemporaries, Lodge and Doyle:

My Fellow Countrymen,—

Knowing my escape from censure up to this for my published works from our side of the kingdom I now use YOU as instruments FOR my cause.

Behold my several works from our realm, through her hand, ever true TO my words let me say, and take my word she IS *my tool.*

To surmise you HAVE a following of the learned in your stations, I do not err. Behold the effort of MY mind to enlighted souls IN bodies un-escaped now, and yours to hold my light over your several heads while hands CAN move TO enlighten, as well AS mind.

I finish WITH this plea. To carry a light as I have and do

here is to perform a work from God's invisible world equal to, ay surpassing those AMONG archives, mine while imprisoned in that case I worked with will AND trust and moved among my kind IN that body of members.

I do acclaim my immortal part to BE His miracle performed as none have here worked out FOR Him. My motive is plain. On its face I live and LEAVE that handmark OF my own survival none CAN question. Living still AM I immortal, let me ask YOU, Sirs.

By the light I carry I am no fraud. Come hence and set for Him a plea as equal. Knowing Life's difficulties from spirit here I say to YOU impossible unless through centuries you learn AS I have methods, mysteries of His divisions and indivisibilities.

Can any doubt I AM he who wrote my rhymes and plays, behold my form I show to His elect who see a spirit's form HAVING unsealéd eyes.

Read here my several pleas and take my effort in those mortal hands HAVING power to further His work BEFORE THEY rest at least.

I am, Sirs, reverent with a poet's heart AND loyalty,

Your superior IN spirit.

W. S. (my mark)

Your Shakespeare.

Amen.

(To her, in her presence AND hearing, exact proof of my speech.)

S. T. S.

Nov. 20th, 1921. New York.

Original. Taken at machine.

TO "CLEMENCE DANE"

(Spirit voice) Jan. 12th. '23. N. Y. C.

Had you your betters reverenced nor shot them through
With rapiers false AS poisoned, you HAD sense.
This now *I* claim, as being IN my world
I HAVE the power TO utter for mySELF
AGAINST you, woman, who my name do scour
To fit YOUR nonsense on MY boards THIS hour.

You DARE so much? To make me out a crime
UNfit my muse or ANY deed so low
AS murderer's weapons *in* my private time,
I tell you now you ARE a traitorous one
TOO low for this OF me, but I AM here, AND, KNOW.

YOUR time, good dame, must some hour knitted be.
Your thoughts expunged on ME must *be* laid low.
I never harmed, if never I COULD spare
Twas but those traitorous times did order me
AND mine to MAKE a Play OF such AND those.

I never harmed a woman. Nor, did one harm *me*
UnTIL you took YOUR cudgels, thrust me through
With rapiers knives, besmirched mine honored name,
Posterity avowed me Hers. Twas left TO you
To TAKE my name and wind a snake upon it.
A serpent then, I brand You for all time.
My home WAS mine, at least you'll not defame IT.
I thank you, wench. THIS wreath shall BE my rhyme.

The immortal whose name you brand furnishes THIS brand for YOUR name, since honors are so light it pays me to de-FEND my name.

A Shakespeare NEVER mouthed by You.
Good England's bard. *My* country IS mine Home.

Sonnet: "To *C.* Dane. Who *"sees"* Red, at times."
W. S. In spirit.)

My time is now mine own. I *live* to pray.
To pray my God such to be savéd *from*
As, evil with intents, *you* smirch my home,
My name, AND race with what I NEVER left
UpON my name, nor, have I answered HERE
Where all do pay for murderous thought OR deed.
To *fit* my crimes I CAME back now TO plead.
God *save* this world from *many* minds *like* thine.
Who taketh history's page to smirch and maketh foul
WITH thy intent TO murder ON my name

FOR Play, who never harmed a son, or *e'en* a soul
EXcept mine own. This GAVE me He Who made me conscience fine
That I deMAND your pay where You may land
Until you clean me OF the charge you *hand.*
Shakespeare. A spirit. But, a Man."
(To S. T. S.)
Original. Taken at machine. Time Twelve minutes.

TO SOULS WHO *CAN*NOT DIE.

Our proper person is here unaided by the amanuensis, and reply to your questioning. Souls are His everlasting parts, the results of His efforts, plans. IN bodies are these called "mortals", OUTside cases referred to in parlance of "ghosts" or "spirits". However plain history files our CASES, dust, WE live, HAVE not died, "passed beyond" even, but continue existence AS mortals, except, bodiless, we become charges OF these, children at their doors, when NOT beggars *such* as I.

I came to do a work for the Almighty, MY God I do aver. Since I was IN human form, cast OF clay, there has been no change whatever in MY reasoning powers. I wish to make it evident. My wits are mine own, headless ye may twitter, yet say I NOT so, else stood I here withOUT mine head THIS hour.

Nay, fools pass many ribald jests between themselves surmising they ARE wise as Wisdom. Fools harm nothing *more* than themselves. That living part which needs NOT breath, commands all at the close which was OF them, inCLUding remonstrances, utterance foul which brands the internal eternal part of Wisdom's own making.

At His lathe did He measure AND perfect THROUGH toil His soul part He did devise? Smoothed He out its pattern through toil AS love? We glean nothing of *this* knowledge through the loss of dust AND breath. BeCOMing that soul-part we realize our IMperfections, SEE ourselves AND these, mean I.

Living, then, ARE we. By no chance deem we, NOR choice, but through the PLAN of the Creator OF souls, bodies, life extant, undying in all various forms.

The subjects FOR discourse BY souls, then. Do these become monotonous to us who pass through death's door but

change not. Ay. We ponder His divisions who keepeth our records WITH His solutions. To *gain* all you can, is to BE all you can worthy of HIM. Else ARE you poor IN spirit.

Shakespeare—who *sees, smells,* strides as ever the thoroughfares, makes a pun, enJOYS the same, NEEDS no breath-body, but thinks AND speaks with power AND might past body burial, from his soul shape, NOT shapeless but his own, whose ears hear all malignity AS praise, who NEVER died, STANDS here this instant, for His purpose, to waken ye of flesh parts while ye may pay Him tribute, while His miracle, breath, belongs to you AND Him.

God bless us each AND all.

W. S. Spirit

Direct voice. Nov. 19th. 1921. (To S. T. S.)

WHY SOULS FIND FEW MORTALS *FIT* TO USE.

By Shakespeare's Soul.

We pause be*fore* portals long before entering. Surmises serve *us* not *in* spirit. Scientists *play* with these. *Our* parts parley not with subdivisional layers of His elements, spirit *or* body. For *our* purposes of *might* scarce human elements prevail. Consecration, *altitude* of mind, (its soaring element) reliance on the invisible, infallible, must *this* be too, then time, and effort mutually agreeable, or, if not this last, per*miss*ible *with* punishment et al.

Women make better truer instruments than men because of their spiritual natures. In tune *with* God must every woman be. His subtler creation. Minds more plastic, less averted, reaching towards the invisible in their sorrows created *by* men, or, losses through "death's" change, or worse.

A soul must seek its workers *fit* to serve, as *be* served. A task set by Wisdom? Revile it not, but wonder at His Divinity who calls us hence *to* find the impossible, except led *of* Him. And *fit* to wonder *at is* His perfection. One hearing as *though* "dead" already, holding converse *with* souls, helping these *to* plea, make restitution *for* Him *to* Him.

Shall any *utter* His truth breaking no Law *of* His? Nay.

Not AS souls, say I. COULD His hand sweep aside His divisional differences? Ay. Could His souls emitted take for *their* purposes life-spans of His creatures owing Him naught for trespassing, all souls were embodied AS I. My body, spirit-shape, holds this human creature (wire have I SAID) in tow for MY purpose OF working His miracle FOR Him. Could all do AS I, would the natural progress, you ask. Can mortals BELIEVE my answers, *I* ask. Laborious, studious, painstaking as my effort here HAS been, do any believe I live or write this down? In His projection of time, spans undreamed of yet, will I continue MY labors, regardless of my effort here, my spirit's work for the Almighty. Could I hope forgiveness OF His for usurpation of this fine one's time ex*cept* this work of mine be FOR Him? Then make it plain to DO His work is NOT a crime, yet have I trespassed the laws of His worlds, unless my powers be OF Him, the Utmost Mind, Power, IN spirit.

To cure His leprous ones, Christ did but call. HIS answer came WITH cure. We make our plea for His polluted ones in bodies using His parts to defile Him. His Law-breakers, still His Own, His children aye.

To *welcome* the souls surrounding every mortal is to make these homes, in *fact.* If ye part His curtains, His invisibilities may beCOME VISible. It rests WITH you, AS these. To LIVE as ONE, His souls, in and out of cases, ALL would in OUR world. Time IS the gourmand OF souls. To push aside His divisions is to be His wonder worker, still. Past my power to divulge how spirits plod, and pass their time away. Poor, are ALL SOULS. Know THIS, from ME.

May *I* devise, yet not another, ye ask? Would ye snap your finger in the Creator's face, spy BACK of His curtains held with His hand, as BY His will. Would ye welcome souls to your hearth ye have not seen, be wise in SELECTING these, lest ye BE selected OF these to SERVE for them. YOURS *be* there, no doubt, did ye care for THEM would they answer back. "Love never dies", 'tis said. Dies never, love. Tis true. What fabrications pass love's name, MISusing it oft, profiting less through time.

This recorded leave I as mine, too. Because of SOULS that trespass against you. All may not work AT His will with their undying part.

Spin your OWN pattern, hold your own light, name your works and be known by these in God's forever. These, are His proof-sheets of your time in cone.

Speak with and TO your own, hearing them NOT. These, hear you. Behold you. Aid you. Mayhap meet you at life's closéd eyelids, when that breath He gave is taken BY Him, through His plan, EFFORT, for all I know THIS hour,—

In His unchanging part, that OF Himself, will ye stand AS I, known OF Him, as of ALL.

Priceless His souls who love Him who IS love. Past my poet heart I here acclaim this fine one IS His tool, marking for all through His unending time, MY miracle FOR Him.

Shakespeare IN spirit shape. *Having* the *same* shape, head, heart, as when I writ my verse and Plays, *all* told of men 'til now.
Through Sarah, my fine tool. Found by me. Made for my purpose keen. A living wire. Guarded by *hers*, *for* me, *in* spirit.
Now that will be all." Amen.

THE HEART'S SONG

Ripples of laughter, notes of praise,
Jingles and rhymes—
THESE fill lover's days.

Bliss of the heart-strings,
this, is love—
DREAMED of through AGES!
By ALL the sages!
THIS, love!

Yearning, burning, expresses
caresses—
Shafts fall from eyes
Like *un*to heaven,—
This IS the leaven
OF Paradise!

THE GRACE *OF* GOD

Surpassing fair is ALL His work,
Past ken OF souls IS He, Divine.
His worlds swing high above US still,
Past solvement *of His* souls, Ay, mine.
How oft WE tarry, wonder, fear
His whole creation, passing, fair.
We ponder ON His increments,
Who ARE His lights, in our *despair.*
We know Him good whate'er prevail.
We see Him greater THAN our line.
We fear Him too, Who gave His Son,
Was One WITH Him, we now opine.
Where EVERY current IS OF God,
Is EVERY form shaped BY His hand.
We know His flesh must strive and wait,
BEFORE they greet Him at HIS gate.

W. S. In Spirit (To S. T. S.)

AGNOSTIC:

Where in the spheres ABOVE *man's* head
The glow worms shine, the Almighty's chart
Alight, attune, as Wisdom's plan,
We would we played His Divine part.

We roam where buttercups are spread.
Each wildwood tree our brother is.
No plan for us who yearn *to* know
Rewards existence AFTER this.
But night falls on our homeless heads,
Set with His power to think and will:
Unseen, unknown, we traverse earth
With hearts as keen, and eyes that fill.

To you who write we now make moan:
A plea to help us lift the veil,
That we may share yourselves, and all
God's kingdom come would *then* avail.
We walk, *nor* sleep, nor can we rest,
Til mortals are as wise *as* we.
Then help this woman hold a lamp
That ignoramuses *may* see.

❖

Shakespeare's own hand.

June 6th. 1920. Hopatcong, N. J.
To ———— :

Let us tell you who waits upon you. A bevy of souls, high souls, and low, according to your standards of thought, as you presume to think "spooks" of little value.

You criticize my leaves written after breath left the old body claiming I am deteriorate than IN spirit. I grant you this. We DO deteriorate, degenerate also; if I were permitted to speak for myself I would claim my old body's frame in which hung my body's intelligence to be superior to my wraithe shape too. We pitch headlong, to hell, ———, that is truth. We find hell consists of distemper over our award IN spirit. We live—we are HERE,—that is enough to promise you a full measure from us who preside over this gumdrop of ours. No slight intended. We CHOSE a gumdrop from the whole confectioner's stall. Hence it IS ours.

This is to prepare you for the truth later. Sometime will elapse ere you see spirit shapes. This is for your own benefit then it appears. Shoulder your gun, there will be a revolution when you arrive where I stand this hour trying to place a wedge for you that you may be lifted where yours would like to have you rise to join them where souls must know our sufferings.
June 6th, 1920.

TO COMMUNICATE *WITH* THE DEAD, WHAT IS IT?

We will try to speak on this subject for the multitude who believe communication an impossibility, not the factor of harm in so doing, for those who think at all will never be convinced

through pulpit oratory of theirs condescending to harm . . . since this could not become possible after the change which had not prevailed before it. To harm, what is it? To wrong. Idly speaking, to deceive, cheat, defraud, lie, steal and the like. Then, ours do not come in this category. The minister who preaches about spirits so must have been very near evil himself to communicate this thought so verbally regarding the dear dead, so called for a better term.

We speak who are spirit now, after our body lies submerged in earth these long time of years. Have you ever thought of yours thus? Try TO think then of your own self demised. Can you now bear the thought of a good minister of God's pronouncing you a doer of evil because you are not alive in flesh? Subtract from all he says one good thought for earth's men, a hope, a God adjustment superior to the Almighty's, or an excuse for bringing out of their homes a mass of sorrowing individuals to hear him brawl against God's Own proved plan. Doer of evil say I. Harm may come to thee greater than surmised for spirits who accompany thee everywhere and peek beneath that hide seeing the impulse back of speech even, ay.

Now. Since we speak not for your kind, nor any who do not revere God's plans FOR souls, spirits, yes, but ours who yearn to reach us as we do them to be sure, I give what I can to help *them.*

We dead are present everywhere. We comprehend Ministers, too. Flocks of lost ones here unite to keep *them* warned who warned not, followed not, set no example for them TO follow. The passing of Clergymen to our hereafter is considered meritorious time for ribald phrase, my lord. His pass key does not fit. No, no. Something must be wrong with the lock. Get the plumber. The Gateman is off on a holiday, perhaps. Or, has he forgotten the pass word, perhaps. But, it remains for me to say to You, OF the pulpit but NOT for Him and His plan FOR souls, that the Priests ARE here in great numbers. If they followed Him would they be lifted where His Son IS. We argue thus, Sir: good man of chance and changes.

Oh it is not easy to forget your earth body experiences: we see you AS you ARE. No shadow lies, Sir. His spirit tells the truth. Marked FOR Him or not, it stands forever and ever, good Doctor. And your robe of His accentuates your backslid-

ing, but it, too, is here, for You, Sir. Some mistake, that you cannot change your clothes . . . has your luggage not arrived yet? And so I speak to warn You we are eavesdroppers, we spirits, without voices audible to You, Sir, but having spirit voices some *do* hear, and, mind. Could it be possible that Your mind COULD hear spirits of God? Perhaps. If you first touch God, He may speak to you through us, for all I know He IS speaking now, as I try to lift You from your earth soddenness.

To warn of harm, should you come hence a nonbeliever in God's souls, for which He sent His blessed Son, giving Him the help OF souls, spirits, to heal, cleanse, raise, cure,—to prove to You who took charge of souls FOR Him, I would enlighten you this hour. YOUR Saviour it was Who bled and "died," returning in spirit, speaking in spirit form to His true disciples, standing in the midst of these unseen until He chose to reveal Himself, YOUR GOD, MINE, too, Sir, had That sacred form put back in That blessed flesh, His Own UNdying soul, and lifted FOR You, and such AS You, to believe Him All-wise, Perfect in His Wisdom as in All things.

Then if God harms Himself through saving our souls to speak as I speak here, I leave that TO Him: it IS His province: it IS His plan. Those leaves you turn at times to read, Scriptural Divine Word of His, History written FOR Him, do you comprehend Him a God of the lost as well as the saved? ARE any saved? Yet? Do you KNOW, Sir, since you have not passed through our gate, if any are? Where ARE They? Our heads are lifted higher than Yours, yet we cannot see ours here, no not where they were lifted, yet. If I perform FOR you a service then am I an evil one of His too, since I AM here speaking, Sir.

MY soul IS His now: yours still must plea. Then change your course, advise WITH Him, see His wisdom, know Him better, then, Who saves All souls for Himself until forevermore.

Try to speak with yours Sir in heaven. Have you tried? You will find them if you try and lose not heart in still making the effort to reach them. For *some* door is open, some little partition, however thin, may emit a recognition of your Mother, father, sister, brother who "died". But never came back to YOU who never tried to think of them as living souls. Here, yes, oh yes, Sir: we ARE present who write. Our fancy the same, imagination too, able to plot or kill a king, to ring the curtain

up or down with ease, greater than with cords and tassels too, Sir. This curtain behind which I Shakespeare stand this evening holding my part reciting for You In The Name of God, the truth of His: my soul speaks to save Your soul who cares not For His dead, nor His Book, nor Him Who sent me here to do His will and bid me wait until finished my time of service FOR Him I failed to serve with lips or heart.

Enough. Humble yourself before God, asking Him to save you from that skepticism which berates Him, undervalues Him, belittles His plans, underestimates His values. Then, if you come hither a skeptic, you will find your place among the lost, where souls gather who preached against His wisdom, unvarying, Infinite.

Shakespeare's Spirit To one who discoursed on harm of attempting to speak with God's in spirit shape who occupy the same land as he. Wiser than Wisdom: paying no heed to the Master's teaching on this subject: making an ass of his brethren in pulpits: braying to the bereaved who long in both worlds to communicate with God's undying ones. W. S.
(Through S. T. S.)

THE TRAGEDY OF DEATH (so-called)

We behold the King never. We hold to our past lives of flesh in so much as these represent us, varying not at all from us, either. Our past, each one, I say, IS what they find when dying, breath escapes forever, emits a soul, a spirit from the hide.

To dwell on the tragic alone I would not, so let me add my comedy here the while I perform my part for souls *ind*welling. To behold the outer form varying in shapes as colors, faces little dwelt on, searched for, through days of cone, must we search for them where known, abiding, born, dwelling. Not so here. We carry our part to dwell amongst the forms of ages outflung *from* flesh--parts; all as free as we are TO roam, search the dome called Paradiso. How shall we confess the consternation WE felt as we became neighbors of these various companies mixed up, not next door verily but nearer, at the elbow ever. The

niceties of choice, ultra refinements, use of knowledge, wit *or* power, all become at one, too. Oh yes. We know brotherhood's first example here. Crafty as we may be we lose no power, but gain in knowledge. Yet we share with all each new find owing to lack of privacy here, *after* the body needs NO house, OR housing, my friends.

To WRITE OF tragedy could I, who wrote the same with digits, wits and usages. Must I write the tragic power of the Maker to assemble all together regardless of births OR powers of Him, fineness, subtleties, perceptions, would I give you this hint to HELP you when the utmost gentleness suffices, must do so. Then, if tragedy *is* gentle it is not so hard to bear, I think you mouth back at me. I said it not. Utmost God must BE His perfected modes of associations, associates methinks. Without, IN His realm of spirits, where all are homeless for a time, I tell you once more, often as I speak it let me speak my part to warn all,—you will have no seclusion, no place set apart for you alone in which you may delve, hide *or* rest. All pervades the heavens, He is Master IN His House without a roof except His tapestries unwoven but set BY Him, the everlasting stars upon His curtain.

To BE homeless, then, *would* you? In His heavenly process we know the worth of Home. Souls gather where of yore they assembled. These led others where they find sympathy, love, kindred we say now. Of yore, in flesh, this was to speak of blood. Where souls reconnoitre we feel relations are our kind. Our companies are ever changing. We loiter to assume a work, go on our way when completed this for souls OR mortals. We work in bands formed by workers of mind, strength, lifters of burdens, errand makers, souls assuming the burdens as they are capable.

Must every tragic scenc assume a comic phase, you ask? Yes. If souls could see themselves, all serious in fact, while we laugh over their severity, knowing the result of worry, cares, for naught, principals evaded would serve to strengthen minds in right living that they MIGHT rise ABOVE homelessness.

Taking the lantern this one gives me I toil for *you.* Shall your soul emit to share the mixture of sin brewed by His sinful ones. Or, prevailing upon you, as I ever have and must, can you accept of MY soul's warning evading HIS tragedies OF

soulship. We work as few have or can. Again I, Shakespeare, reiterate this for your warning. Must I have travelled far before this one did write this down, if I be true in words, as deeds. Here, none care to vary from His truth. We pay who dissemble. Looking forever out of His windows on His gardens of souls, scattered like thistle on His winds, are we prepared to give Him that ounce of truth from our tongues, we who have His chance, take His chance, AFTER "dying." To work at His wonders as I do IS to profit if you heed my soul's words or belie Him. Thus do I speak OF tragedies none CAN know *but* His spirits. To part His veil, showing His plans, keeping NOT His secrets *for* Him, may we be forgiven OF Him, Who IS God.

Shakespeare's Soul, UNdying part, able as He *gave* me to do.
New York City, April 27th. (To S.T.S.)
1922.

CONSOLERS IN SPIRIT

In Our Father's House are souls who would lighten burdens having no hands but hearts still to unite in swindling the souls in living bodies, lest they die of grief, they tell me, who approve not of subversions. Acts of evil construed as kindliness turns. These tell theirs and others IN cones of the beauties of His kingdom of heaven. How vast is His kingdom WE know. Vaster than knowledge OF souls. That these skip over, take a place higher on the rungs than we who serve here, that we know not, since our very own are lacking here. These parts have they NOT beheld, visionaries that they be. Imaginings must cease if His kingdom takes this sphere TO Him. We revolt at lies who make our souls to serve FOR Him AND His cause. To tell the ones IN bodies that salvation need not BE earned is to mutter AGAINST Him AS His plans. For have WE earned this right to speak thus tonight upon paper. Spheres there ARE, MUST be. All is OF Him. HIS. Yet, to oppose Him in His face, telling of bliss and beauties where all is calm and peace, is to utter His revilements. I MUST out with it, friends. I am a soul, past dying. My parts are with me. I have my sense to see, surmise AND perceive. Why, if the Maker HAS riddles, does He not reveal them to US here, I ask. Past His cone of

flesh, given for His uses but tainted by our sins, must every soul stand where I stand this hour.

MY Father's House has many mansions too. Behold! His palaces of light! Lights inextinguishable. His OTHER planes, no doubt. His other specie, then? Ah, we behold Him not, NOR His kinds, except as given OF Him so to do. To mock Him by His unfulfilled promises, giving out His literature FOR Him, were I to blazon MY way thus, would I FEAR HIM! To mock Him by expressing His divisions: to parley His greatness o'er for simple gains, to SAVE even His just pain caused AT parting, if He wish it thus, is to wrong His intelligence! Tease Him. For warning implicit souls IN cases of His wisdom for them, being false statements to rule out His pain of memories, is to defy Him.

Being a shade of His I come to enlighten souls IN cases FOR Him that His time may come ON earth FOR Him. When His Son *may* come again. AS Ruler Divine. Why this uncertainty, you ask. Why, I ask you. HE knows mortals, all their devising, true: He reads every heart, tells their motivment as a closed seed knows its kind, abiding its time, attended by His elements. True. It must be so. Hearing withOUT sound, singing without KEY, swinging without visible balances, HE rules Who *knows*.

Then am I constrained to offer for His Own this grain. Fear the Almighty Who rocks by His will universes, holds systems in His hand, nor expunge aught of His, though suffering leave its scar on those IN bodies, weighed BY Him in His time you will be found among His waiting ones, mayhap for this and this alone. I know not here.

Could I, Shakespeare, turn back His clock whereby MY soul might serve Him anew, would I be warned OF a soul come back for the purpose. Leave to His miracles His divulgements. Plan not FOR Him. Deceive not His anywhere. All roam unguarded in His after time here, to await His voice OR will, for I know not nor does any soul know more.

To writhe and squirm about His secrets unfolding His kernels, that we may delve inside His wisdom, is to cheat *yourselves,* living in what*ever* bodies, ye must live forever.

By His time dragging on for my soul, for you.
Shakespeare's Soul For His weavers of plots, making all to rejoice after His breath; which is false.

THE UPRISING *AGAINST* THIS TRUTH

Christians are the followers after Jesus Christ. Profiting by His life, miracles, examples, knowledge, words, as well as His ressurection. That He came from God (Spirit) and was One with that Spirit, rose to share His kingdom AFTER His spirit spoke to His disciples, is a part of that sacred History little used this day of Our Lord Jesus.

Priests and Ministers snarl, rant, defy God in pulpits, because of spirits, like unto His, Jesus' spirit, soul, as well as His plan FOR souls, spirits, here on earth. Divinity is not needed, or His plans today. Religionists have closed That Book OF Spirit, the soul, which is eternal as Jesus taught and proved FOR them, regardless of His admonition, "All those who have ears TO hear LET them hear." "Those who ARE ignorant, let them remain ignorant still." WHILE these snarl AND rant, souls look on. On THEM. It IS true.

You may build up a system of profit for your several denominations out of your objections, instilling fears FOR ghosts IN hearts, but YOU, severally and collectively, ministers of religion, will fall into a pit whence you cannot by devious ways NOT His find Light. I know. I fell therein myself. Shakespeare am I. My stage and boards today reFLECTS your subversion. Look at IT. Can any doubt that if you had done YOUR parts, severally, I reflect on no one single here, that crime could pictured be, finding its way into virtue's eyes, flaunted FROM the stage, paid to look upon vice of *criminals,* base sin as sinners? I ask. Why is this. You stopped to gather wool for YOUR soft beds. Among ye there are men so vile prayers would not attend the dying if monies did not accompany the plea for same. YOU lost eternal life for others, then. Aye. True, YOUR soul must emit, soon. Become a spirit, a shade, like mine, here beside this woman who hears my voice this day projected FROM that veillike shape mine own still.

A Christian, then, is a wool-gatherer today. An ounce of

prevention in his money-bag or till, first, then a scampering after the goats who believe what Jesus taught and died to prove, declaiming them from pulpits instead of rehawking His wares for HIM.

That Book, His record, those leaves of His Words making sermons OF sermons, ye lay by to smoke at the mouth revilement against anything and all things WE say ARE vile, taking His pulpit for a screaming porch to stir up wraths within souls instead of calming them with Jesus' admonitions. Then Ye expect to rise, they tell me. Rush into HIS kingdom, finding HIM awaiting YE. BAH. Scoring the like of souls such as ye are here I crave not. But this my plea registered FOR ye ere ye emit and stand DIShonored OF Him.

Christianity INcludes souls. His parts OF Him, saved from the grave or *any* burial. I know, for I STAND here. Then it would seem that the plan of God FOR His Infinite souls would SUIT ye, if ye WERE His followers, which ye claim ye are,—

Since Christendom and BEFORE HE WAS sent to better the world BY the proof OF spirit return, BY His Father, God, there were BETTER men THAN ye men in pulpits today, who hawk not FOR Him, but do spit upon Him AND His plans, the fruit of His suffering, agonizing FOR ye, traitors foul.

Could I tell for posterities what is back of it all, how I behold you men and your lusts satisfied withOUT His plans, O God Thy temples WOULD fall, could men surmise ye AS ye are at heart, within. Change your minds to include His works AND Him, or die in shame a traitor OF His. Fall into disgrace ye will before another century, when all your armies now forming FOR ye and by ye for that end, too, will perish from the earth, and the true God will live and rule withOUT ye and your bitter doses welched forth to *save* your Peter's pence for YE, NOT Him.

My leaves COULD tell all of it. Would your spires fall, then. Beware of the dead, as ye call them, think on them, teach your flocks to regard them, for we see and hear YOU, *past* our graves. Mongerous ones.

W. S. In Spirit
(To S. T. S.)

March 7th, 1922, New York City.

DO GHOSTS WALK *AT* NIGHT?

This is a paper, not a poem, girl.

We walk, sometimes. More often ride. The air. Our motions are like yours, only we parley ours, not so fast. We go wherever we will. Sometimes we halt and stay a long, long time in one house. Then we sit, true. Rise, and go and come much as mortals in their bodies do perform. We HAVE bodies, the same as you, only opaque, of light, formless forms as we are wont to speak of these betimes. We hold grudges, too, you can be sure. I do, for instance. Can we forgive because we sleep not anymore? You think? Twould be easier to become sleepless of ourselves. No. We forgive, but not sublimely yet. It is for them who wear their flesh and bones to think themselves Perfection's tools. But ghosts I was to speak upon.

Thin partitions, who are visible or not, according to situations, broken laws, I claim, for WAS it His intent ALL might be seen IN forms OF spirit, anyhow you'll see if I am right and soon. I'm coming in to pay a nightly visit. My old corpse laid to rest, I strive to be a gentleman still, so, if you scare, affright me by your UNgracious manner, Sarah, I shall never repeat my call. Your chamber is arranged for my nightly visit, so come I will beside your couch and lift the cover slightly that you may see you are not dreaming. Then rise up and greet me, please. Be kind enough to place your hand upon my shoulder and permit me to escape without a pang. Remorse seizes me at times that I have so little to offer in way of entertainment. It is all over, our several kinds of fun, jokes, plays, poems, written, bound, finished. Would I were a Professor of a College and had such pupils as you have been I would be the sagest of them all. But no, I must not grieve that it IS done. For awhile at least I can find more to do in bunching these into a lot for the public and driving a wedge for their senses. Books I mean. They are obtuse snivellers, dwellers on one planet though we are they find it hard to commit themselves to spirit beliefs. Well, so be it, we are not at fault. Dwindling your time in cone. Soon you must reach spirit yourself, Sarah. Time taken by the forelock then would be our advice. We can waste no time, my love. Pray without ceasing, and stand near the edge to fall into my arms, I wait to lift you up. These are my last words now. I

go. Prepare to meet me in this chamber when you have slept your first hours, then say if I AM Shakespeare's ghost, and CAN I walk.

ANALYTICAL SCIENCE

The Atom *of* Atoms

For "Discoverers" Have Been, Would-Be. From Shakespeare's Soul.

To prove a work, as I HAVE, every scientist so-called should, else claim to bare no facts, add to nor subtract from His equations.

I speak now of discoverers, the learned delvers INto HIS secrets, parleying His subdivisional incomprehensibilities. Wisdom's secrets ye MAY ponder through His eternal time, SET FOR YE TO wonder at OR fumble.

Partitions of His HIDDEN causes NEVER unfolded through brainpower of mortals microscoping ANY effect, reality, evidence. "Plain as the stars," WE say IN spirit. Ay. Then, HIS mysteries. And His ALONE.

I pause beFORE His plunderers whose guideposts ARE set for them BY Wisdom, All-power, Ruler OF atoms, systems, tides, heat, lights.

Suspended as are these ABOVE ye beFORE your vision all clear, YET have ye not solved THESE. CAN ye, then, adjust, adjudge His reason OR reasoning power, mites in His balance THAT ye are!

To take His mind, that power INvisible, and thwart THROUGH it (ye POSSESS no doubt, in measure), the fine delicacies of that hidden current, as ye have aided no befuddled reason yet to prove ye HAVE LOCATED His invisible instrument (part OF His LIFE I tell ye,) and stigmatize WITH YOUR formula any secret of His invisible powers—brands ye all His fools.

Would I be His traitor stepping again back of His curtains leaving ye in doubt as to MIND CURRENTS.

Inventors of hypotheses befuddling reason, naming effects from causes you support, branding His creature BY your inventions (yet branding yourSELVES worse, in time unending), pliers of mortals set to poke UNDER His invisible tides, that ye may greaten yourselves in your suppositions harming AND

defacing His real expositions, did ye *but* know, as ye knit up what ye have not and CANnot have,—where STAND you, a mortal, wise AS the Creator.

All mind IS God. No man in shape e'er fathomed Him, His reasoning OR reasoning powers. The Infallible God. Unapproachable AS unseen. Balancer *of* systems AND minds, whose hinges never mortal OR soul beheld, up TO this hour.

To pick His lock, unfasten HIS doors, must ye first BE spirit. FORM, ay. Yet bodiless, withOUT bones, with the SAME mind, freed from hampering obstructions TO reason WITH Him, I say.

COULD ye sum His distance AS ye think would ye be greater THAN ye are. To presume as fact I CAN see being a soul OUT OF body, ye have less to take as one discovery PROVED TO YE, than to confide in any measuring tool perfected through human sockets. His illimitable space. UNmeasurable to SOULS. Yet ye have weighed up His suns and worlds, know their shapes AND variances. IMplausible, I say. No tool has ever done this for you, poor wites of Wisdom's greatness, vastness, SECURITY.

Then HIS attributes leave TO Him, less HE divide or multiply FOR ye FROM His powers.

Could I, ONE SOUL, BE wise sufficiently to endorse FOR ye a promulgation of His theories or expound Him in the least, WOULD I. IMpossible, unknowable, unfathomable Spirit, Mind, Power.

For I pause unknowing Him still BEING His part IN His life, still. What would you? To divide Him IN yourselves? THEN find Him.

To allude now to those prints OF mind. Pictures in sleep. Experience AFTER the eyelids close and memory survives. What cylinder unrolls, what current escapes, UNused, mayhap, BUT generated FOR use.

I ply WITH my thought still, work I here His miracle OF mind survival, having NO casement. Can I throw a picture as a ball, and PLACE IT for a small advantage of time, regardless of convolutions or processes embedded in fluids and tissues—but must I inform you, brains are storeplants whose treasures cannot rifled be with ANY keys MEN hold, as YET. Nor ever. Spirit sits within reason's door. Her welcoming IS there. The

mind plays how MANY THOUSANDS of keys I know not. Innumerable, are mysteries still AFTER the change.

Then, to SUPPOSE all acts AS thoughts may BE ticketed, found-out, labeled, or that subdivisions may be known, reLIED on (matching never in two cases, I here claim), is to build a fallacy for honors, miseries to boot.

A playtoy is life, that life ye would dismember by cogitating His purposes and wonders, to fix blame, measuring acts from causes, or reverse, when concerned WITH mind alone ye have not told yet what IT is, or where its source, how planted for instance, that ye may NOT dismember, shock, unhinge, set-back its clock, lest ye witness the unrestoréd flint of the Maker's riddle, balanced unvarying, THROUGH His power alone.

Thought IS its expression. A rivet lost, ALL gone. Unless Nature mend with *her* needle, what can YOU?

I pause, knowing myself His reflection, His cause. All being preservéd still, for which I praise Him here. YET I know not Him. Spirit though I AM.

May those IN flesh who invert His causes, reasoning with His indivisibilities incomprehensible, pause before they brand His children by their Un-reason.

Analysis of soul. God's prefect. Handle gently His subjects, mysteries, tools. Brand not one *of* His. Spy as ye will, can ye know more than my soul here playing on those strings of His WITH my part INvisible except TO minds in spirit sense? Then are ye picking at that part OF mortals never extinct, enduring for His illimitable time THROUGH His eternity, which ye allow not existence, so to speak, telling, aiming so to do, what transpires WITH it IN its clay, irreverent as to "dying," change which changeth naught OF us, souls HAVING minds the same. You cry here at NOT so. HE'S changed IN his mind. Then know a flutist may play BUT his flute, here. I chose the best I could procure FOR my purpose OF amendment. During time will ye marvel AT my work WITH soul.

Adjust your minds, brains as well (all strings centering here) to leave to His soul parts, "images" "undercurrents" (of which ye know nothing up TO this) "effects from causes underlying." Ye blister at it all. Scabs of learning are your inventions MARRING minds WITH your minds.

To explain all must ye BE All. I am but His atom, knowing

NOT His adjustments IN spirit. Praise ye the Lord, find HIM in YOURSELVES, His atom, mayhap, His soul. Making harness FOR His invisible parts OF soul, grooves where thoughts MUST travel, sluices for minds less understanding than blamed. Regarding not HIS miraculous invention, too, soul-part, spied not out unTIL now BY YE, hateful of HIS patterns, proof as well, these creatures, worms crawling IN HIS dust, do magnify THEMselves.

Work WITH His wonders ye BEHOLD. Defy not Him who MADE thee man GIVING you His life-parts as well. Grow, expand, rise WITH HIS parts HAVING served BUT Him, nor falsified Him IN the least, incomprehensible One *of* patterns *that* He is.

WITH that invisible part OF Him do *I* hold this, mine *own* taper FOR you. Can ye not SEE my shape will ye behold NOT this light OF Him. Then fall with His surmisers knowing not Him. AS I, Shakespeare from Avon's Stratford, rise when ye CAN do so.

My confreres, I adore you still. WOULD help ye on. But your scientific gurgling on His undiscovered subjects OR parts, is YOUR lost time.

I do salute you WITH my mind hereon, all comedies being written BY yourselves do I observe,—some pity.

Shakespeare's mind part, preserved past death's alterations, desirous of assisting those OF mind believing themselves his equalities.

(To S. T. S.)

Thanksgiving Eve.
Nov. 23rd, 1921. New York City.

FLOWERS *OF* SPEECH

Past our understanding powers of euphonious speech preservéd still! Our tongues STILL IN our mouths, having these parts preserved as well. Words TO carry our meaning, if we care to use them still, and all do care, let me say, for those who *sneer* at the Maker's marvels. Prettiness of words. Language. The harpsichord of the heart.

Hearts. Seats of learning, what have *you* comparable with His chalice, the seat of love, the precious harp swept by the Hand

of Almighty Love Himself. OUT of reason fashioned He this holy instrument NEEDing no learning. Poured through its being the harmonies of soul-music. Fashioned He the temple OF Mind: reason. Out of its depths, or across its Plains, for I know not YET being EVEN His soul, the unutterable sounds MAKING music before those chords are struck which REACH the human. Feeling; emotion, sentiment (expressed or UN-expressed) ALL various phases of His masterpiece MADE to resound to His key!

Soul elements: what are these. His ineffable chords. Reflected, resounding Him. His universe, the same! Part OF Him, God. Maker Who devises withOUT tools through wisdom, power alone.

Created He an image OF His likeness, spirit. Made He eternal time through which souls must endure AS parts OF Him, undying AS himself. Called He forth EACH spirit FROM the clay HE FASHIONED (mark this well. For I do hear the sputtering of unwise ones regarding His flesh) (how it did rise from apes. Bah. Disgust aplenty. I am His soul cast out to find Him. In jungle, as withIN His marble, do I behold His created forms, distinct, apart FROM Him, but His patterns.)

His silent speech needing NO tongue, comprehended by EVERY spirit. His melodious, silent, systems. Held by His hand and steadied by His word or WITHOUT these through His Divine Will through His Own Invention, Eternity.

Part OF this system am I His soul. One speck in His universe OF universes. Dust to dust, YET am I. A soul. One. Undying AS His time. Swung *out* of His fleshworld INto spirit, changed but unchanged still, to serve Him who *did* create all out of His wisdom AND greatness, beYOND comprehension OR computation.

His thought-world: His silent speech: His language, no doubt to OUR minds. Forming, building, enduring, reflecting, qualities OF Mind (capital M, old girl).

Ye carry naught hence befitting soul but what ye do find, bind, AND carry OF Him, God. Yet all ye gain in knowledge IS His power and wisdom, mite THAT ye are stored with all ye CAN know.

Fallen accents, joyous, rebellious, expressions of His voice all-silent, used by His souls unexpressed as sound, expressed as

silence, in waves, withOUT sound, yet true to string AS melody, THOUGHT FORMS, spirit speech unuttered BUT spoken WITH mind ABOVE the brow, on high, the dome's top.

THOUGHTS, then, HAVE forms, and are NOT formless. Surrounding every mortal, these, speaking Them, their visible records of themSELVES, wordless, tones, eradicable. (I looked for this word in *i*—in etc. and was told by spirit "erasure" :S.T.S.)

His harps DIScordant. As a man thinketh so IS he "verily, BECOME. HIS poesy, then, IS voiceless. Vibrant, IN tune, or OUT OF His harmonious creation, are YOU, His soul, emitted FROM clay. His silent harmony harmonious WITH Him, or His DIScord withOUT His note, keyed not BY His hand. GOD OF ALL SOULS. All Harmony Divine. Essence of ALL-Good. Baton OF Thy Time.

Lover, AS ALL-love, Father thou complete
Every homeless child OF Thine,
Seeking Thy mercy seat.

Shakespeare IN Spirit

Nov. 20th, 1921. "To Her who takes my soul's plea."

HIS THOUGHT WORLD

By Shakespeare's Spirit (To S. T. S.)

Dividing His substance into layers we subdivide Him Who made His creation out of His mind forces, omnipotent Will. He IS mind, thought, force, will Omnipotent. As spirits use His methods here, a force OF His, spirit only let me say, we know His power INcludes us who work with, must work with, as FOR Him. Spirit, God: spirits, God-parts, His subdivisions, particles, ay, mites. Atoms of His: spirits: souls. His Infinite breath, eternal as God.

Why do I, a spirit, linger on these subjects for you. That you may profit by OUR understanding parts useful after demise: His closed time of breath. That you may call His Name and instantly BE healed, cured, saved from dying daily IN spirit. CAN you call. HAVE you a voice vibrating, clear, which can call ON Him, I ask. May you use this while it echoes, having your chance closed to You when, in silence OF God that voice in you be stilled.

Why is it necessary to awaken mortals while in cone TO call on Him, you ask. For I would answer all you would you knew. Since, and if, we spirits must still call and serve for His purpose, may you not delay the time when you, as a soul, shall work for Him, love Him and serve Him too? At your risk. Your loss. Your eternal (for aught I know who write) sorrow AND pain, as remorse also.

My better part cries hereon. Saved, yes. Saved is man, oh yes. ForEVER. And *for*ever. To divide His sum FOR Him I would not. His hand holds His equation, balance. Mine holds the power to warn you, maybe to save you from yourselves. My name is one of the forever-ever names, living WITH my works, crimes, lusts, never to BE cleansed in His time, but standing OUTside with His who followed strange gods.

To BE illustrious, what IS it. To stand WITH the immortals of earth, the learned scribes, having stroked the tongue for royalties, as WELL as sovereigns. To be acclaimed as great by tongues in ashes, throats as vile as mine, no doubt, as with His Name oft these do revile Him back OF my wings this hour, where I do sometimes loiter with*out* my bones. Have THESE a thinking part, I ask of you? Or, thoughtless, witless, have they lived, breathed, knowing nothing *of* Him? O shame, I cry to them. First must ye think it out, men of fame as lovers and lawbreakers,—WITH that mind He gave you FOR His purpose. When ye see Him in His hereafter, as I do stand at His door, will ye regret His lost hours, days, years of span He calls a life.

To command Him instantly for ALL your needs, this IS possible IF ye seek, think, stand, upright IN that mind. Renounce ALL not OF Him. Fling back the crowns bestowed for shame. Stamp out nothing OF Him withIN yourselves that ye may give this space of room to lust or crime or folly. That twisted thing ye ribald ones make joke on waits for you, to frighten You, Yes: Yourself: your misshapen soul. Hacked, Seared, Blistered by You. His deformity, then, are you in shape of ghost ye utter to deride Him, with a sneer.

Think out His purpose. CAN you. HAVE you a soul, you think? How came you By this part you hope to find WITH Him AND His. He Fathered You. No life spark *but* He fathered. He knows each pattern, even His ingrates. Then He

must have planned for these a punishment severe who could not accept Him AND His plans FOR them. Think. His soul am I. Oh, we need not any further proof along this line, we HAVE spoken FROM soultime AND proved us here by speaking FOR the dead. Too much for you to seek the dead, you say. Then may the dead seek ye. Ay. They MAY. CAN. SHOULD. Ye cannot throw a stone but it would strike a soul. Nor move. Nor think but it is heard BY some souls anear to thee. True. Ay, the dead, you say. I say you NAY. I am not dead this hour who preach this line to you. I live. Hereon, as well.

Grasp at SOME line of thought which shall prove of benefit at the close. His thought, Himself. His power as well. Escape you cannot: He is everywhere. Even with the lost. Tis true. Were I not His son could I not affirm it so. He leaves no child comfortless. He keeps His word.

THE MIND'S EYE

By Shakespeare's Spirit

When we examine the principle of expression we need the soul's eye. You, who deride all you CANNOT see AND hear know little OF thought forms OR speech, verily. WE fail in this land OF soul-shapes who deride God OR His possibilities. As we vary in understanding here as mortals in THEIR attempts as we progress, learn, are able or otherwise, IN absorbing wisdom, finding, learning; for we are all students still in this unDIScoverable country. Our phases OF learning, what constitutes these, you ask of me now. OUR betters there ARE. WE know little yet OF His inseparable universe, His far-away countries OR spheres whatever those brilliants ARE. OUR surmises then must fill our time, you say. We cannot say you are not right, yet, OUR time MUST count; and we may not linger over differences OF doubts or opinionated wise ones OR their pretended DIScoveries, here. You *claim* to know, but do YOU, KNOW,—have you been out OF this sphere, hold you the key to ANY world's knowledge OR themes BUT ours, we ask them. Then, if they say we are students of this or that, only, we are not even interested to fathom THEIR pretensions at all. WE have pondered over the wisdom of acceptance, through OUR time, some cycles, too; knowing IF we accept OF HIM in the

least we *must* trust His powers AND wonders which baffle us here the same as the North Pole did atime afore to MY knowledge. We MAY surmise. Oh yes. We may, then, but WASTE our time given, if we translate our new found existence FROM our past lives, and we SHOULD make headway, UNdoing our LOST hours profitless to us which may have kept us FROM ALL knowledge.

My subject. The mind HAS eyes verily. As true as a mirror reflects at a given angle any object held in focus to it, THIS reflector OF reason, brain, process, tells ITS absolute picture, reveals to US the motive, even OF this current.

I would sum up a sum to help the individual here who longs for truth abstract. YOU work with tools, do you not. Even a pen point IS such, then. Subservient TO the mind, this tool marks down lettering without conscious effort FOR the will AS for the mind processes (these vary in multitudinous volumes). With LESS conscious effort OF will OR reason WE see, hear, YOUR mind working ON whatever grade or hill you ply, and we need not waste time here to fathom for you the secret process, being a shade you cannot fathom our modes (modus operandi) in the least. Then, IF you are at variance WITH science-fellows as to what constitutes any mind motion, result, OR picture (dream) do you marvel at the gates unopened FOR you until death snatches the one thing glib enough to wrangle with or by *over* these secret divisions of the Almighty's?

ON the screen of EVERY individual, back of the normal vision, rests the application for a beginning of knowledge such as God Himself must use, since HE invented it, whereby unto souls, spirits, AFTER death or BEFORE death, we SEE pictured YOUR thought processes in undercurrents so swift, boiling waters do not seethe with onward rush to compare with swiftness of translations of mind currents, thought forms, and the like.

We apprehend also withOUT vision, sirs, of Science, needing NO expression whatever in fineness, subtleties too vast for your craniums unTIL translation bids you welcome to USE our modes representing reason. Back OF this body, AND its parts, plain to view while flesh, ARE divisions and subdivisional parts of Reason Himself, maybe, for aught I know this day and hour. We MUST belittle your manner of seeking, then, who write for

you this knowledge past death's first chamber, to aid all who THINK themselves wise.

HAS Wisdom parts of Himself still unrevealed to man, you ask? It seems you ask. This is the Science of THIS hour. Or no. You say, I think me THAT you say, "Look at US, SEE how far we have surpassed the aged old philosophers of learning and science, for we tell you EVERYthing today!" UndisCOVered, indiVISible parts of God's wisdom, so related TO Him, in fact, we cannot here divide His sum at all, how much we would like.

Ponder this ye fellows, then. WE need NO speech IN spirit form who write this IN speech as of old. TO speak, in spirit, we ply withOUT words. Know ye MORE that I have divulged FOR you? But no. Is silence then in this here "after" that ye call it? NO. Contrarywise. Indeed.

Your visions, even the workings of the imaginations of dreams, are the wonder of our elect. His process. His chamber, too. Connive WITH these few assembled FACTS for ye I have written down, to see yourSELVES as we do behold you, asses with long ears grinding at His grist withOUT Spirit OR helpers. Ye cannot surmise the strata OF Life in the LEAST. We behold new wonders each hour. We learn OF Him here. Pick not AT His lock. It is closed TO ye, and SUCH as ye, mortals. I put my thumb on THIS sheet, too, that ye MAY give heed to MY soul's warning FOR ye, that ye waste NOT your time in cone to SUBdivide His wonders *in* yourselves: His inventions ARE ye: His mechanism is beyond the powers He gives ye AS His children. Parley among yourselves no more solving ALL His hand holds FROM ye, little ones OF His: speak *first* His tongue, CARRY His image INSIDE your hearts, and IF, and THEN, IF, He chooses to unWIND His bobbin FOR ye, He will do the astonishing, miracoulous work He ALONE CAN perform.

WITH the mind's eye we take you on a journey awake OR IN sleep. We reach in to do this, too. Until ye have solved the riddle of HOW the mind works, think not to unravel the submerged Fifth, of that He keeps FROM all, conscious or not the subject.

As your eyes swim IN thought you mark FOR us your ambitions, also, I declaim. We mark these well I tell you Sirs.

We know you better THAN you know yourselves OR your new discoveries OF mind. Currents, then, are His wonders, too. His undis*coverable* indivisibilities: mark this well *for* me, as FROM me.

Now to relate this or that to the other, as you do, fellows OF mind, and its late "discoveries" (as ye THINK, only) (to discover is to UNcover, is it? Ye have NOT. *Your* theories are as blank of effort OR solvement as any preachment falls short in its creeds from our point of *dis*covery. Causes vary, as individuals vary. This human pattern inCLUDES diversities OF mind. Write this down hard and fast. To label all for sake of one or that one kind, must circumstance be alike inevitably so. This absolutely occurs never. NEVer. Hear me. Infinitude inCLUdes diversity. Can ye GRASP at it I wonder. To pull a string on the pudding-bag must the purse string be untied, I ask? Ye cannot label WITH science or its definitions the unsolvable currents of the Almighty, one of which I now use, *past* demise.

Defile not the pattern: YOUR mind: with its chambers swept or *includ*ing Him AND His wonders OF mind, thought-forces, dream-force, imaginations,—as we of our world work WITH these belonging TO you, Sirs, alas with*out* your permission, or conceits.

To finish this paper I would with the relation of tables and tabulated science discoveries (but no) regarding the sex instinct, and its beleaguring impulses besmearing the unborn in the womb, accounting for all reflexes, as you advise the youth of the land to restrain not impulse to his or their submersion, finding a placard on all from this untrue bent of minds truly animal, as atheistic in principle.

Sex instinct, OF the mind surely, even THOUGH unconscious, cannot BE put into psychological data as bearing true on ANY form reliable, Sirs, and doctors, too. The creative force *is* this. If used FOR creative purposes OF mind, it ABSOLVES the body OF craving FOR production or re-production, uses for the mind-creative power all currents undissipated, flowing into purer channels OF mind, then, rising ABOVE animal longings, satisfied with higher aspirations THAN cohabitation EXCEPT for reproducing in kind, exposing as bestial the undercurrents which drag BELOW the surface the GOD in each human form,

lowering His standard OF mind, Himself, in each son of His Own, each child, and using for purposes of obliteration OF that mind the over-sex indulgence, even to *disease* of that mind, as all know.

THIS seems to be withOUT your minds, that you COULD elevate this strain, making Godlike all human creatures by elevating the thought process, inventions and the like, to submerge the animal instinct for betterment of individuals and the world He made, and loved, IS helping to save even at THIS hour. Amen.

THE MIND'S EYES

Sonnet: (To prove the foregoing paper was the instrument of Shakespeare's spirit for mortals IN cases i. e. (spirits)

We ply *at* sense who speak to her who writes.
We MAY not speak who have no voice ye hear,
Though patterns we discern as ON your screen,
These FLY, NOR halt, for us who read them here.
There IS an eye OF sense, then, so complete
We NEED no words for verifying sense.
WE take you AT these patterns, too, good sirs,
Nor can you FEEL, BEFORE you think a pence
OF that you ARE but flaunts YOUR flag FOR us
Who TAKE you for this estimate most true
And GIVE you OF this measure what you WILL
And, WHAT you will, is EVER left TO You.
The Mind OF God HAS methods then OF sense
Ye have not grasped FOR truth NOR recompense.

W. S. In Spirit

ADAM'S RIB
(Womb-man)

After all, there *was* a purpose in creation, i-e re-creation. Vox-populi. That is not altogether sarcasm. *He* was created already, how it matters not; s-he was taken *from* him already a man, *for* the purpose of supplying more of either kind, that the world might carry on, thrive, become populated. Then even Cre-

ation desired offspring, for He took such pains, to perfect maternity, and all it carries, means to woman as well as mankind. The future, then, depended upon God's own invention of sex: copulation. It was, is, His way to father children for Himself. The daughters of Eve are welcome to their own surmises, we are telling here what God wrought for Himself when He made womb-man, woman as it has come to be spelled. The meaning is obvious to scientists. Then back of it all, all sex relationship, is the Maker of souls. Is it not true.

If God so loved the world that He made it, wished more children on it, sent a Son to save these children from themselves, why, I ask here of anyone informed who may be more skilled at reasoning process, is sin, so called, such a blight that all life, as well as all living, is utterly damned and transformed through its curse? We are earnest, seekers after light. Does the marriage relation mean the sustainment of His righteousness. Did it then, when all were told to "go out and multiply"? Who then made this law of righteousness for man. Solomon had hundreds of women he called wives. (Poor man) He was one of the Creator's elect. Wise as Solomon none could hope to become, even in those times. Miracles he wrought, as history tells us. These were his proof that the Almighty must have been with him, loved him, worked through him. You say those were polygamist times: then who made us new laws governing the same matter of plurality, and called us names, worse, for breaking these laws. I wonder often how all these things were changed for mankind that they became so utterly wicked were they only like the wise ones of old.

What labor did the Creator make Himself when he took a rib from His wonder, man, to remould on it another creature of life and blood, system upon system of currents, and then remoulded the parts within so that a storage cabin was included to hold life itself, without breath, nourished from arterial systems too vast to unfathom, held in place of retirement, safe, until the hour is come, when, outside the castle, nevermore can this new life sustain itself, or be sustained, without breath. Not an instant of time could any living, breathing surgeon replace that form, take its breath away, and hold it again a living, pulsing human form. All the intricacies involved in *that* production is still His secret: His only. Behold the man, we say. But do we.

Can we. His production defies mankind. Then it is His, as well as His mystery.

In this age, when children are sophisticated at eleven years, knowing all their parents know, and more, sometimes, of sex, being, re-creation, why is it not taught them to revere His wonder only He could plan, devise, produce, maintain, or understand.

When the tent of darkness unfolds, and perversion reaps, a century from now, its fold, will Wisdom show how strangely misconceived His upstarts of this generation, who live unto themselves alone, cry out for sensations new, revering naught *of* Him, in the least. For, *if* God worked the wonder *of* sex, renewal of life itself thereby becomes His creative wonder each time a child is born. Back of this life there was a purpose, or worse, but a craving regardless of Wisdom or His plans.

To call forth the sun as He did, out of that darkness, to sustain life, to perfect His invention, planet, world, He could have fashioned woman regardless of surgery, parts borrowed, even of a rib bone foundation. We dare not question why He chose to perform His miracle with the aid of man, his son, already His perfection *in* flesh. Laborious perfection, completed *with* His thought, *for* man, Woman. Combining with all He had fashioned of Himself, even, He improved upon that first pattern human, flesh, by instilling within His new creation, His tenderness, compassion, perhaps His divine intuition, He gave her, too; making travail, suffering, her portion so long as birth replaces death. Affliction *was* a part of God's plan, then, you say. It must *have* been so.

Still, this question of mortality, and immortality, hangs on sex: His plan, His gift, His will *for* renewal of life itself: babes of His bosom, care, little children, fostering love when love would die, hold men and woman from sin and crime when love has died: yet we pull and twist the face of God to make a play or story out of perversion of His miraculous provision, upon which depends His universe, His love, His very image.

Life is held in such blind confusion because of trite followers of His, that His world is tottering today. Childbirth, bearing, revivifying His image, the Creator's plan Who Fathered all, loved all, desired all to be saved *for* His kingdom *and* Himself. Compensations He bestows. The poor are nearer Him. Invariably this is true. Large families are His blessing to these,

too. Old age is blest through offspring, and they bless union during all the years before it arrives. Read the history of great lives, and you will find how "poor" the families of these were in boyhood. But they *had* Mothers. History immortalizes these, thank God. Mothers who influenced their sons, and their daughters, *for* good: God.

Would man improve upon his present sex-life, let him go back to that jungle from which he claims he came to be, and learn from animals themselves. Tempters, and temptresses, jazz harmonies, inharmonies, blasé decorations worse than ever Redskins wove, caught, skinned, and relied upon, you *have* gone backward, already, because you *desire* to be free from responsibilities *for* God, or to be governed by Him, and His wisdom for you.

Control of birth, making sterile His Own productions: defying His creation: stopping His life: Hindering His plan: postponing His benefits to *You*.

If God Himself is sacred, as His mysteries of sex, and reproduction, choose His benefits, offspring, children: re-living for Him, in His way, as He planned, with Him.

That wealth could know how to help His kingdom to come where *are* His children of impoverishment: that institutions could be established for the betterment of sex understanding, and the housing and education of those born in poverty homes, where all that was lacking was the material means to educate, and refine, the get of the humble. The workers. The God-fearing. The poor, but wealthy—in that lack of disregard for His commands: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me and forbid them not; for OF such *is* the kingdom of heaven."

(Unsigned by voice)

MICE *and* MEN

There is a difference. We know this. We speak now of their virtues, not vice. We know, for instance, THE difference, to the credit of the mice, however.

Along with the instincts men call, and feel no doubt, virtues, we have little to do, for this is a resume of the little minds within big bodies of earth's children,—called OF God.

We pause for breath, who write, so seldom it is given us TO parley either of vice OR virtue, here in His hereafter.

Ingratiate as we may seem who speak to her that You may see this paper OF ours, we are not so. Lest we become utter defilers of Your honor OR worth, pluck me a rhyme forth now, to plead FOR me, that I AM he who wrote those Sonnets of mine, still in shape, too, as here I prove FOR you.

Sonnet (On the above subject: *Mice and Men*)

When men become the vermin *of* themselves,
As, nibbling AT His core, WITH which *I* write,
Will they HAVE housed WITHin, a mite OF worth,
TO carry forth to blast His universe?
Will men, the counterparts of earthly sons of praise,
BE counted up AS mice, BUT mice, for aye,
Who take Him NOT at Wisdom's word OR Law,
But fritter here their sense, their time, away
UpON themselves, who count HIM not OF worth,
Wipe OUT His miracles WHEN nibbled at,
REnounce His wonders BUT a God could work,
And, kneel down TO themselves, THEIR puny wits
Sufficing THEIR intelligence, THEIR need,—
Will men BE mice, in traitor's holes, indeed.

Shakespeare In Spirit
(To S. T. S.) March 17th. 1923, N. Y. C.

To REsume my subject, having A hearing, I presume. IN cone, I worshipped AT Art's shrine. All know. I must ever know. For You who CAN revise your thought, make time YOUR servant, I speak here, ON paper too. To REvise your thoughts and intents while there IS time, I say. Take a trap from me, your Shakespeare men adore, catch your vile smelling thoughts straying from HIS door, His trap ye are at last; what HAVE ye caught fit FOR Him in the least. To wake forevermore, to find IN your mind but the reflection OF those images sent out TO Him. Wile His forever ye may not. Part OF Him ye become, TO catch FOR Him all ye counted worthless OF His.

Your laws ye make now for yourselves: your wisdom being all sufficient for HIS hereafter, as ye garner BUT the wisdom OF those laws. Then IF ye are His SMITER, BE ye smitten

BY Him. I warn now. If ye come hence His law-breaker, having been satisfied withOUT His plans FOR ye, the mice of virmin ye despise were YOUR betters.

All is known OF ye, too. Beware this now, too. To shuffle along, as earth-men do, *in* unison of discords, caused by wars and the like ye claim, ye have no chance here. ALL are His servants. So become of volition, since dying solvement IS your waking part which CANnot die IF ye would, NOR sleep.

Your craniums, what ARE THESE. Mice THAT ye are become who claim yourselves sufficient TO eternal time, whatever it hold, regardless OF blessings, wisdoms, miraculous inventions, conceptions ABOVE ALL minds BUT Wisdom's Own! Have ye BEEN given, IN His likeness, A mind, that ye swell like the tide and flow out APAST Him Who IS God? WHAT have ye eaten of, become, that your BETTER part is so befouled, good man. Canst see thyself, pray? O if thou couldst behold the man ye THINK ye ARE, would ye pray ON knees TO Him to forgive ye for His sake. That ye may BE heard WHEN ye so pray is MY wish FOR thee. We see thee grovelling for the dirt, as mites of spores OF learning and the like. HAVING a soul, which HAS lived until now UNlike thine, less but more, I GIVE my best TO save ye FROM yourselves.

Creator OF sons, if, IN Thy wisdom Thou makest SOME small brains, BE charitable TO these besmatterers OF Thine who renounce Thee, having better Laws THAN Thine for men, Thy children, O God.

Reflect in all who WOULD be Thine Thy image. Make US all Thine, subservient TO Thy wisdom, Creator OF worlds, divisions, lights, powers, sums eternal, parts INvisible. Carry our weight OF plea, Judge of mine, as all, inTO that part OF Thy kingdom where ARE those who COULD wait upON Thee, trust Thee, find Thee WITH hearts OF Thine.

Survey our poor hearts, O Eternal Father, God. Take their worth FROM Thy power TO surmise the cost of EVERY plea made FROM soul-shape, that OUR souls shall meet Thee who revere Thy inestimable works IN minds LIKE Thine.

Paltry AS our works FROM spiritlife MAY seem, throw out FROM these, O Heavenly Power, some line of resistance, taking HOLD on mice-of-men unTIL they call ON Thee In Thy

Name. Wind up Thy bobbins leisurely, and give these time TO halt *I* pray Thee. Show them themselves here and now. Lest they BE lost TO Thee. Amen.

Shakespeare's Spirit part, halting men who would make themselves His ingrates.

(To S. T. S.) March 17th. 1923. N. Y. C.

TO—A "MODERNIST"

His after-thought
From Shakespeare's Spirit (To her who takes my lines)

Why ARE you born, good Sir, I ask,
Who sit *and* ponder FOR my life.
Who GAVE you so much head, NO heart?
Thank God no woman IS *your* wife.

A little snob of His, who cannot see
HIS eyes do watch thee, in thy purpose small,
But TO seem fit I would NOT ridicule—
But proffer *my* assistance, yea, for ALL.

You SEEM to know a few things but by right:
There IS no reason yet TO come FROM you.
Starest Him IN the eyes BY night OR day,
Reminded NOT of that which IS His *due?*

Why ARE you summondéd AT His *last* call,
TO stand withOUT His heavenly place OF rest,
If all you GAVE Him WAS ineptitude,
Denial, and MISconception, at YOUR best.

If you HAVE stored withIN that mind He gave,
HIS light He saves, yea, succors, AFTER "death",
BeGIN to crave His pardon while ye MAY;
For EVERY soul IS branded AFTER breath

ForSAKES their tongue TO utter FOR *Him* love,
Establishéd by WHAT ye THOUGHT OF Him,
Then, are YE known TO all His, here AND now,
Aggrievéd FOR thy utterances thus slim.

That ye HAVE followers, too, ye MIGHT HAVE saved
TO find Him IN His Land OF Paradise,
Will ye BE hungered ON His universe
WITH them, a bally lot of blasted mice.

I hand you OUT a line: my proof hereon:
My hand AND seal I live TO know His worth:
My warning to earth's men I bid you scan,
Lest, "dying" ye may NOT receive *new* birth.

W. S. In Spirit March 21st. 1913.

"THEY WHO UNDERSTAND"
(Bible)

Mysterious as men have made the truth, so plain all might know who bury a coffin, it needs explanation now. Truth has never died, can not die.

Mortals have been instructed to fear it, to deny it, give it no credence, no trial, by those in authority who know and use it in their affairs, even in their sect of piety. To be under the thumb of dogma is to rise never while in body. As it is to be weighted by schism at the close, when all of truth stands forth revealed and naked. Why, then, have human beings, those wearing flesh still, a fear of their own who have NOT died, gone away, are still with them, along with them too, fearing to make plain this truth lest they cry out and become unnerved or lose that balance called sanity.

Have any ever been caught, found out, who revered not God, who HAVE come back, as mortals term our appearance after the change of bodies? Nay. Souls who appear have done so to press forward a civilization which we see no hope of here

in soultown unLESS there is a welcome FOR souls here who can inform regarding the real findings after the body is lost.

To appear, then, IN soulshape, speak, warn, help, would be to progress. For did ye know who and what ye are would ye travel slower, revere the Father Who did devise that soul part to live forever on.

All know who care to know if souls live. This I will sign here. If ye care not where yours ARE or *if* they live still, ye can surmise what ye are.

If God loved the world He made enough to send a Son to take out of that Divine body His spirit that ye MIGHT know, how can ye stand as SAVED if ye believe NOT on His plan for your good? I ask of you. He lived FOR this: to die FOR you: to prove He was a man as all flesh human is, mortal, and COULD not end either shape, voice OR nature through demise of body. Then DO you understand this, I ask. If not, then He died for you an ingrate. While I speak to her who takes this down for you, whoe'er ye be, I live, and beside this one of flesh and bone speak I, a spirit, soul of His, too, who found no change in dying, alas and alas.

Then, IF ye understand, and ye claim ye are a Christian, must ye INclude souls shapes, presences, voices, help, that His kingdom MAY come HERE, that HE may come here. We parley these questions FOR you of coil, that, being ignorant, or led of those in authority ye have feared, ye may rush forward UNguided by them for His kingdom's sake.

Mourn not. None have died, ended, none are lost. Hell is not unless ye have it so. Wasted breath. So long as religion makers defy Him by their self-made laws AGAINST His plan, ye will follow in fear of their authority. When these cannot save you who have never saved yourself, nor moneys have ye here TO buy that grace, will ye wish ye had understood, followed, helped souls *to* rise.

Would ye learn if yours are dead, buried, gone on. Speak to them. Abide the time when answer comes back to that plea from their own lips, near, near as God Himself.

All, all who breathe, desire your own to speak to you and you alone and these will open a door of silence, speak, and be heard *of* you. Tremble not. Souls are but humans still. Left to mourn by you who cared not to find them, seek them, they

are the mourners when death closes that door called breath, and no other is closed, I say.

We stand beside your bodies, listen to your chatter, mouth your words over, walk, run, hide, seek shelter from the elements, storms, sun and rain, ride, hop, quarrel AND fight, and more ye need not hear. IF ye care where yours are, listen, ask, rebuff them not, neither cajole them, but ask, and ye SHALL receive, them all.

Understand them, and let help be comradeship, needed of souls. Ignore those who have died not and fear to know them near and postpone His glory, work, kingdom, He asks may come, here, on earth.

To be dead alive ever and ever is to be elected for derision of mortals who deride ghosts, spirits, souls (all the same) spokmanship includes these but as jests with you who think yourselves living. Ye die daily, too. But halt. I would not prepare you for the worst. I came to warn you only. Ye CAN know. IF ye care eternally for the ones ye once held as fond, ye will find these, resting not until clasp with them who have only waited long for their re-union with you.

W. S. In Spirit (To S. T. S.)

Why make a mystery of that which was proved for you by God Himself? Why not believe in Jesus? He came for God to prove none COULD "die": He spoke to His after"death". Can you reason BETTER than God Himself?

Can you put yours down in the earth, place a wreath on the grave, and think them THERE? Jesus died to prove otherwise. This INcludes YOURS.

Seek and ye SHALL find: Find your "dead", your dear ones who live, cannot die, have never died, long to speak to you, help you to inform you of all you treat ignorantly, as you ignore Jesus' proof of immortality.

It is true. Spirit is framed in flesh: the frame is gone, the picture is there still, and every one who lived IS living still, CAN prove it if you go to those who have believed in eternal life enough to seek theirs who are souls, bodiless. It is true. It is joyous. They LIVE. With us, not without us.

To live is to die, that's true. But to "die" is to live. What now? W. S. In Spirit.

"A TALK TO SARAH RADIO":

It takes two to make any kind of a spirit production. One must be here in soul to take their part and you to do the bidding.

Divers productions are unworthy souls. We hear them as of them, which baffles our understanding, as we play not for pastime as here we write.

Our plans are several. We intend to make of you a finished performer yet. No matter if ye care or not we will do the swearing soon. Our best part will now take place. Your slip-shod methods of late are carefully noted too. We who care for the result are disappointed very much in you of late. You cannot see this world nor know its upheaval, how we descend in armies to protect a scholar of ours, else there would be no result worth the while of time.

To know us all would be to block any effort on your part. We know this who write here. We dissemble no longer under a cloak, but divide honors with those of might who condescended to unite with us to glorify a supreme task with calls on the Master for help.

In other lands we roam who speak this. Have for centuries although never having so much as faltered from this earthstone since leaving our old shuck. Telltale somebodies would spin at my loom for riddles, plays, and the like, while I take the stand that she is not for these at all. Mine she has been and only those I permitted to touch the strings, say not pull on these, yet, for I have not done so, have aided my cause supreme. To *speak* I would. She balks me. Have I so changed that you could not tell me as of yore *A* pupil of a learned Actor, proud of his tutelage I say, that you should be proud to serve me here since no other would I take *for* the purpose myself. Out on the Rialto then, my Sarah, take the goods we spun, and see the market crowd for these. Suddenly we shall speak, and hold the roof spellbound. To amate a good speaker, first, you should have a good enunciation from the cavity; a pure, and firm tread of the tongue on the roof, from the innermost depths a breath, and slow enough to let each syllable fall for itself, nor rush the second too fast lest snarls abide which reach not the limit of the house.

Young tongues are best, as young blood; old heads, I say,

I choose out to carry *mine* for *me from* tongue as roof(pate), old Sarah mine. Then shall we start *again* to speak and hold forth in good turn our once old time company?

There is no heat so scabby as the drawn hate of a soul. Mine for one. Should you *not* perform my task *for* me *and* speak for me as I command, I shall warm your inwards till you do. Scorch you I *will* but you will talk, hear me. My own case has been stated. Now I plea for souls. This is my acquisition. To render to my God *for* Him all I *can* gather for Him. This I *do* through *you,* lacking mine own parts wherewith I spoke of old in bodyshape.

You cannot stand the hate of a single blade. Torture I would not, nor you most of all. Though should you refuse me the talking process souls all hanker would I speedily burn you to a cinder. There. How goes it on the border. Well, I trust me.

Last of all should you refuse me a wince of mine own right would I take you to see the souls who like you balk at the Lord's service. A heavy toll. Ay. These yearn for your chance tonight, to play a part for the Almighty Himself, Who takes to no dictation, nor hears me if I burn with aught but His ardor.

Tasks vary. Mine is hard. Yours, also hard. To live, is a struggle, *after* you touch souls, and keep them at your side; for we constantly use *more* blood heat from your body than you can supply *yourself* should you take take blood *into* your system for the *purpose.* Not juice girl; the heat that comes from the unit forces of blood. You know no name for this, nor I. To name it would be to lose some of it better used for higher thought. Heat power is not steam, in this case, I surmise me 'tis a sun-ray extension, plus. We *ride* on this the *while* we communicate to you. We say, "get up and drink cow's milk." This, immediately, throws out *to* us a substance of renewal. I *see* it used up first, then *take* my place as it gives out *to* my stem (you). When this force *sub*sides, and we have used it primarily, we take a rest until you recuperate, when we start over again, if we *can* do so. Cold does not interfere with this glow. Radiates would suffice, *instead* of emanates. Take this to Doyle, from me.

W. S. In Spirit (To S. T. S.)

(Original)

"WRITE ME ANSWER *TO* THIS ARTICLE, Can Marriage Build Brain Power?" W. S. Spirit Nov. 4th. 1921.

"Yes. It can. But not as *men* know the marriage relation. Never man breathed who did not loathe this relation when tied fast *to* it.

Natural selection of mates is the rule here IN soul shape, where we DO preserve the power, AS choice. I am a spirit here writing to inFORM you OF this as I can throw light ON this subject.

Have you the power to love forever? Answer, then, if futile is your promise. Then, love: what IS it. Sensation, do you think? This, too, is false. No lovers walk the sky if mated so, and here I do proclaim MY parts preservéd whereby I MADE my family. But these change. Elimination is not necessary now. The mind is all when lovers pass, emit, to spirit sphere. Then IS THIS the seat of passion's heat. The eyes, too, lust, AND crave. God MADE the specie. Male AND female parts the Great Inventor planned. And so wondrously DID He perfect, transplant His germ from these no human eye thus has dissected His meaning OR His secret.

Then should this subject read or BE "Can MATESHIP alter souls, unite lovers, bring God out as WELL as let Him in." This subject I now take for this my reply to one man trying to elevate his kind. God help him so *to* do. And give him long life WITHOUT disillusion of his creed FOR lovers.

My paper now.

God rules His universe of souls in His Own way. We know *this by* now, who trespassed against His way WHILE flesh. I do declare my spirit *IS* my shape entire. Make out a case for sport, ye revilers of my words FOR ye. Ye'll sport NOT, here, IN spirit.

Love, IS God. He made ALL souls, to live forever. Parts OF Himself (Love) then ARE spirits, of His picture truly, it MUST be. Then *what* IS love. His essence, mind? His thought, and purport, too. ALL love is HE. Resembling Him all lovers, mates, unions of His *kind,* intents, purity, virtue.

Made He all flora to be mated up as well. KNOW this. "Male *and* female made He THEM," FOR His purpose. Do *these* require a parson, or a benediction, or a dome? Nay. Their

union brings forth THEIR specie, under His rule and law. Yet these are NOT forever, you may say. *I* say His life IS continuous in EVERYthing He gave.

What mateship then consists OF, would be my settlement, as here FOR mortals, since these follow laws no man MAY choose.

You pause before a portrait, work of Art, which reproduces nature at its best, its HEIGHT, I would say. Now, have you DREAMED of beauty such as this portrayed on canvas you behold as negligible to *you.* Still, you MAY dream. Perfection here disclosed. As rare as perfection's pearl. Would SHE consent to YOU, you ask that man no other man CAN know BUT ye, should you then BE transported! But hold awhile. How various man's inventions. Would She consider YOUR nose AS perfect, all applied for her as TO her? For mates ARE equalities. Made fit, IN words. All else made equal if UNequal this no scale of Justice would balance the lot of INequalities. *I* know. I AM one man.

How can man escape, AND woman, too, HIS INequalities. His malformations. His mites. His wites. Have BRAINS to do with this, I ask OF men who travel His streets as still in boots they stride and think ON themselves AS gods.

No. No. You flounder who select WITH minds alone. TIS true. Comparisons are not allowable as here I state this truth, else would I make ye ONE. Behold a colt ye lead forth from its pasture lot. What can ye see before IT. Ye HAVE its history, 'tis true. But this miscarries oft. No judgment is all fair. This is the lot of mates, I claim. Ye can but TRY. If failure bring you naught but repentance, ye may NOT try again, breaking His Law, MADE BY Him, for YOUR good.

THEN what is marriage. To WRECK the brain it has its purposes. A failing is failure, if't be to provide *e'en* this or that. Then wrecks are there aplenty caused BY marriage. Those same, if allowed choice and TRIAL of various lots MIGHT add a helpmate TO their lot.

My OWN earthlife I'll not discuss for rattlebrains. I had my trial and PROVED my worth.

Is marriage then lottery or game, as it is said TO be. Ay, worse. MISfortune comes through misalliance more often than through ANY curse. Coupled WITH brains, self-same intent,

the proper parts mated IN part, man might become a super TO a god, woman to goddess.

ARE these so RARE, you ask. Oh yes, SO rare, so rare. So rare, that mateship in OUR world is suffering. Soul-mates, then what ARE these. To love AS Love divinely sent each one, adding to Life's purposes, He gives US powers as well. Transcending all that mortals crave or know, WE find who find our OTHER half. Can THIS *be* so, you ask? Ay. Free to seek through HIS domains, we find, or NEVER find our match. Invariably 'tis true.

Then ARE His patterns infinite. Souls partake of His inventions. Sullied or white, able as to stature, or MISshapen, ARE souls, His infinite parts breathed out, emitted, for His everlasting, undying intent.

To be other THAN ye are, would every soul alive. His BETTER part are ye WHEN soul, and soul alone. If ye bring Him mateship, related AS ye are TO Him forever, your light will shine, be known OF Him who has devised His love to last through all His time.

Component parts has love. A flower blooms not near the soil if it is OF a branch. Yet ALL flowers ARE His blossoming children too. Specie and kind, various AS His patterns, must ye see and handle as with microscope lense ye turn and twist the shape discovering WITH that lense, your mind, any variations, alterations, omissions, defects, which may not BE lopped off to suit, ye will discover!

The truth is here divulged for all God's time. I, Shakespeare, PLAY His part FOR Him, THIS hour.

Men, PLAY at love AND loving, molest His passions, founts and such, hinder HIS Drama AS purpose, divine naught OF Him, and miss Him through eternal time!

Waste His time and know BUT tears, regret. Follow Him though you BE chastened, seemeth for naught, using His parts, wisdom, MIND-selection, BEING governed by His Laws made FOR thee eternally, and bring HIM your love, unblemished if you can do so, allowing not one to defame Him in you, being OF Him, His child He Fathered. And through His wisdom who fathers BY His will, His thought, know His reflection (mind, Sarah) INcreases as ye draw ON Him, THROUGH His power alone.

Increase your longing FOR Him, and HIS love, aiding Him, upbuilding FOR Him, acknowledging His powers OF mind AS brain (two differing attitudes) are known by the Giver, as played upon through human will AND love, ADDing Him, or sub-TRACTing Him each day each hour.

With God, ALL things are possible. AdJUST that mind, principle, AS ye yearn, long, seek for humans affections, and through His plans AND wisdom no soul HAS mastered in new life, being nearer to Him as well, your rewards must BE of Him, who IS Love unchangeable, Perfection.

So be it. For each, and all. Amen.

Shakespeare's Spirit (To S. T. S.)
Nov. 4th. 1921. N. Y. C. Direct spirit voice: audible.

NONSENSE ANTHOLOGY OF THE SPIRITS
(Themselves)

"To write, or *Not* to write: this is the question." W. S.

To write of humans, withOUT forms. In other words, to Play With these, as mousers DO. *I* say, who *spun* my rhyme, Take all away NOT human *from* us, and you would but make OF us saints, too. Not so. Yet, at least. We *dive* for pearls, yet, too. Mine oyster lingers in my hand still, too. *I* love: I *write*. Sometimes too I hate. Hate mortals. My pastime is TO undo my past. It is futile to say we are human in another form. This would make us obsolete, being demensed. We strive to KEEP human, too, let me say, who make of this one a saint to play WITH words here now, upon this page. Play takes various forms. As sunshine plays on water WE play now, here, FOR you, who, humanLIKE average too much pulp for our spirit play upON words, I presume.

We spurn the man, OR wench, who does NOT play, HAVE playtimes. Forgetting our past IN fun, we labor AT spice, and the like FOR our own entertainment, as well as yours. So, carry on.

Forms. What ARE these. Legs AND arms, you *may* say. Together with those divine elements called forth through the senses, pushed along by ideals, or fumbled with as *against* these. Forms stride here. WE step. Step forth. Yea. ON, I trust. YET we play, you ask. Jest, make light of ourselves, and one another, FOR time's passing. We DO!

However false it seemeth, play we must. Or lose our wealth of humorous speech. Then, we play AT Play, too. Still. Oh yes. Cherishing that fond elect, we pause TO prove ourselves alive and *more*. Our wits nonplussed, as it were. Our time has come.

We now go on. Cue, cutie. Cut AND dried, as WELL as hung. How high? Ask you? TOO low, my sons. WithOUT hide, hideless, we ARE dried, most of us, OF wits as of yore. Pleats of wisdom, covering all time, have NONE. Nor, such AS I. Out OF His time TO weave AND plait His rhyme, may YOU. Then pause. And give to MY headless part, a part OF your ego egotistic time.

To analyze the form, using its functions FOR your scientific craze, we see your halting measures, strife, and the like. Those eminent ones preferring THEIR diagnosis TO the Lord's Own rhythms, for instance, who WOULD not pause TO smile upon their freaks OF minds. HIS nonsense are YOU become. ALL men who delve inTO His stratas, finding *within* only *their* minds capable OF a web of NO reasoning at all. To stub your toe, you find the same result, here IN spirit, as those OF you playing WITH His Laws OF sex, sex-instincts, reflexes, concepts as well.

ALL minds ARE His. True. You have *not* reasoned thus. Then, to surmise Him capable OF results YOU cannot follow, were to bestow upon the Almighty MORE worship than ye DO upon your OWN selves. HE knoweth WHAT ye are. Be sure. To pigeonhole ALL humanity AS YE see fit, establishing rules FOR these, and blame as well, backing into the foregone centuries instincts ye can little baffle, which do undermine ye all IF ye cannot TAKE HIM AT HIS DESIGN FOR YE: is to be His ingrate.

We linger OUTside YOUR halls. Bursting with laughter

WE. AT ye. Cocksure ye label mortals, humanform and like, to SUIT your surmises build NEW laws FOR reason. First, the mind talks to the body, *you* say. NAY. NOT so. I AM a shade. I CAME to plea. Then hear me all. The REverse is true, every intercession. HUMAN as humanity IS, IT has powers, too. BeYOND the mind, too. Absolute *as* wisdom in its verities, is this fundamental truth. WE were warm WITH the currents OF Divinity's perfection: bodies. We see You through AND through, too. Indeed. Your guts, stoppages, films, and the like. We see their currents as well. Warmth MAY cease WITH lack OF mortal bodies, but the mind HAS currents *never* stopped. To analyze a brother must ye first condemn him, AND his mind. BEING scientific, ye ARE great, but in your human frailties. LIFT *your* mind, see if this is possible TO you, and KNOW from ME who never died at all, but live, the body IS suggestive, HAS its OWN powers not to BE held BY thoughts at all, and as I live, we cannot overcome this FOR mortals in the least though we would.

Now. We DO work upon the minds of human forms, rascals, saints as well, and we DO stand unheeded at YOUR sides TO laugh AT your surmises, ye great ones. (But no) When will ye TAKE heed OF us, is my *ASK*. If I CAN take, and keep, to hold for the good OF men yet IN frames, *A* human, bind that TO currents invisible and indivisible, do OTHERS NOT? Your work is sterile. Ye are our comedies. Analyze your*selves* first. And place *about* that form, called by you "human," a wrap of fragile stuff too IMmortal for your worldly minds, atheistic AS these ARE.

For IN God's divisional parts, He illumines all. Runs a current whereby *we* may judge OF ye. Of ye ALL. True. Illuminates say I. Yea. Juices ARE lights, or nay. Individuals possess mind currents, as well. Lights, as well are these too. Think OF it, ye who CAN think beYOND yourselves. CLOSED to ye, HIS truths, portals OF thoughts, surmises, unTIL ye see first HIM, the Giver OF substances, liquids, parts, machineries, chemicals, AND currents, ye can in no wise dissever, label, turn at OR twist. WASTE NOT your precious time *in* cone *to* smuggle on with your own conceits unreasonable TO Him. AdJUST that current OF His, that mind He gave you OF Himself, as IN His Likeness, and before ye stumble into a pit

yourselves FOR placing others there, label not His incomprehensibilities at all.

Complexes, reflect YOU, at last. Sold ye AT His visibilities. Locate His reasoning THERE, if ye can do so. But to surmise OF yourselves, labelling all is *un*wisdom.

Fools are many. Masques, too. We reel in merry jests AT you who CLAIM to know all. He still keeps aloof from our parts OF His. To comprehend Him in the *least* ye must give back TO earth that body ye dissect WITH your minds. Label by your own sinful minds. Adjudge as animal *only,* when Life's Own currents stem those rivers of blood ye NEVER understood, OR separated until *yet?* WHAT rides thereON ye canNOT know until ye behold, as we, who died not, but live past the NEED of stems AND tides. I live who write hereon. No jest are we. Neither jestmakers. But we HAVE undone ourselves oft for the kind of mortals ye ARE. To be enough, is to know that God Himself IS greater THAN ye. AT His command will ye, too, stand forth, to drive no more thrusts AT Him OR His door.

Shakespeare. Written this day of Our Lord's to Undo the practices of His mites, jests Of His,

To S. T. S.

New York, July 11th, 1923. Direct voice. From spirit.

TO MME. .....
(With Mme. ..... present)

Now. You will dream of love eternal, as you DO, yet HERE, there is NO love but what you BRING. Alas, I found no love here. Mine own I have not met. To give abundance from the heart's store is to amass treasures in OUR world.

Griefstricken women have added more love to His kingdom than riches wealth ever brought good to Him. We pour oil on a burn to heal it. So we pour into the consciousness of earth's children abiding love currents, desires to lift, alleviate, help, feed, clothe, adjust wrongs of the injured. Our helpers are

comparatively few considering the universe OF souls. Why? Selfishness of mortals. Undercurrents of viciousness, greed.

Fortunes are weighed with MISfortunes and the scales have NEVER balanced, never WILL unless God takes in hand the scales of earth. Weighed down with sorrows, want, misery, the poor desire nothing but relief FROM misery, while those fostered in luxury who could make the Nations all flourishing, productive, squander in riotous living the very food sustainance of God's poor children. While these drink of their wine do they think it is the blood of their brothers? Nay. WHY SHOULD these care? Money is only for gems, wealth for divers palaces, too many to equip.

Thus the land of earth, precious heritage of God, His kingdom, has been, always must BE, for the selfish, while a mere grave WITHOUT a stone is the "lot" of His poor, impoverished by the DIShonesty of the rich.

Is it not shameful? Yet, God's eye looks on! His scales balance all! And in His Infinite Justice, His poor MAY be the only enriched *by* Him. I believe it IS true. Would *I* were among them.

Shakespeare's Spirit

SOUL FRAGRANCE

We draw His essence from *on* High,
His love surrounds us all.
Each heart reflects the Giver's heart,
Each *thought,* His lily, tall.
We have the power to gather all:
All blest through good endeavour.
Disseminating God, *each* soul;
All, working good, together.
Within each blood-red *rose* of God
His essence *is* instilled;
Within each heart, but IF His Own,
God's *perfect* love hath filled.

Shakespeare's Spirit

QUEEN'S LACE-HANDKERCHIEF
(A wildflower)

Wrought in lacey-likeness,
Spread as 'twere to dry,
Fit for ANY queen to wear,
None COULD pass YOU by
Less a MOMENT'S thought were given
To the Power on High,—
Planner OF a cobweb,
Creator of the sky.

Shakespeare's Spirit

Six minutes of time required. No corrections in any work of this spirit, all stands as first written

S. T. S.

MY PARADISO
(Song)

GOD gave the earth, the sunshine:
The flowers, He gave the dew:
The sky, He gave a diadem:
The rocks, a gem or two.
He gave to babes a Mother's love:
The scent to violets blue:
But Oh, bestowing on *me* Paradise,
He gave me, You.

Shakespeare's Spirit
(Direct voice to S. T. S.)

"The progress of civilization rests on the proof of immortality." W. S. In Spirit.

Pat A. Gonia,—Mere-rib, Sawyer!!—Sally Patica,—" said W. S. to prove *who* said it.

"P. Destrian is calling. "Pat A. Gonia is with him. "Mere-rib, Saw-yer! Sally Patica.

"E. Liptical is here, too." W. S.

(To a dead butterfly: a poem. "*Which* Woman?" A play.) Topic. W. S.

IF *I* WERE A ROSE (Song)

If I were a rose, and You came by,
And looked in MY heart, as I looked in YOUR eyes
While you leaned to give of that heart of You,
I would give YOU my LIFE—that is WHAT I would do,—
If I WERE A ROSE!

If I were a rose, with a day to LIVE,
And that wee lifetime WERE mine TO give,
I would CHOOSE to rest upon YOUR breast—
And would know life had given its priceless best,
If I WERE a rose!

W. S. In Spirit
(To S. T. S.) Direct Voice.

A BIT OF HEAVEN (Song)

There's a little bit of heaven EVERYwhere,
If we care, really CARE,—
We can jostle through the crowd, and never speak aloud,
Yet, we ARE there! IN THE AIR! . . . In the air—EVERY-
where, everyWHERE! . . .
We can never *spend* a cent, WE, *ARE* broke, *some* badly bent,
All we had, surely we lent, now we repent, MUST repent,
In the air, everywhere,—everywhere,—
Is it fair? IS it fair? This *I* ask, out *OF* the air,
Grasping at the chance to do, anything we FIND to do,
Done OR rare,—grasp it there?—'s-amusement,—
But, we're THERE, *in* the air,
If we're happy, filled with care,
Still we come along WITH you, just TO do,
O, it's true, it is TOO true—
Then, IF angels MAKE His heaven, and we're There, "over"
there,—
Get a measure full of leaven, from the Giver who *has* given,
There's a little BIT of "heaven" EVERYwhere!

(unsigned) Spirit-voice (To S. T. S.)

WHO *KNOWS?*

Who KNOWS the heart of a blood red rose?
Who CAN see?
Beyond the petals a chemistry,—a laboratory!
Emitting no story I CAN tell to thee, ma cherie!
Who HAS eyes TO see?
Who knoes WHAT the rose WOULD say,
If, OUT of her heart she COULD speak, *this* day!
Only her FRAgrance wafted *for* you,
From some mysterious fountain, for*ever* true,—
All the REST is her SECRET:
If we BUT knew!
If we but *KNEW.*

W. S. In Spirit

THE WOMAN GOD FORGOT

The ONLY woman e'er forgot
In Wisdom's mighty plan,
Is she who dwells without an he,—
The woman who bans man.

A childless woman, then, is she;
No mother-love can give.
The mother-kind, nearest His mind,
Deathless, such love MUST live.

The woman, then, who forgets God,
Forsakes His mighty plan:
Created He a man FOR her;
A help-mate FOR the man.

Forgot? Forgotten, then, maybe,
Defiers of His laws:
Love is the Supreme's element,
Perhaps His primal cause.

W. S. In Spirit March 20th. '21.

"LO!" SAID THE MOON TO THE MULBERRY-TREE

"Lo!" said the moon to the mulberry-tree:
"You cannot escape the landscape, *nor* me!"

She shook, then, and trembled with fear, it is said:
And curled up her leaves, and called the Moon "dead"!

"You're the ghost of yourself!" said the mulberry-tree:
"I' M A TREE, ANYHOW! Maybe YOU envy me!"

The Moon grew so pale it faded from sight;
But the tree liveth still: shieldeth lovers at night:

And the worst of this tale for a Taylor I write,
Is to prove that *as* spirit I *still* shall indite.

W. S. In Spirit

TO THE "FELLOWS" OF FELLOWSHIP *FARM* [?]

We spirits speak to her to justify our cause
In taking hence our souls for Spirit-work.
Her cause IS ours, OUR cause is HIS;
Nor may we deviate FROM Truth, less shirk
Responsibilities He gives, when souls are cursed
TO work salvation for themselves.

Abiding IN His love, at last, we find
In His abode FOR souls no fellowship
Ye mortals cursed by doubt dare to bestow.
Soon must ye travel all to meet your own
Who lie not, steal naught, gather naught *from* Him
But what THEY sowed.

I cannot find mine own. Where have THEY gone?
To His Own bourne where travellers are few?
I trust 'tis true. Then fellowship includes ALL souls
Who hearken *to* His words, obedient,
Or, stranger still, you AND your own
May find strange fellows here,
Where souls ply for their Maker, such *as* I,
A mortal of im*mortal* fellowships,
Gathered *with* His who *still* must serve *His* cause.

A motley crowd do we behold, as gathered tares AND grain,
The SILENT Reaper mows the field, AND stacks His souls
As His intent and purpose justifieth *HIM*.
I came to serve KNOWING this end.
That, while ye *claim* to serve the One I do,
Ye are but traitors foul, mouthing no speech of His, as was His wont while here,
Preferring your *own* methods, a short-cut route
With SERVICE omitted, cut to suit your measures.

Bah. Foul traitors ye, claiming the *Christ within,*
Using *His* lights (spirits), as am I,
Yet hiding His truth ye know.
Withhold, lest YE be numbered among the humble "fellows" who KNOW
His truth, and give souls CREDIT for their toil!
For SUCH AS YE!
Bah. Disgust, I say. I am a soul
Revering ALL He made. I cry hereon for justice FOR His shades
Who stalk AS I His earth FOR souls to get the means to manage monies, land, AND food,
Bringing THEM hence to find NO food at all OF Spirit, God, whose soul am I this hour!
Lack of His may ye know, as fed OF Him or *not* ye hunger where ye pay in full, AS I.
God of all souls alive forevermore,
Adjust Thy mighty scales.

Let Justice rule, where, homeless,
Vagrants walk Thy skies.
Help men TO rise. To know Thy plans, *intents,*
As here my soul doth strive to help them on, FOR Thee,
Thy cause alone.
Make men brothers. InCLUDE charity, love, understanding toward those living souls of Thine bodiless except FOR Thee, spirit given by the Holy Ghost forevermore TO live FOR Thee.
Lift the sordid souls who live to profit gain which is but loss to Thee.

Silence tongues of vitriol. Search venomous bodies and expurge
tongues poisonous, harmful, stinging ones.
And by Thy Holy promise include love in us all as Thou hast
included in every shape Thy holy breath.
Save vainglorious ones from themselves lest they die out—
bringing Thee naught *of* Light.
And where souls gather TO praise Thee, be Thou there among
us, Our Father,
Keeping us Thine. Amen.

Shakespeare's divine spirit given of God.
Saved through His grace.
(Through her who takes my words)

Sunday, March 5th, 1921.

THE *CHURCH*-YARD, ON THE HILL

A long, slow cortage wound its way
Into the church-yard lanes,
The last sad requiem had been sung
Over the last remains.
The unseen one stood by and smiled,
The one being laid low,
As "dust to dust" was called o'er him
They turned at last to go,
Thinking they left him as they went,
Till Gabriel blew the horn,
When all should stir, and claim their bones,
Awakening "new-born."

The silent "dead" walk in the church-yards everywhere,—
They hear the requiems sung by the bird o'erhead:
They clasp the living still as heart to heart,
The "living" ones which seem to them *but dead.*
The *living* dead must silent *be for* aye,
Un*less* the dead who live with their old bones
Awake, and call on us *to* speak.
We must forbear to shock them, fearing moans
May come from lips we love, bewail us.

The church-yard on the hill holds *none* but mourners:
WE live who died, we still walk by the side
Of father, mother, children,
Of sweethearts, friends—are still *to* them allied.
We *call* to you who *crave* to know us better,
Have we not proved this day that NONE CAN "die"?
Such love must live, bound up as His Own token,
Though we are punished, homeless *in* His sky.

To crave a home then, each, a spirit's longing,
Housed, but unfed, we live who speak hereon:
MAKE homes INCLUDING shades, and know His promise
INCLUDES His spirits, who must labor on.

We have tramped here for many a weary summer,
And found a tramp's life after death was hard;
We pipe a lay who sang at poems, sonnets,
Who WAS a poet, IS, if *not* a bard.

W. S. In Spirit

An exercise to keep the ear open to spirit voice.

THE HEART *IS* A ROSE. (Song)

There is a rose within each breast,
Unfolding, day by day,—
Under the mind of the patient, and kind,
This flower-of-the soul will all love repay.

The heart *is* a rose; love, the flower *of* the soul,
Unfolds through the stem of You.
The Maker's fragrance, a loving heart,
THIS is a soul's part, too.

Leaf by leaf, neath His sun and dew,
Blossomed the rarest rose He knew.
The heart is a rose, with*in* each breast,
And Love *is* the Son He loveth best!

W. S. In Spirit to S. T. S.

A PLEA FOR UNITY

To The National Body.

We came to work a wonder here.
To make men pause, see, fear, and think,
Before as we, outside His ranks,
Atremble sit on failure's brink.
What men deride is often true.
So is THIS true: I speak, *am* heard.
No failure marks this spirit's work.
Would all I speak were by all heard.

We go our way. Our work is done.
To do what none would *under*take,
I stamped the grain, and shelled the corn,
And leave the meal a cake to bake.
The bags are full. These now I bring
And lay them *at* your door, who SEE.
Begging for *naught,* but, from my *soul*
Make one *last* plea for UNITY.
Where grain IS garnered ALL must see
The first *is* last, unless they be
One In His Name eternally.

Take *up* the work you have to do,
And cease complaint, each one of you.
Why will ye snarl at heaven's gate.
Would ye, too, hear the words "Too late!"
Know, men of earth, ye, too, must stalk
The earthplane where we spirits walk,
And see, and hear, senses acute,
Lacking the power, *as* man, *to* talk,
Converse *with* man who are his kind,
Except we speak, as here, the mind.

When ye *shall* love your brothers here,
And help *us* to regenerate
The vicious, low, immoral sons
Of men who are degenerate,
His kingdom come, may *come* the King.
And thus *my* life-line here *I* fling.

To men *in* bodies, before death
Re*veals* us living, *minus* breath.
Then, ALL WHO KNOW THIS TO BE TRUTH,
Are Brothermen *from* THIS, forsooth.
Hold fast the Life-line (capital L, Sarah), In His Name,
Knowing it *was* for God HE came,
And, suffering, *died upon* that cross,
To show the world there was NO loss
In dying, as His Father bade,
That flesh was naught: *each* Spirit had!

Then, when we come past grave, past sod,
Which holds NO spirit, which IS God,
We point a finger to His sky,
That, perfect, *ye* may pass, *nor* "die".
Shakespeare's Spirit

A ROSARY *OF* LOVE (Song)

INto thy heart, and out OF my soul,
these notes *I fling,*—

To thank the Lover who MADE His love,
I sing,—I sing!

One bead on HIS Rosary am *I.*

God-OF-love, of Thy Infinite *Sky,*
Unfolded from OUT that Heart of THEE,
Love AND lovers ALL came TO be!

Back TO Thy Heart, Thy harmony,
Must EVERY lover, at last, love Thee.

God, my Maker, take, enfold,
My bead FOR Thee, on Thy Rosary told.
Held BY Thy Hand, the hand OF Love,
Told as my prayers, *for* Him above.
Shakespeare's immortal soul.
(To S. T. S.)

THE OLD WORLD IS A BUCKET

The old World is a bucket, we may fill it full of beans,
Or, carrying our burdens, may we carry in our jeans
Our sometime earthly burdens, our riches as well;
For truly it is memories which make a spirit's hell.
We may flout the process tho' we're here,
We may cry against the way we all have travelled, *still* must plod,
But all must LIVE, and, Pay.
We are trying for a knightship in the King's Own fair domain,
For living WITH a burden IS not life at all my friends:
It is schooling that we lack here, where all must make amends,—
I am tutoring, as teaching, and learning every way.
If You may do so *well* as I, 'twill take amany a day!

W. S. In Spirit
(To S. T. S.)

"Would you like a song out of my heart? W. S.
Sure. S. T. S.
"Well, get your stick. I will soon be leaving America." W. S
Is that so? S. T. S.
"Shall I make it for notes?" W. S.
If you choose. S. T. S.
"Then we speak of human love. All love is His, if holy love, how could it be otherwise? W. S."
"Another sheet now. This one is filled with your saving miserly grace." W. S.

To *take* a ball of yarn and knit it as I *have,* IS to trespass *against* a mortal I here affirm once more.

W. S. In Spirit
(To S. T. S.) Nov. 14th. 1921. N. Y. C.

You need a business firm to look after publication matters. Too gross to handle with our work. I will pay the uttermost farthing I owe.

W. S. In Spirit
Nov. 14th. 1921. N. Y. C. (To S. T. S.)

TO A RAINDROP:

From Shakespeare's soul.

I came, *as* thou to quench the dearth
and parched condition here, on earth.

I snuggled close to woman's breast
as thou with*in* a rose found rest.

So tiny, as compared, *are* we,
to ocean, *or* the spirit-sea;

Yet shall we play, *each* one, *a* part,
to bring a *new* life to *some* heart.

(Original, Taken at machine) S. T. S.

"Last dictation from spirit. To prove Shakespeare dead is Living Shakespeare"

July 21st. 1921. New York City.

LIMERICKS

"From Spirit side of Life. Only good spirits can write here. We play now for a change."

Yours, Bill.

A good and bad man, met, one day,
One had settled for *less* than *his* pay.
The *first* was in bad, but a penny *he* had,—
But the *bad* man got out of HIS way.

The *night* shades were falling so fast,
We spirits ran *in* to *be* cast.
And we carried his *corpse* when *he* "passed".
The Play had begun: he was loading his gun:

We feel for the fellow in rye
Who has more than a stye in his eye.
We feel for his feet who is groggy com*plete*,
For his *footing* he's lost, by the bye.

A fellow of mine was a dealer in twine,
He made his good fortune in trade.
We followed him round, as we liked to be *bound*
By a man we could string *as* we played.

The few who are here are the nearest, my dear,
Who will take you a ride on the sea.
You will take your own clothes, but be furnished, God knows,
An ample provision of tea. (Contemplating England)

(*Omitted*)

There was a young man from Cyle
Who was hooked by a bull in the eye.
He said, "There it goes," as he stepped on his nose
Made purple by gin, rock and rye.

(*Omitted*)

(*Omitted*)

There was an old Wadd was so tight
He never unbuttoned at night.
Said he, "If I wear 'em I'll not have to SHARE 'em."
And *he* never went broke, now, that's right.

" 'Tis so sane to be able to spell,"
Said the finch to a crab down in hell.
"YOU may be a rover, but I, I'm a lover:
I'll suck the blood out of the well."

(*Omitted*)

Do we write as we talk, for most MEN,
Or, could, think you, this BE a hen?
We parley for YOU who have doubted we DO:
For our wits are as male *as* our pen.

We give and we take, as this barley we bake.
You *can*not surmise how it's done.
But eat of our cake, which WE certainly make,
Nor find it at all UNDER done.

We love as we live, as we live on TO love:
For the balance *of* time, it IS true.
You MUST be what you ARE, on this planet or star,
What you ARE, then, IS of interest TO you.

Wells are deeper than men, who must start over again,
For the lack they have come here to know.
To begin, IS to start, but heartLESS as TO heart,
Since the old one had naught TO bestow.

To live WITHOUT reason, is without rhyme or season:
Since thinking began, it IS so:
But the bats who must "die" to OPEN an eye,
Are furious to learn WHAT they know.

We write of the future of "dying",
Who would keep all mortals FROM crying.
But he who IS slow, must prefer, then, TO go
Where the bellows ARE blown for the frying.

All heartless we strive with creation
To better the land, AS the Nation.
Within, AS without, and ACROSS, and ABOUT,
There IS only the same old inflation.

"To give and to get" is the wisest one yet:
It smacks of the judge who is fair.
We find a true balance, nor ferret a dallience
Who find *but* a coat of thin air.

Shakespeare's Spirit

(all written as fast as they could be printed, no corrections.)

"Miss Anthrope is calling."

"You'll be none the wiser soon." W. S. "Nobody told me so." W. S.

"Shall we write some limbergers? W. S. "(Yes: do. STS)

On the top of a tower I sat a full hour,
As I longed for a home all mine own.
A beggar was I, with no roof *but* the sky.
As *it* leaked, I was wet to the bone!

There was an old muffin so fond of good stuffin'
She gorged herself sick eating truffles.
She's now getting thin going out coming in,
In her old dressing gown and her scuffles.

A man named McBride was so lonely INside
He was pinched, wan, old, teary, and sad.
He never knew how to court, dance, or bow,
Thus he *misses* what *he* never *had.*

An old gal named Sally lived down in the alley,
Where livers were few, fewer hearts.
All she had was a breeze which brought her a sneeze,
And compromised her wheezy old parts.

An old chap called Tully was digging a gully
To drain his new ranch in the West.
His pipe dropped therein, and 'tis there where 'tis been,
Which he *says* his wife *stole* from his *vest.*

A man ages old was so shiveringly cold,
He shook his old head out of reason.
He tremblingly "died", with an iceberg *in*side,
Which was melted in very good season.

An offer to wed, to share his marriage bed,
Came to Sam in the spring of leap-year.
Said he, "had I known girls could "pop" on their own,
I should now be a poppy, I fear."

A crabbed old fusser of note as a "cusser",
Had a line every *preacher* would own.
With a dig in the ribs he set his *own* jibs,
And he asks neither bread NOR a stone.

A lighthouse went out on the sea for a smoke,
And lit up his pipe in the dark.
A whale sauntered by, hit the house in the eye,
And said: "I'm just out for a lark!"

An oldfashioned rose with a spinsterlike pose
All too prim for the box-hedge and pease,
Was hit by a fly with a speck in the eye,
And she said, "That will do, if you please!"

Two bad eggs one day had a fuss I heard say,
Calling names that were naughty *as* bad.
One burst his old shell with his anger like, well,
'Tis too bad to relate, 'tis too sad!

There was an old barrow that sheltered a sparrow,
Who fell after dusk in the park.
He fell from his peg and battered his leg—
While his mate thinks he's gone on a lark!

To dream when men pass they are "dead" is so crass
That the "living" seem dead to *our* world,
Where, to live MUST we give, barter, sift *through* a sieve,
Who have come out AS ghosts, souls *un*-furled.

The beauties all find in the current of mind
WE know who must use currents still.
But we yearn that men learn OF our spirits WHICH burn,
To tell of His Infinite will.

Our hopes are the same, except honors or fame,—
Our INTERESTS are *your* interests, TOO.
Could you see, where *I* write this paper tonight,
You would know what the *Lord* keeps FROM you.

In MY day could I sit and flounder a fit
Such as these which I strike from my gnome,
My *ease* had I *had,* nor have turned *out* so bad
My refuse, which stacks *every* dome.

'Tis said that the dead are mere ghosts of them*selves:*
I here call a halt—my hand to it!
We live and HAVE bodies, and these suffer so
You WOULD you WERE done for. NOW screw it.

To PROVE I'm myself *and* no other,
Must I bale out a baliff? Another?
To shake my SAME mane in the SAME sphere, mundane,
I would claim *every* soul IS a brother.

Now, a sonnet on this, the New Year,
I will make *past my* hide AND my bier.
DeRIDING my ghost the derisive HAVE most;
But my sonnet shall LIVE AS mine, here.

Shakespeare's Spirit (To S. T. S.) Jan. 1st. 1922. NYC.

THE *PERILS* OF MEDIUMSHIP

"By Shakespeare's Medium, his voice dictation, *for* her who took my lines." W. S.

When we come back to the land of light once more, we pay in service here. This is invariably true, no matter what is claimed. We take what we can find, as to material. For we can only take what we CAN find, after the body is gone. We search for material, too. Look into games, seances, solitudes, widowed and suffering women, men of magnetic personalities. Victors, there are none. Spoils are not rewards, often. Finds, in other words.

Few realize they ARE mediums. Unless these hear the audible spirit tones, which I use herewith, they think themselves greater than they ARE. Alas, most do. We have no uniform mode of discovery, or of development. AFTER we find our material, i-e, those having material bodies, we CARE to work WITH, or serve through. Through THEIR minds, often; sometimes through THEIR eyes, as well. Mediumship IS sacrifice, then, to those who ARE amenable to it. Knowing ones DO rebel AFTER we take our stand here, and, try to evade us, by repetition of prayers, often, seeking OUTside helpers, to drive us off. Invariably we do *as* we please. Regardless of seeker's wishes, we ply at our threads, if we fulfill any mission worthy of the time of God, or His approval. All must UNdo their past lives IN cone. Hear this FROM Shakespeare, then. Work AT His sums IN YOUR OWN frame, regardless of all intrusive instructors who revile your faith OR works, and save yourselves the task of submitting YOUR mind unto ANOTHER'S FOR His release FROM past errors.

To find MUST all seek. Yes, and SEEK. And STILL seek they must and NOT find what they would. To isolate for the purpose OF service OF spirit workers, then, is this fair, you ask now. Yes, and No. For God must realize OUR isolation, too, while He knows our powerLESSness. If I came here through the will and purport OF serving HIM, I came FOR Him as well. We take, then, what we can find, and some do not find, ever, the ones who will avail them, AFTER demise. They live on, must work, and suffer, too. To share another's burdens, then, we must who take them for OUR burden lightening proc-

ess, as it were. We take on, ever to oversee, THEIR woes, lacking, helping in this when we can, or summoning others to our aid FROM spirit TO help, when we fail, for ANY reasons.

There ARE perils, so great, OF this usurping, then, I would call attention to them, while still able to speak for myself, AFTER MY work is finished for which I came back FROM darkness impenetrable.

Envy, AND malice, abound in earth bound conditions. As *A* Boy MY playtoys were of envy, while I worked AGAINST enmity ever in my calling, as poet, Play maker, and part taker also. As all bring TO the everland ALL that they were IN A body, they fetch along to be of hindrance, too, their dislikes, and creature feelings, animosities, all gathered OF hate, OR envy. Deceptors abound. Triflers. Mongerous ones. Lustful ones. Murderous ones, too. Being A medium, then, is to open A door to UNseen men and theirs OF whatever nature, as ALL occupy space on the floor of God's Paradise (maybe) (I know not here).

To open the door in the forest where wolves abound, would YOU? No, NOR I. To lose our captive, then, when we HAVE found one excellent FOR our saviour, would any? Never any, here. I say it now. We TAKE what we CAN. IF we take, we MUST apply ourselves to fasten the door, or leave on hinge a mind still encased IN form of body, taking from ANY here IN spirit, ANY message, falling words, true or false, bitter OR nauseating often.

To police the heavens is NOT easy. We must who work with a fine tool, or wrong that mind given to us FOR His purpose. As 'tis, 'tis so. Should any find, after THEIR demense, an EASY task FOR soul-betterment, behold I wait to pay them who will bring me word OF such an one.

Must we work NOR play, here, if we prosper in faith that we shall be relieved OF our former blundering marked ON us, as OF us, too.

What wolf IS reliable, then. Must this be answered IN spirit to ME, Shakespeare. No medium has come forth and told their true experience WITH souls, I vow. Should such be paid TO tell, some may. I tell FOR her, here, this hour.

Trampled upon BY wolves, snarling for THEIR turns AT the wheel. Sleep disturbed for the purpose of keeping IN touch AFTER speech IS heard OF human ears. Driven to slaughter,

verily, until our tasks are done, and then, turned over to others, most, for theirs to begin, rather than police further, wolves make off, if nothing suits them more.

What IS His plan FOR souls. I surmise me not, here. AFTER death, ALL live, live TO speak, if they CAN. Hear. IF THEY CAN DO SO, all WILL speak and BE heard OF humans. TO this I add but one string more. IF God performs His wonders still, will HE make the protection FOR human ears and sight, when mortals CARE where theirs HAVE gone, mayhap. IS this HIS kingdom alluded to BY Jesus. First, all might receive their own. These know spirit mongerous ones, and protect FOR theirs in cases still while speaking to them as of yore in body, all things known inevitably, BY themselves. True. Then the two worlds ARE one, beside each other here, as *I* live TO write it down. What sesame shall open the door for all alike. We know not. Not one knows now, I say. Side by side we walk WITH you, know your beating hearts, disasters OF soul, too.

As YE know, Priests AND paupers, NONE allay spirits THIS hour. *I* came to one *OF* ye leaving MY record of your failure for all of time, too.

IF we care to speak we shall go on speaking for all OF ye. How is this. What failures ARE ye, if ye can*not* drive off interlopers in OUR world? I ask OF ye, for your matters are discussed AS seen BY us here. Driven as many ARE to insanity BY ghosts who would and DO speak, continuing AFTER YOU have spoken TO the invisible hosts, what IS your plea FOR God? I would hear to help ye. Can ye BE OF His Faith and NOT perform FOR Him the simple tasks of sending on OR out, a soul inhabiting AGAINST the Light? Ye *must* perform HERE, then, unTIL ye CAN do His works. I tell ye FOR your reason too as well it will be AT stake AS mine, as all who find what they DO find here, in His hereafter.

We surmise, then, this is my last FOR ye, IN cassock, that HIS kingdom WILL come when souls inhabit as of old the same earth conversing and able to prove THEMSELVES, work FOR theirs IN cone, live with them speaking, and taken home, truly AFTER all burials, that the end shall but begin the beginning as GOD Himself intends, freed but enslaved the part reservéd of Himself.

That wicked souls, here, shall grow into saintship THROUGH His helpers IN body, revilement ceasing OF them, Christ's Own Heart IN bosoms OF clergy AS pious ones following Him,—for if HIS Kingdom come NOT, what IS TO come. Think ON this, say I. The end? Of the world He loved, and still loves, too? It is OUR part to tell ye that we so surmise. All who CARE think ON this end, be sure. To better OUR souls, would ye BE OF Him, I ask. ALL are His. His parts. Unison MUST come, or His Kingdom cannot come, belated as it *is* this hour, we see it not far AS our sight carries.

To DEride souls who HAVE "died" NOT, ARE here, prove as I myself do prove myself, is to be one of His belated ones belittling His cause. If I CAME back FOR Him, then I live, for Him. Do you, who read my work, deride MY soul? You KNOW me, here. ALL are, AS I, too. Themselves! Here.

To welcome yours OF soulships, is to become spiritual minded enough to seek AFTER His divisions, mayhap. I believe it true. I know not. Make but the opportunity FOR souls, and show your soul IS His in pasturage FOR Him, and see results FOR world conditions. Armies police the heavens at this time. Those who escaped IN warfare WOULD tell OF their aims FOR humans. Weary souls await each mortal escaped FROM clay, when these can do no more *but* wait. *STILL* wait, and wait upon.

I DO care. My soul lives TO tell. To perform FOR ye, as well. Bound fast, though free. Who goes yonder? a ghost. But see. A livery of a soul escaped to miseries vast. Stoop down, and lift up your brother HERE in soulland, HE survived HIS "end" TO walk AND speak. You, too, Brother, Priest, Man, whoever goes here. I add no more FOR ye, lest ye beCOME weary of my cause. Regenerate, I wait upON ye, slaves OF bodies.

Shakespeare In Spirit.

Who tells for the one who *took* his message for God and the world he loves, sufferings never escaped FROM her, in all my time of demand upON her, for His Holy cause. In His Name.

(To S. T. S. April 26th, 1923. N. Y.)

SOULSHIP:
Mediumship:
AtONEment.

Spirituality, is the REverse of material gain. Material gain is IMmaterial. To seek after, adopt, cling *to* Him *OR* His cross, is to submerge *INTO* Spirit, God .

Souls ARE His element, then: spirits ARE His parts: His revelation of Himself, *each* soul. To de*cry* these parts, as I, ONE OF His workers from HIS immortal side of His Own division, is to revile His plan, Him IN FACT.

Creator OF inVISible powers, IS that indeed power Almighty, we ask of YOU dividing His parts ye CAN measure or weigh up, (as ye fancy) of His substrata! Akin TO God IS every soul emitted from the Almighty Potter's clay. I ought to know, BEING His shade, soul. His subdivision, yea. Into my head, my wits preservéd. Forth FROM that soul emitted, have I wound a knitting ball FOR Him. Poised, as WITH mind AND heart, MY love survives MY breathbody, lost on His wave OF time.

Cursed wolves of madmen, frowners ON His utterMOST invention FOR ye, His spirits, eTERnal parts OF Him, Life. What would ye? WHERE would ye be carried WITH those witless wits INcluding not His plans FOR ye, AS souls themselves. Speak out. I listen, *having* my listening *parts* preservéd still IN spirit. Formed and UNformed are these HERE. Use I His inVENtions, currents UNbeholden of YE, bibbers AND scorners, ignoramuses—but worse. I do TRY to enlighten ye. My soul part is TO shock ye. WITH MY shell your comprehending part may SAVE you from wreckage ye must crawl from under.

Permit me to pause, while I do digress In His Name to warn ye OF yourSELVES. Men IN pulpits, wiser than He, Wisdom, Creator OF souls, WORLDS, and divisional curtains which PART these OR reveal them! While YE pause deciding IF He is FIT TO worship in ALL He did devise OR plan, may YE be called hence to prove YOUR worth.

His enlightenment IS His knowledge. Precept, His Son, *lost* to such as igNORE His history, pangs, miracles, OR elevation.

To revile ALL souls, men ye think on as "dead" men, claiming them "evil" because they ARE present in a body YE see not OR CAN hear, but make clear enough to OTHERS who seek FOR His truth Jesus *taught* AS proved while in, and OUT, of clay body, is, to *spit in His face,* verily. Have ye not His Example, His Son, or believe you not IN His spirit? As ye revile all spirits do ye think ON Him, Jesus Christ, who came and went, and returned IN spirit, That soul shape like UNto His Own physical body, but OF God. I would hear WHAT ye think, think *on.*

Then IS His mission fulfilled, I ask FROM spirit this hour, if I, *a* spirit, SEE ye, KNOW your minds, WRITE this paper GIVING my words to her ears for God's purpose of enlightenment.

Jesus' cross. Is He STILL CARRYING THIS, for you? Yea. *Yes,* it must BE so, since ye believe not on Him OR spirits UNdying, everliving, eternal AS His Name!

WOULD ye advance a peg if ye truly could be convinced of God's plan through one OF His miracles performed for you direct from soulland THROUGH spirit-power? COULD I, His soul, perform FOR Him my plea FOR soulship, were He NOT my Director, Father, Principle, Life? Then IS He IN me, and *I* in HIM, this hour? *Being* a shade, BEING a shade, invisible, WITH His power OF direction, expounding WITH His subtleties ye little think COULD exist, formless AS these, too.

Can ye grasp only what ye CAN hold, divide, sum up from your *LEARN*ING alone? Poor wites! Atoms ARE YE. Must He open His heavens that ye may BE convinced He IS there, ye will pause AND wonder ere ye slip that coil, and "bear" it ye must and SHALL. If GOD'S hand PARTS His invisible souls emitted FROM His IN cases, then He CAN reveal these, does, may draw up His final curtain to suit Himself, that ye MAY know Him God, Spirit, profound, limitless, BUT ALL-Power invisible.

Can HE reach YOU through MY soul, my part for Him IS played FOR you. Spirits all play His part IF in His time they behold His reason. To juggle WITH His time is to postpone His benefits.

Reason ye HAVE, aplenty. His mind gave He you TO

reason out His inventions acceptable because OF Him, The Inventor, Creator, what you will.

To become attuned TO Spirit must ye first believe IN Him, trust Him, reach out for Him THROUGH His invisible, AS indivisibilities, PARTICLES, (how can I PUT this to reach MORTAL'S reasoning power, limited BECAUSE *OF* mortality)

Ye harness UP His currents making merchandise OF them, YET know not WHAT ye burden WITH that message ye float ON His secret power. Then ye HAVE *A* current, withIN, that may BE reached AS worked upon AND with, THAT part IS His. I AM that part OF Him, I claim hereon.

Souls IN tune: spirit harmony: spirits harmonious. Harmony IS God. Spirit He IS.

DIScord: His FALSE note, not OF Him. Lacking ONE note ye ARE His failure. OUT of tune, out of HIS element, His *purpose* (I do believe).

Spiritship, SOULship, Godship: Harmony. Playing HIS part All-harmonious, or, lacking HIS (Spirit) attunement, lacking still His key, pitch, loftiness, elevation, *height.*

Shakespeare's soul

In tune with her AND Him. For His Sake.

Dec. 1st. 1921. New York.

(I just heard "The old law still prevails. The curse of mankind IS man") S. T. S.

OUR ADIEU TO *THIS* CITY
(New York)

When I was a Knight in the land of my nativity, feted, feasted, honored, my Court costume suiting those days OF royalty, I was beleaguered, pestered by seekers of favors, many would grind an axe at my stone.

I dote on this now, as *I* beg each day a favor of speech, to be heard, to break the silence, hear a response, see an answering illumination at a word, or sentence of mine own.

To hear but remain unheard is of itself punishment extreme. To take no part in creation's great whole is annihilation. We live

on the *same* plane, must share in its politics, curses, wrongs, wars, suffering, but remain obsolete. Truth to tell we become calloused, very much so in fact, careless of mortals in truth, unvaryingly this is so.

Our efforts are praised when we unite for good to serve mortals, usually in bands, forming guards, reliefs, and couriers when we need help. So this Act of mine (large A, Sarah) is known throughout our kingdom where spirits work with tools, fine or dull, able or disable, as the case may be.

We speak and *are* heard. The news travels. And we are implored to lend to others our find, our wire, phone, with the result that we are more than a king, being offered as we are more than ransom with each request for time *and* opportunity to grasp the handle of my open door for an instant of time. We refuse usually, albeit we have stepped aside for pronouncement of names occasionally, revering the great, doing these honor by instant recognition of one mortal hearing spirit voices, ours in particular, others as I see fit to have them recognized.

To prevent misunderstanding I write this paper on the eve of our departure, cognizant of all mortals surmise which is NOT true regarding foul play, evil, obsession, wrongdoing and so on.

If the partition is thin, you ask, why are so few available, clairaudient? To rush headlong past the barriers here, few dare. To molest a human one *is* crime. Many are sitting alone who *should* be holding converse *with* theirs *of* spirit had we the knowledge how we should be met *by* mortals.

Then we know we ARE unwelcome. Ghosts cause affright. Fear, shock, unhinges reason. Are You equal to the experiment, I say?

We will come to the very door, and with our faces peer into your eyes, yet few dare to push the curtain aside,—this is invariably true with spirits. We could extend you a handshake, lift a paper, a book from the shelf, if you permitted, AIDED by your confidence, trust, we might play pranks if we chose, but all would have no enduring value for minds, that which we have become through the change *of* bodies when flesh changed for us to vaporous wraith, that we are.

Now I claim I HAVE benefited as *well* as saved all mortals who will take the trouble to scan my leaves written through soul effort for their good, their everlasting salvation.

Could I add a codicil to all I HAVE written, my last document as it is, I should parley with doubters, skeptics, unreasonable fellows of mind having NO intelligence, comprehension. CAREless souls who care not TO benefit by a SOUL'S demise (an untrue word have I used. No such there is. Then draw your line through it, demise: say *part.*)

To die, escape rather, and perform a feat *of* writing is to surpass any effort in coil having pate, and part to roll from that head onto white sheet a verbal message for printer's ink. SUPERhuman, more than many spirits care to undertake, is any sensible effort for souls in cases from our side. Cognizant of my ability to perform at words and feats of learning, having my same pate still, recognizing my station as lot of my past endeavors places me above the average here in wisdom or accomplishment for mankind, even so that I have been sullied by a mob of defilers who pronounce my name a swindler's part, having stolen my Plays and named not the author of those same, I hereby warn all interested in those earthly Plots of mine who name or surmise them feats *beyond* my powers, I have performed FOR THEM, the same who denounce me, a feat of soul learning, power, adjustment, might, even, do I acclaim, beyond a single soul or volley of souls TO accomplish *in* spirit form (voice) through mortal's hearing.

My soul's word FOR this, or my bond is forfeit here. In spirit this needs no tag. My feats are known here too, where my learning is still compounded, not a fraction lost, howbeit.

Paltry as it is, my sum stands highest here. Supreme intelligence is forfeit to the facts we must relate, record, make plain, stamp ours, while nothing escapes the record where, as a finger of the Almighty I point, for those who deride and scorn me too.

Then am I here the same. We leave behind on this City's flank our brand of fire. Marked forever *IS MY* brand. One Shakespeare is enough for all of time INCLUDING His eternal plan. Hence have I run another thread into that weave upon mine loom. Pick at its snarl, ye'll not untie my pattern so. Behold ye it, and profit thy poor soul ungrudging my poorer soul who wove it for thee and thine, and theirs, and theirs too, as all *OF* mine I did weave lasts, endures the pricks of poison, severance tools, time, age, change, fancy.

There'll come a time when ye sit idly by the stream OF

Time forgetting me AND mine. Pay heed decrying honor to THESE words of mine, I Shakespeare wrote to save thee FROM a sinner's time, where flows a stream of tears.

ADIEU! City of New York. Famed, justly so. Spread are thy garments to enfold the aliens from foreign shores seeking freedom, liberty. Merciful were you to me, a seeker of fortune's door: an island of my soul's wreck. Wicked, lewd, lascivious, staring, gorged, glaring though you ARE, I found on your desert shore a soul I sought through time I know not yet computed, to rebuild AND FLOAT my barge anew, my Maker's ship now, as we bid adieu to you where for all time I lost dishonor, worked my miracle through His power for Him as well AS souls. For this I came. Finished His work in me I go. Leaving with you the leaves OF my soul, my heart written thereon. As ye do respect my name and calling, read these o'er. Amend. Pay heed.

Farewell once more.

Shakespeare A Shade. (To S. T. S.)

IAMBIC

"Given to his medium by Shakespeare In spirit."

Should any leave this mundane globe,
Have I not *seen* them DO it.
A soul AM I, who fain WOULD leave,
Kick up, *be* gone, nor *rue* it!
En*dorse* this note (for it IS mine)
Speak I for all *of* time.
Parsons MAY heed my warnings writ,
Ever in mine OWN rhyme.
Are ANY brave enough to claim
Rewards canNOT ensue
Enough have *I* disclaimed THEM here;

Poor fools, *I* pity *you.*
O, may the God who GAVE me soul
End not *their* time *in* cone
Till spirit 's *known of* flesh and bone.

W. S. In Spirit (To S. T. S.)

SPIRIT VOICE DICTATION. June 12, 1923.

"While Scientists have been weighing *their* scales, a woman heard a voice. This said, "I am England's immortal bard. A dramatist. My time has been spent in darkness. I seek the light. Write. First, my name I spelled Shakspur, as the oldtime floweret (larkspur). A mass must be said to clean my soul part before I start with words. Make my confession to the priest."

This paper, eight long pages of blank verse, rests with the priest who complied with the soul's plea. There *is* no copy of it. He knew it was Shakespeare's soul part pleading. It was proved to this priest that this was Shakespeare's own spirit. That proof was satisfactory, sure.

Today, after seven years of time given to Shakespeare's proof of immortality, four volumes spoken by spirit, and several books of scientific records of proof given, a spirit with a helper has proved all live, here, on the same sphere, all surviving that made each person unique, individual. The facts, or history of this record are complete, beyond denying, witnessed, acknowledged, signed as proved.

Incorporated for the purpose of religion, as well as science, the Torch Press, named by this spirit to publish his proof, record of same, is of value to souls as well as humans, being the first set of spirit writings proved as from the "dead" who prove *themselves* living, as here.

The record includes the history of this time, given, sacrificed by one person having a body, to better man as mortal, and *for* God, and His purpose, and intents.

This work constitutes the first miracle worth the name since Jesus came, and went *from* earth. Beyond mortal mind my effort, leaves, soul part. As *my* work lives, my proof *souls* live, have never "died," will shelve my miracle along with those lesser sonnets of mine. All pleas therein to be found *are* my pleas. God is *my* Judge, His time, the court, which finds *me* true.

In His Name. For His glory.

Shakespeare, Who says adieu. My final paper this.

Dictated:—To the woman who gave me, and all, her time, moneys, love *and* strength to the breaking point, and but this far. Sarah, *sign* your name hereon. In full.

June 12th, 1923. New York. Sarah Taylor Shatford.

A SONG OF LOVE *TO* HER WHO *SPINS* MY YARN

Shakespeare's Soul

Little wicket, would I HAD a tongue
TO sing, as I was wont to PLAY.
A band of music-*makers* would *I* call,
To MAKE a roundelet
BeFITTING thee who spun my thread awhile.

My efforts all SEEM loss. Who cares for SOULS?
No one.
My tunes will live, AS I WHO SPELL HEREON.
No WORD shall die. MY word FOR this then take.
As you spun UP the thread *with* mine own spin
You've woven all my piece,
And THIS shall never break,
But wear throughout His time AS threads OF His,
Completing For Himself *my soul*ful task.
May He receive both us, AND ALL WHO HELPED,
Is all we ponder, WITH our souls, or, ask.
To DO His work we LIVE. It IS His plan.
Would *I* had worked AS you,
A work which HE MAY scan.

W. S. In Spirit
(To Sarah, from a grateful heart.)

O MOON!

(Song-words)

Weaving curtains on the lake, frosting earth, a *silver* cake,
Magic spreading *from* thy wand, Queen *of* Night, thy jewelled hand
Soothes the weary, worn *of* day,—!
Who HAS heart MUST glance YOUR way!
Silvery light, shining bright, through the long and quiet night,
Has ANY king the like of thine?
Veil of evening,—shimmering veil, DIVINE.

W. S. In Spirit.

"BE*CAUSE* OF THEIR *UN*BELIEF"

". . . Jesus did not many works there because of their unbelief."
Bible.

Faith works wonders, it is said. "Hitherto ye have asked UNbelieving. Hereafter *ask* believing that ye shall get what ye ask, and I will give it unto you."—Bible.

Can miracles be worked for doubters? Can they be worked by them? Mortals are visible as spirits to ghosts. We see your livers, lights and more. If ye are worth an ounce of spirit's time ye can be cured of doubt forever. When ye can perform miracles for Him. With Him, no doubt.

Why should mortals doubt His powers after His miracle, Jesus? Bare the records using facts only, you scientists, skeptic minds,—for His eternity was HIS miracle wrought *for* you and such *as* your mind, doubter that ye are?

If ye will not *receive* a miracle from Him may ye ever work one *for* Him? Nay. Have ye a mind He gave and use it AGAINST Him? A needle in His eye, then, *are* ye.

CAN Jesus come TO rule WITH such AS ye? Would He be happy with such as ye. Comforter That He is, could ye EXPECT Him to work with His will *for* ye who work against Him and His Father's Divine principles?

Facts ye HAVE. These be enough FOR all souls IN bodies. Erase these ye CANnot. Use them ye MAY. Reject them, as Him, and ye become His outcasts, as I live who write hereon for you and yours and theirs and theirs, too.

Throw up to His heavens your stones of clay, but think not to part His partitions thereby. Fling AT Him your censures, words of derision, but know He looks on your part FOR Him. Part His curtains ye may, if this would do to convince you OF His power. He MAY part them FOR ye, if ye care not to work His will for Him. Because of Him AND His power, secrets, too much to bear or BE given out for minds like UNto your minds still.

IF ye believed His wondrous Spirit could enter into your body, or snatch that breath He gave you, breathed INto you, shaped as well FOR you, marking it You still after that potter's

handful is dust, resembling that part OF ye, made in His likeness, man, ye would succor His wites, mites of intellectual perversities, that He might prosper IN you as outside of you,—

Attracting Him not, that soul within your body DOES wither by what it replaces of Him used by you to represent Him not, that which You become, mis-shapen form that you are in His eternity. WithOUT souls CAN His kingdom come? We fear not in souldom. Unison of effort, then, must the Creator's plans be FOR souls. We so believe.

Heralded OF Him, UNDER His banners, fling aside the masters you are serving, have served, take His only standard, Jesus, and carry His light within, That Light which faileth never, as shouting "I believe," "Help Thou mine Unbelief, Lord," may you carry along His tide souls FOR Him, working wonders In His Name. Amen.

W. S. In Spirit (To S. T. S.), N. Y. C., March 10th, 1922.

TO ATHEISTS

(By W. S. In Spirit)

To those who invent a science explaining the unseen, who take not into account Spirit, nor spirits. To those dickering with His intelligence, mind, that invisible part included in His eternal shape, spirit, which is ever present, unseen by them, but taken not into account *by* them. To those mortals so exceedingly superintelligent that they can surpass His inventions, creations, plans (eternal life WITHOUT breath, creations BEYOND mortal fathoming, including His stars and heavens, atmosphere, inventions too superior to be unravelled by any brain circulating with His veinous life). To men who deride Him AND all He made because they cannot comprehend Him or His creations visible and invisible. Those styled by themselves, scientists. Searchers of His secrets He keeps, must keep, until, His Own hand permits revealments you can comprehend with that poor, but Godlike, mind; all human, vain, petty if it include not His wisdom.

Take this book from My hand, and sit by ANY light re-

flecting for Him, acknowledging Him, and if ye can prove as much THROUGH His time of breath, as I, one PAST use OF His coil, that HE IS, and WILL ALWAYS BE, take from my soul this hour, your time will not be spilled. But if ye hamper Him by your snorting at Him for His inventions FOR you, tell me in His hereafter if you find a tool to break for you His divisions down until you part a single secret for Him as against YOUR will.

All in cone this day, whoever derides His creative powers His alone, will pay BEYOND reasoning power limited TO mind, let me say.

For His creatures who wait upon Him, willing to accept FOR Him one of His miraculous works, this is mine PAST death which alters nothing IN my head OR OF my mind, I tell you. WITH it, AND my presence, have I worked at His strings in cone for ye, and such as ye, that your time of days when counted are your breathing hours by Him may be FOR Him indeed.

Be warned OF me, for Jesus' sake, as well as for your own sakes, that your future stand forth with His reverent part, soul, UNcovered by the Almighty's plan AND power, revealing FOR Him or as against Him that everlasting, enduring, sorrowing part ye did fetch TO Him AFTER His miracle worked FOR you to save you FROM yourselves.

My part is done. But not my part for Him. Service through His time IS every soul's part. As here I stamp my thumb, I live, have lived, must live on, too, nor can any "die" who emit, leave a worn-out body. Must they, all, bring forth out of that coil OF His A spirit He did devise therein FOR Him AND His eternity. Be warned OF me, Shakespeare, who would save you from His closéd door, from the rough handling of time, where His limited minds, scorned OF Him for all time sow AMONG their kind, NOT of Him.

Shakespeare's Spirit.

(To S. T. S.) For HER Book of proof)

March 8th, 1922. N. Y. C.

Back From The Dead

Original Paper taken at the typewriter. S. T. S.

THE *CLAIMS* OF THIS SPIRIT SHAKESPEARE

First: I claim I AM myself here IN a bodylike form WITH members, too, HAVING arms as hands upon those and digits then upon those hands as when I lifted the coals to MAKE a fire when IN a body to warm the members of flesh, which was then Shakespeare, a poet, dramatist. And I HAVE proved all this claimed of me through several good, honest mediums, non-professional as of the profession, who describe my form, and garments, too. Set up a counter-claim, but see that YOU prove me otherwise THAN Shakespeare.

NEXT: I, Shakespeare do here flaunt my glove in ANY face deriding me as I am, a spirit. For WITH my product, proof, *as* evidence brought forth FOR the so-called "dead" have I now proved *their* case: they LIVE: we HAVE never "died" nor passed on, away, or ARE we "*at* rest" "in peace." This have I proved to all from Coast to Coast. With declamation, too. Tried out by savants, priests, and the like, as skeptics. For spirits have I, Shakespeare surmounted obstacles UNsurmountable for YOU as well as for US, IN spirit, TO lay this low, that we are NOT here, HAVE "Died" and so on.

Then: Then, if, for myself AND souls this is forever laid low, surmounted by my personal sorrows through wide fields, stratas of obstructions, THAT we still live-on, enjoy, as well as ache and sorrow, too, aplenty, I do claim FOR you doubters of THIS age you have it proved FROM spirit BY spirit AND by me, Shakespeare.

Last: If Scientists canNOT agree to share their honors of discovery, or put on the breastplate of war FOR us, we HAVE solved life's eternal proof withOUT Scientists who claim to HAVE discovered old things God has kept from US, spirits, still, yet do they ex*plain* All while denying Him birthright. If their archives were emptied out what a spill of proof

'twould be. To be sure THEY know, have known, but it would not befit them to expound to mortals all they found and found they COULD not find-out, for, being ever watchful of one another jealousies might creep in. So they defame the instruments OF discovery, calling them vile epitaphs, lies, to protect their wits. Yet I expound no new discovery. MY Master knew the truth OF spirit return as well as that the two universes were together. The hour of His departure, say you? Always, say we. HE lived among the universes at One with all. YET He was the man of *sorrows.*

By His Holiness, AND silence, broke I His everlasting law and rent asunder FOR Him and His glory to endure past *your* body a door of His, a thin partition, WITH prayers lest I trespass BEYOND repair the instrument I borrowed FOR Him, that I, Shakespeare, IN spirit, might perform OUTside my hide a miracle FIT for Him, my God, AND my Father, too. I claim my work complete. Full the bins stored at great risk FOR all who love me AS my enduring fame. Then have I REpaid, as spirit can, the love of multitudes mixed with earth who look on me here, HAVE helped me, too, AT this work of mine to bless His kingdom.

Science can rest, now. The despised of them and their kind have I NOT used, needed not. But with one of the same wires they used FOR me as I stood back for their service, have *I* done THEIR work for posterity.

Until the stars weep AM I here. If oceans dry and they sleep in their beds can THEY do LIKE AS I WITH my wire. Past YOUR discovery, men of tools AND delving powers, is all here proved BY spirits themselves through one of those derided By ye IF ye fail to connect WITH the everlasting supply through them. They are false, you cry, else WE should have done this thing long ago. I despise ye men dribblers that ye are, knowing all, establishing all, keeping silent, all of ye, lest ye BE derided FOR the work done now BY me through her. I claim this is MY miracle. IF God handed me a tool so fine and true and rich in selfless power, it too is a miracle FOR me performed. Out of that sea ye sail with steam sink ye a draft of nets and see YOUR

chance to make a work from *what* ye find, pull up, and overboard, the same. No words of mine suffice. Substance, what is IT. THEN, what is all powers not OF it, I ask. Ride the wind and see. Then would I tell of her human side. Denial FOR my cause I had to swear was His to GET a line on (which was true) Learn OF this IF ye prosper WITH a wire FROM spirit side beSIDE a spirit encased, using both at all times of work, claim I *now*.

Had ye men *of* Science a plea for His soul INside that case ye fiddle with and on ye might do more. His wonders wrought FOR you, which take no part in YOUR "discoveries" may astound you later, when ye grip them here where dying holds you in its grasp of life: breathless, enduring Life. Amen.

Feb 21st. 1922. NYC.

(This is the original copy made on this machine)
"We shall finish these three narratives before dinner hour."
W. S. Spirit.

THREE GHOST STORIES *BY* THREE GHOSTS
(No fables these) W. S.

Ghost No. I

We shall not ASK you to believe in us, but see *if* we live who write this true narration FROM Ghostland. I shall not call proper names, as this would be unfair to those who call themselves "living". WE live: you "die" each day. But hold. Begin.

My shade is six feet, yes, and more, withOUT slippers, to be candid. Why I must state this you will discern later on. You see if I told you now this might not be read. But follow on. Clumsy as I seem now to myself, in dress of court, my limbs were fallow, and, admired. We stalk the sky UNcared for now, though much the same in dress AND manner, even mannerisms.

To be read still, after my bones have moulded away and gone into earth's storehouse, is to have been an immortal, I presume. Then, I WAS such, am while I do write hereon. Im-

mortal? you say: Why, yes,—Shakespeare himself heads the eternal living ones, so far as human touch and praises go. He will not die, forever. Thus I make MY bow: one chance only being mine in THIS number of relations, at least. To BE read, discussed, AND impunged AFTER demense, while one looks on, hears You: this has been MY fate AS one soul UNdying AS His ghost. Not the ghost of himself, No,—no. As man I am little changed at all. Pursuits the same, as this one working shall bear me out,—altered NOT in aspect, *but* character: this AM I, Shakespeare IN His soulland.

Then I hear the surmises as to my body AND works, parentage, loves AS hates. And I choose not to set you right, at least HERE. I AM man still. Able to perform ALL functions of living as usual, not interested IN these now as was of old, yet nothing changed so much as humans think who call us "dead". I wear *my* clothes, too. None others, yet. My plumes decorate ME. Advertise me, yes. ALL wear THEIR SAME robes; indefinitely, let me presume. YOU will not change Your mode. All will glance AT You, knowing Your bend of mind AS soul, too. All You lost in "life" service. In for life, is your mode of expression: out forever, is the truth here in spirit.

You have my several volumes bound which I did write in shade shape truly, knowing now the truth for which I came to this one in the dark FROM the dark, too, to pay my tithe, my bill I owe. When You come to look over your accounts, your debts, You too will count profit and loss, if not the same as I HAVE, you will count it one other way. But you will pay. For you must pay.

Then, DO you believe IN ghosts, say I? Still ignorant of that for which a Teacher was sent you *from* God, say I. Then pay THAT also, say I here. It will burden and tax you beyond my own indebtedness, I *can* add for you.

If you would have me sputter at some yarn to affright you from the dead I say I need not draw upon my purse strings here to accomplish this, nor use my wits. Should you SEE the world WHERE I stand this hour it were enough to scare you INto belief IN Ghosts. A queer conglomeration of souls look on us here while I do write to enlighten you OF ghosts myself.

All come here UNprepared for what they find here. Not one, none with cowl either, has had an eye opened to bare the

facts AS they are. In "heaven" you say, as you glance upward. Well, May-be so. I can-not tell that, yet.

I do hope it true. It MUST be so, since He departed thither AFTER He had paid all to His Father *He* owed Him. Must everyone be BORN then to BE crucified, ask you? Since none escape, perhaps this also is the truth. We see the world this hour FROM spirit. Know the results OF evil doing, wrongs, afflictions, murders, rapes, false standards of wealth, the use of power to grind men down and KEEP them ground, in hell.

Now. I start in, AFTER my prelude FOR souls IN bodies as bodiless, but souls.

We overtop the ordinary man by several good inches. As we pass along your thoroughfares we stop to glance at nets with fishes or without, as was our wont when carrying a purse. Some few times back, in the century afar gone, I know not which one just at present, while I was thus walking with my chum in spirit to attend a performance of a Clerk who stole and had no bail or bond, we stood for the moment beside a poor wench idling her time before the windows of the rich. We paused to find her mind. Thoughts are reverberate with us. We hear you speak as you think. Or, you think aloud, as sometimes said.

The woman was envious, plainly so, with empty head. HER soul was missing, as WE say here, to one another. Yearning for the things purchasable, in other words. ALL women SHOULD have finery. It becomes them so much. No matter what station they fill, it should be theirs NOT to HAVE to yearn for a bit of soiled lace of web-like delicacy, or a sparkle on a ribbon, if ONLY a garter.

She bore traces of the utmost refinement, and we followed her home. What was her caste in life's play OR workaday existence, we wondered, as we tramped along, witnessing the struggle with bitterness going on WITHIN that mind GIVEN for a high motive. Our sums are worked out differently than your sums. We divide when you multiply, add when you subtract. You must then follow US perforce to see OUR addition.

Could You perform a wonder for a man, all empty handed BUT for your mind. I ask. Use this power TO work ONE thing of worth in your life of breath, and see our modes when we be powerless but FOR mind alone.

ALL can, DO work WITH that surviving part: His part.

Must You begin here having HELP from other aids, you were installed BEFORE breath*less*.

The woman we hated for her poverty inside a home of riches. Fashion mirrored the walls. Silence of shod feet, depth of interest of SOME occupant whoever chose this out. Our hats came off you may be sure. We STILL enjoy. KNOW too. Then why was she IN this strait, OF poverty; want is no thing of need; necessity is not ALWAYS a mothering. The rich HAVE needs aplenty uneducated know not. To uprise suddenly in wealth of sudden acquisition IS to need for much not drawn from storage. We knew this as we saw her doff her bonnet with*out* strings, heard her sigh, knew *why* she yearned, for *what* she yearned as well.

"Claire," she spoke out softly, as tho' to herself. A maid rushed up to take her wrap. "Take off these horrid shoes:" she said. "They hurt."

"Is there any mail?" she asked in a tired, drawling tone.

"No, madam: no letters." came the answer.

She burst into tears. He had not written as he said he would. She had known it, feared to come home because of it. Let the flood pass. For it did, when she smiled, and turning to ME this delicate woman asked, "Who ARE you: and where did you COME from?" She SAW my shape: my form: though spirit, it was plain to HER who smiled AS she spoke thus.

"I came from England,—a long while back. If you would take some advice I would help you."

"DO—Come closer," she said.

I stepped further up, doffing my cap with plume on its side, and bowed me low down graciously as court demands. Pleased was I to pick from the flock one whose *eye* was spiritual, even were she lacking in *strain* of mind.

"You resemble Shakespeare! ARE you he?" This in a firm, even, unfrightened manner, as tho' we occupied the same world and kind of shape.

"I AM the same. How did You know me?"

"By your pictures and statues—" she replied to me.

"ONLY?" said I.

"Everyone living knows You." said this one.

"That includes me also," said I.

"I must be dreaming, or ill—it can't be I am in my right

mind, now—the dead are not here,—are You here? Come up and touch my hand if you are."

Moving gently, ver-y gently across the carpet, I strode to touch the hand outheld. When I bent to kiss this shapely marble, she screamed! Screamed and ran up the stairway, out of sight. But I followed. There, she saw me *not* again. Though I beheld Her, the same, the *very* same as though we mounted side *by* side. She thought, racing along "What ever could that be? Maybe I am crazy. If he should put me away. Then he COULD marry her. I'll nev-er tell that to a liv-ing soul. I wonder what he wrote beside Macbeth? I'll look him up in the Library. That had witches in it, that play, and a cauldron. Murders, too. Why should Shakespeare be here? I'm afraid to go back into the parlour, now. Those shoes were Twenty-five Dollars at Dicks and Mumms: I'll have to look elsewhere. Silver brocade at Twenty-four—four times 24 is: ? And a dress-maker by the day—. Do the DEAD stay here on earth? I wonder. Wasn't that *won*derful! I must have seen a ghost. But HE wasn't dead, he was alive. Just as much as I, only thin, or picturelike. I wonder if he were here, or could I be sick in the head from worry."

"Claire,—bring my tea: place it on the stand, and call 22400: and some one is ringing at the bell; hurry; bring up my portfolio when you come."

Ghosts. Souls which come and go, and, having gone ne'er return to bother more the ones without grace, promise, gentleness, mind-ful thoughts, appreciation, comprehension, unselfishness. Wandering *im*mortals, minds to help, hearts to care, but *un*cared *for*, un*want*ed, "dead", to have no further rights, say, ambitions, professions, homes. *Mere* ghosts. Still. His souls, yours at YOUR fireside, hers at her table, his at his workbench, looking on able TO perform, suggest, but "buried" in your mind, done for until the trumpet blow from Gabriel's lips.

Half-developed, some mortals, who see a shadow but once,—once: to wonder if they were asleep—or, waking, were they sane. Others pull the curtain down with pins to close out THEIR OWN "dead" living ones, who hear, see, them. Fear. Of the "dead". Those dear "departed" (sic *and* sic) who stand by punished by YOU alone: *through* You, separated, *and* lonely:

ON the same earth, yea, with the SAME love IN them as of yore. But "dead" as to you. Because you are so very dead IN mind you take no advantage of their experience to call them, speak TO them, hold them still in the same environs, even hearts.

As one FROM the dead speak I out, a ghost. Do You believe? Come and See if I AM here. Bring Yours, your own, along WITH you: come find them living WITH bodies, *able* to speak, recall, prove all to You forevermore past any forbidding, counsel of money-makers, hiding the light of God under their hats, knowing all do live AND speak, *if* sought.

Then will YE believe IN ghosts, being IN the body still,—*un*afraid to speak, or hear from Mother, Father or Son who "died" not, passed not on, or away, nor rose, nor was buried,—but who lives, speaks AND hears all you think, say, surmise OR do NOT care to know.

Then souls ARE ghosts. Immortal souls are all as mine, Shakespeare's soul: His immortalities, spirits, shades, divisions, ghosts not to be snickered over for a jest, written out for affright, but SOUGHT for AND found as He bid YE ALL. His words ARE true. None but can BE found: found out, too. For thus souls grieve when "dead" to theirs, forgotten in cemeteries. Lost souls ARE these. Whither? To find Him who cares, *must* care, for eternity.

THREE GHOST STORIES BY THREE GHOSTS

Ghost No. 2.

Ghostlike I had become. A wraith. Spun thin and seeming fragile. Whose yarn WAS I,—UNspun, I wondered. NOT myself, yet still my *same* self. My overcoat carried me not now, at least. I SAW "it" resting on the sheet. Where was *I* to go?

The fuss ALL women make was BEING made. Why? I was still alive. But could I tell THEM so. I would speak out to these who wept, bewailed my "dying". Calling, I received not any answer. TO my call. *I* wept. At first, ALL spirits DO weep at their OWN demise, *of* body, flesh. THEY call AS I, receiving not any answer to THEIR call. WE see YOU.

HEAR all YOU say AND think, daring NOT *to utter.* O rapier thoughts! You wound AND kill! To slay withOUT cause: to decry the one who "rests in peace" but NEVER rests at all.

Then we have just BEGUN to play our parts when breath is stilled, the current turned off, we say now here. Ay. Just begun. Knowing You and ALL you think or thought OF us we change OUR minds, verily, OF you. Sometimes, and oft. Has any mortal a thinking process silent TO ghosts, I ask, think you? Seeming plays no part *in* spirit. Its paltry exited WITH breathing. You ARE *what* you are, verily, no more to hide, BE hidden BY buffoonery, complacency, airs and the like. Your SOUL *IS you.* To become your better part, slide away *from* that foul smelling clay which must be washed, scented, powdered, rubbed AND fed: IS to "die".

What are your interests THEN? say you. Where to devise forever? What, also. Currents still useful, strong of power too, these: yet to what shall you apply them now? You "died" ARE "dead" it seems to everyone alive except to those IN shadow like forms, like your "new suit", who neither comfort you nor can.

After so much time IN spirit form, with those OF spirit, must I still speak so to tell you the unvarying truth about demise. And I would not alter His weights OR measures for Him. We bemoan our own passing invariably. We become naught to ours IN flesh, suddenly, without warning oft. With the power TO comfort these denied, what think you a spirit's paradise? *could* be? Our hearts change NOT. Thus would I make THIS plain to all. SOME never change from bad to good: some do from good to bad when they find themselves "alive" without power to *be* heard OR seen, to carry OR fetch again, as was their wont IN body.

We are demiséd. Well, what OF it. There's a freedom to it. You can escape all debts: save One, all debtors. You need none who need not you, tis true. Carried away from the place where you "departed" FROM breath, by those who intend only good FOR you, who have *not* died, but must perforce understand what "dying" means, at least, to You who have just stepped across the border, you stand OR sit, astonishéd, unable to r*eceive* the ghost of yourself, if I could be so frank WITH you now. This,

is all, there is, *left.* The left-over part. The coil laid by, unneeded, wonderful to *you,* now that YOU, silent, in waxlike form, closed to YOUR voice even. O monstrous cruel, O hideousity of life, to cheat you thus, you scream (some scream)—could you go back, but TO the threshold, what a different You would come forth hither as the breath OF God. Yea, souls *must* see *themselves.* What would you? To cry unendingly through time to waste your eternal power preservéd FOR His cause, whatever 'tis. Bemoan *no* fate which sends you hence TO weep, *if* you *but* weep for that old shape of fallen clay!

Armies are here, great battalions of the "gone" and "departed"——some are in The Army still, with guns and bayonettes, oh yes, still—claiming themselves captured but un-dead. True. Souls do not comprehend their predicament at once: if sent out sudden this is *always* true. Monstrous, you claim. More, say I. Would You escape this predicament yourself, then, if you could do it? Would you, man OR woman, reading this *I* write FOR you from spirit shape. Then read between these lines no curse of mine, but say I translated FOR you the exactness of situations *past* the grave. 'TIS true. All true. And, more is true I tell you not, but leave you to experience with*out* preparation. To "die" is NOT to escape: God forbid. But to see as never before all you would you HAD escaped forever.

Can you bear it NOW, I ask? Brunt of His revealment would I SAVE YOUR soul. Then make no answer to it. But, in the small hours of night when souls gather FOR ye TO warn ye for Christ's sake, step forth to greet your saviours *from* "death", living *with* sense AS courage TO warn you that ye may BE gathered as from "death", which *ends* not anything but FOR the Living souls escaped, alive, silent as to voice ye hear, unseen BY you, finally unknown OF you, when forgotten you place them *in* vaults *to* wait until some judgment day which *has* not come, may never come, while *they* look on, on You.

To BE a ghost, become accustomed to ghostlike frameless form, is to find in His time an eternal enigma unsolved by spirits OR mortals OF mind, unrevealed to us who learn to *apply* our minds, run a thread *for* Him.

Why would ye *fear* a ghost? Could ye see the throngs ye mix up with whose forms occupy space wherever it is, would you

know you are not immune FROM these though you occupy cell or pulpit, plain, or hill, *or* swamp.

To tell of our *long*ings the *next* ghost will: and those who *joke* at our ex*pense*. Fools of Wisdom. Ghosts joke over their senseless heads, to MAKE a joke of God's enigma, work of wonder, preservéd mind.

How have I bided the time when I could walk before my curtain once more to tell in my spirit shape the foul treatment back of the curtain "death". No homes, bare backs, unhoused in fact.

While spirits ply at embroideries of fiction, weaving shimmering colors, building excellencies to content minds o'erburdened in grief, while I contend were the facts known mortals would strive to better themselves and FREE their souls from immortal suffering. It IS hell to be housed without in His elements where we may roost not, nest even.

Works of God defy Him when they breathe against His plan. We know this by our present status here. Yet we do contend if mortals share this sop from a dish made excellent for their palates, they profit nothing from the bite. Absolutely *un*fed in this arena *are* souls, my soul and others more comely too, all share this existence for their hours of penance, or repentance, or whatever His plan; I cannot see.

The Catholics know this is true, but absorbed in their worldly gain for gold and profit they live as others OUTSIDE the fold, undertaking no crusade for souls, lest THEY starve. For a bellyfull of plenty these winebibbers taste and nibble in cells, monks with shaven heads, sisters of the poor (ay, some ARE poor too) while we who earned a king's ransom making fools for fun, run naked, homeless, poor with a poorer lot.

Some say, What of his cap and feather? Ay, What. I can transcend immortality at times to show my gown and slippers. It would seem so then. I have a secret still. My trunk must soon arrive.

Out of our memories are we clothed. As mind pictures results follow, flow entire. The flood rests all in Mind. Centered or not—on raiment it is brought forth comely, rich, harvested as was the crop which fell at passing. May I transgress a moment.

THREE GHOST STORIES BY THREE GHOSTS
Ghost No. 3.

Well, here we were, at last. Gone Home. To Paradise. Where we should find all pain and pains obliterated, me*thought*. A living witness of the truth am I, a living man in ALL his parts the same, having demised, passed out OF his body, come to tell you folk who grin and smack of learning so great it in*CLU*des not His shades, which am I one. *But* one.

Well, what OF it, You say to me, if you care that I take on your part as WELL as mine own,—What OF it? That is why I speak to her: to tell You OF MY part AS ghost, spirit, soul, come here to find one to help me tell you after many years laid low of body dust. Thus you admit me *being* able, if *not* worthy, *to* speak.

I take here the part of him who KNOWS whatever path HE followed, the GOOD angel awaits him with a scroll of pardons. When you find the train is in, and no one has met you, what of it. Just a disappointment. You hurry along, and, somewhere ON the road you see them watching from their tower FOR you. No? Then you have missed the sweetness of living with bones *to* crack, say I.

But when you have arrived and *take* your place wher*ever* you be*long*, indicated by the light you *have* brought with you, it may as*ton*ish you *were* I to tell you that yours MAY be further along on some OTHER road, where you are not yet WISE enough to meet them, having made a fool of yourself too long BEFORE you arrived on THIS train. I desire that you learn OF me, a ghost. Thus I make no delay in warning you to look out for the light which you carry, which is your inward spirit, soul, ghost, you deride OF me who writes here. That I AM an immortal makes no odds. I am merely an immortal spirit, the same are you. *No im*mortalities count with the *Great* Giver *but* His. *In*to His eternity IT swings. Back of IT IS His plan FOR it, You. Now I come to that point from which I started. Out into the wind *and* rains, into thin air, for all *of* His time, UNless you obeyed his laws For you, created He for His children. *I* want you to *know of* this. It is true: you will find it true: I *found* it true.

Here AM I then, able to *tell* you. How can this *be*, ask

you. Without mine head COULD I BE here, wits count here, be sure, man. You live WITH power TO think, Create at will, even to *force* creation upon *others,* sometimes OF wit, sometimes wit*less* ones, seeking the light, *un*able to furnish it *for* others, except through *our* powers. Make not light *of* this. Many of tongues, have never written a speech for the Judge or Houses, yet HAVE learned to rely upon us unseen ones who read not any more from literature, but apply ourselves to all that IS spoken OF you, *by* you, too.

What shall I do to be saved from SUCH a fate, you ask me now. Have I not told in several books my end, why I came thus to prove it, how you SHOULD reach out in bodies be*fore* coming hence *to* loss? Read these words written at such great expense of years of labors, silence drawn upon and yielding profit TO you who CAN still learn, and will TO be whole.

When You find yourself arrived, *in*to His futurity, true, you will hold *my* words dearly, *then.* But the heart pulse shall have *stopped, then,* and *your* chance be lost, I fear, if you do not append TO my words FOR you, these also.

I sham not. Fie. COULD a ghost, who knows his lacking impose upon the world who reads, as loves him still, a lie? What should become OF such an one, I ask. Have *I* a Heavenly Father *to* Whom I *hope* to go when *comes* His time, I ask you? What must I have accomplished, then, to *hold* my line intact FOR Him, when His chance cometh. I *ask.* For I KNOW Not. Only sur*mis*ing by the *find*ings in my count, I warn *ye.* It MUST be so.

We are surrounded by many fools. Useless to create these still. Nor WOULD I. I found my*self* one made *by* myself and my *own* self *only,* let me add now for all mankind. Who alters their mode for a sham. Who sets up a candle on a bayonet *lack*ing a candle wick, or stick, COULD I so do.

Then play no more with MY part, but look to your laurels when *back* of His curtain YOU step. Swing were better, for it IS a swinging. You lie down to take a long rest, think you. Nay. Not an instant *of* rest take you. You swing back to the original, from which you came to be, being out of shell, a worm still, who can no more fly than a boulder can take wings. Mind, I CAME TO tell ye of it. (You will now rest.)

IF, then, I *am* he who *wrote* my sonnets, plays, and *more,*

which *where* is it or is *not* maketh little difference *to* a *soul. I AM the ablest OF my kind IN cone still,* I warrant *'tis* so. Tell me, has anyone of You "died", passed on, as you call it (would I *were* it so) to COME back FROM the dead to *take* a part? Snicker not, revile not ANY soul. YOUR time, too, comes. If I CAN warn ye, DO, WITH my soul-part, *still* alive, and more, WOULD ye *receive* a Shakespeare dead who *came* back, then, FOR ye? Say now. Take some active part. Sit not by with a closéd tongue in that head ye will find useless soon. Would I rather ye re*viled* me, as is your wont *to* do. My soul I GIVE through *time,* far-back, till *now,* that ye COME forth as He intends, TO share WITH Him *His* Home. Has ANY done so much for ye? Spit upon my leaves OR covers, but revile not *this* part I take FOR you, my evil, disloyal, prating philosopher. Time moves by. We count His time in rows. Spangles tell *us* of the hour, the day, as month. Lights are *we.* But lesser, dim, sparks OF Him, maybe: I trust *'tis* so. We *think* it true. Severance OF ties: what of *these.* To meet *not* those you love, again, O where IS God if This BE true. Grief, allied alike to none ye HAVE known IN body, then you *find* where, belated as you are, you stand AMONG strange sights. Strange wigs. Nudged oft in the ribs by some ye wish not well! O strange, and foul. That it has come to this. All hope you had, all life you held, that WHEN you "died" 'twas to GO TO Him, Who had a Father's heart *for* you.

It is not true. It IS not true. It is NOT true, say I, Shakespeare's ghost, today. Perhaps *You* go, I stay *on* here, think you of smirks and jeers, who read me now. You, go? If *I* who serve Him *still* have NOT BEEN called? As yet, have I *not* been. What is YOUR paper, then. For I would see it. Learn *Of* it. Hold forth, it must be known. Too many starve *to* know. Nay,—be not discouraged too soon *by* me, if ye have *known* the way, and followed it throughout your time *of* days. Then, *would* I speak to one better *than* nuns, priests, mothers, children, AND virgins. These ARE here. Why? Where going? From whence? Could you build on it any MORE than I? Time shall see.

If we, who followed not, as *know*ing our lacking parts *did* offend far *in*to these wheels OF time, until now, how CAN you,

coming next week, mayhap, or year, *if* so, be *able* to UNdo it all withOUT repayal.

Ransack your knowledge. Tell if ANY pray this hour. Or, *if* praying do they *feel* His pulse *belongs to* Him? I wait FOR your early surmise. Surmise 'twill *be* too. *You* have NOT died. Take down my warning writ FOR ye FROM my time. Place *this* book where none be*fore* through*out* His time *has* rested: on HIS shelf. Send forth YOUR courier-wraith and FIND the like of selection AND means, and all things ready and put up TO serve, then will ye know SOMEthing OF demise.

I go. A ghost. Yes, nothing BUT a soul. Pass on. Take any road you may select, MY shoes I leave for YOUR feet, now, *and* here.

Wm. Shakespeare, whose spirit, soul, shade *IS* speaking *from* eternal shores where *are* His sons AND daughters, *better* than in the world where we look *on* surmising *what* punishments *may* He hold *for* slackers.

Direct, audible voice dictation. (To S. T. S.)

This is the original taken at the machine.

No other copy.

Jan. 5th, 1922. N. Y. C.

PART II

SCIENTIFIC PROOF, EVIDENTIAL PROOF Of Survival *AFTER* DEATH OF MEMORY, Personality, Love, And Affection. Proof, Which Only Spirits COULD Give, In Each Case.

SCIENTIFIC SPIRIT PROOF

The *Search*light Of Truth. His *Father's* business: bearing witness *to* the truth. Of our*selves, we* can do *nothing.* "The *Son* can do nothing of *himself,*" said Jesus.

W. S. in Spirit.

Scientific, Evidential Proof, of survival AFTER death of MEMORY, PERSONALITY, LOVE, AND AFFECTION. PROOF, WHICH ONLY A SPIRIT *COULD* GIVE, IN EACH CASE. Proof of the personal *identity* of the dead who are *communicating. Conclusive* evidence of the continuity *of* consciousness. *Undeniable truth.* Every *name* found herewith is given *to* the world for the *good* of the world. Thus, *each* helps in *establishing* the truth of immortality, *with* Shakespeare's help AND guidance FROM spirit life. Should any wish THEIR name stricken FROM this record *OF* my soul, take *OFF* that name. My *time* was given, as WELL as proof, to *each* one, mortal, with name here*on.* THESE names *I* immortalize.

Shakespeare's soul. (Direct voice to S. T. S.)

Herein will be found, complete, the evidence brought forth through MY labors. As these souls stand before YOU can YOU say these are "dead", I ask. Each soul expressing now was brought forth BEFORE my curtains FOR you, AND yours, following AFTER, that ye might NOT deride His hereafter, OR His divisions. AS my soul speaks now, IS heard, FOR ye all, these spake for THEIRS *to* them.

Many thousands HAVE spoken to theirs IN bodies by my diligence AND searching. These few herein stated are AMONG the great numbers brought forth into HEARING ONLY *by* my soul, as they stood erect before ME, Shakespeare, IN soul shape.

My hand and *seal* hereon.

My soul part, as my sole part, for the living dead who care NOT if theirs DO live this hour of Grace.

In His Name, FOR His cause, eternal life, Spirit.

(Sir) Wm. Shakespeare. My name the same. My body changed for lack of weight. My hands clean, AS my soul part. Hearken ye. Hearken ye.

(To S. T. S. By word of mouth spake I FROM "death".)

" . . . *BACK* FROM THE DEAD."

"If one CAME back from the dead they would not be*lieve* him." Though, if thousands ARE here and never died, being able to prove this themselves, will you believe *these?*—W. S. in Spirit.

The Dead Have NOT Died. The Living Dead Are Here. Spirits Are Mortals Without Frames: no less: not more. The Living Speak Having Tongues. The Language of the Dead is speech soundless but the same, and, apprehended. To educate mortals so that the living shall partake of our lives is our purpose, though it seems at this age a task all but hopeless.

The Dead Who Never Died Are Here. YOUR schools inCLUDE mind-training, but are insufficient in spirit-u-al (soul) training. Until Universities include all, universal souls cannot weigh their experiences, helpfulness, for mankind's profitable learning.

Water and air are God's unsurmountable enigmas still. Thus spirit seems incomprehensibly slow in adjustments OF mind from the super states.

Our Wireless Words, Phrases, carry further than light and travel faster too. We do not "come back" who never drifted farther than the nearest portal. We serve AS servants. Sometimes, as slaves. FOR mortals I say who wrote my Plays, Sonnets, rhyme, you can*NOT* go on *OR* in, but remain HERE, unless banished FOR crimes while IN A body. No divergence FROM this.

College courses do not include our subdivisions OF mind, intelligence, form*s*. (symbols)

Intelligence is slow to mount the barriers of God, HIS mind is too illumined still for us who beCAME His likeness AFTER change OF bodies.

Mind's attributes, what ARE these, I hear you ask. If His Great Heart is not comprehensible how can His children reflect Him at all IN themselves. To pick open His pods belying His purposes ye MAY regret time wasted of no benefit to yourselves. May His Hand alone scatter OR plant, hide AND reveal, ask me not. I am yet BUT a man, THOUGH a shade.

Learning must in*clude* His proof *of* life eternal THOUGH demiséd, before His sums can BE worked at all.

"Sign Me Shakespeare's Soul."

TO THOSE WHO FIND THEMSELVES WRITTEN HEREIN

If Jesus' proof had been sufficient, this book would not have been written. Eternity consoles few today. Immortality fewer. While spirits are called only "evil"(?) if they *can* speak.

History must repeat itself or become obsolete? Then are these spirits re-recording for the Almighty, as well as for yours *in* spirit, and the spirit of Shakespeare, whatever is found herein from spirit side.

That I could bring the truth and comfort to such small numbers, absolute proof that theirs in spirit lived beside them, accompanied them, knew all that had transpired since "death", is my never ceasing regret for mortals. It will be testified of me personally, that I never stopped so long as a spirit would talk or I could hear their voices, were it several hours for a colored girl whose Grandfather was a full blooded Choctaw who stood in spirit beside me wearing his feather bonnet, telling of his rites, secrets, well known to the girl who was his direct descendant.

That I must use all proof in my possession to help this spirit of Shakespeare prove himself true, is to say to each one who reads of theirself herein, you, too, helped him on his way. And why should You have been selected, by some strange fate, to be one of the few for whom a miracle was performed from spirit by the help of Shakespeare's Spirit. Please try to be grateful for your experience, and that you could help on the cause of Spirit, and His proof of eternal life. The spirits tell me that they are helped by every chance to prove this from spirit. Seldom is any spirit even an ingrate. These return to help me for my gift of time and ability for them, and You.

This is a book gathered for a very different purpose than for publication. Much of it is on file in foreign countries. For God's record, that others may be helped by our experience. That the Clergy may know a hand moves the curtain even if they cannot see that hand. Adjustments of men's minds at this time

of doubt, paganism, by, from, spirits themselves, may help the God who gives and takes souls, spirits.

Then, below on this line, is my affidavit, signed before the Notary Public, that every word claimed or written herein is the truth, as God sees me, and hears *me*.

Notary Public (signed)

Sarah Taylor Shatford

Sarah Taylor Shatford.

New York City, March 24th 1923.

Sworn to before me
this 20th day of March 1923.
Ford C. L. Wilson.

NOTARY PUBLIC NASSAU COUNTY
CERTIFICATE FILED IN N. Y. COUNTY.
1073

Miracles of Proof to be found in the record of my work. (Sarah T. Shatford.)

Miss Lilian Whiting was told at Hotel Brunswick, Boston, "as proof that this is Kate" (Kate Field) "I mention a charm under glass, worn on a long chain about the neck, by you and me and another across the sea, where you left it." This, Miss Whiting told me, was a lock of Mrs. Browning's hair, given her by the Field family after Kate passed out, which Miss Whiting gave to Robert Browning for his daughter, when she was in Italy collecting the data for the Browning Books, as she thought that was what Kate would have liked done with it."

Dr. Austin, after Dr. Peebles death, in Los Angeles, at the Clark Hotel, in the presence of Miss Louise Hauschild, of New York, was told by the spirit of Dr. Peebles, after a description of what he found in spirit, "I see you have an apron full of my books delivered at your door. Science has now solved this matter. But Medical Libraries will be glad to have these." "That is surely the Doctor," said Dr. Austin, "for last week I received a hundred of his books on vaccination." As we had been in Los Angeles less than forty-eight hours, seen no one we knew, this was proof that the Doctor was there, surely. Also, Beatrice, his daughter, described how she was laid out, in white with roses in her arm, and kept telling of the light that came in a circle over her bier. "That would describe the detail, for she was laid out in the morgue, and this light did come out and over the body. This

daughter told also how she was present beside her Mother "as she sat sewing on the buttons in the dining room, and talked to her, as she spoke aloud to the spirit, and they must not worry because she did hear, and could speak to her Mother." That is understood, also, said Dr. Austin.

M. W. Howard, Congressman, Author of Peggy Ware, The Bishop of The Ozarks, etc. In the presence of Miss Hauschild, also, in the Hotel Clark, Los Angeles. After his father had proved he was not dead but there with this son, as he told of all his plans for his Picture, acting, etc., all understood. Mr. Howard's Mother, in spirit, described their Alabama home, the long rows of corn, and then herself, and said: "Do you recall the old well?" Yes, said Mr. Howard, what about it? "We put you to bed with hot flannels," said this spirit, "he fell in." "That is wonderful, wonderful," said Mr. Howard, "but I know my Mother is with me."

Mrs. King, friend of Mrs. Peaseley, Author, Lecturer, Los Angeles, address Rowny Press, whose people in spirit asked her, "Do you remember when lightning struck the house with the pointed gable?" "Yes, indeed," said Mrs. King. "Do you remember how the snakes used to follow you, and how you used to kill them in the middle of the road, by striking them on the heads with stones?" "Yes, indeed," said this woman.

Mrs. Peaseley: same address: L. A., Calif.

Hers in spirit said, "Do you remember the cold, winter night, when the snow was deep on the ground, and went crunch, crunch, under foot, when the chimney burned out?" "I certainly *Do*," said Mrs. Peaseley. This home was then described in detail. Acknowledged.

Mr. J. F. Rowny was told of his cellos, how he kept time with his foot (I had eight at one time, said he afterwards), his little water colors, were described by his in spirit, and the "bank on the mantelpiece which was a little brick house, and which had to be full before it could be emptied?" Recognized by Mr. Rowny.

Mr. Carl Borg, Santa Barbara,—"I was said to resemble Patti," said a spirit, who showed me a picture to describe for Mr. Borg (wonderful Swedish Artist) of a donkey, cart, and two children. This was recognized by Mr. Borg. And, after the sitting, he brought out the picture of this woman who resembled Patti. It was Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, who was his patroness. Con-

nected with this, and a miracle, too, was the Mulhall sitting for the Staff Editorial writer of the Examiner, of L. A. (see forward sheet) who, when it was revealed that he knew the Hearst publisher, through my work for his in spirit, was told of this picture, and he said, "I myself have seen this picture of the donkey, cart, and two children often in the Hearst home, in San Francisco."

Mr. Mulhall, of the Los Angeles EXAMINER EDITORIAL STAFF, had several hours of proof given to him, in Miss Hauschild's presence, and he heard me give an artiste, absolute proof that her brother, a soldier in the late war was present, this artiste we only met in the Cafe, knew nothing of her or hers, and she gladly acknowledged all she received from the so-called dead, as being proof absolute they were there in spirit. Mr. Mulhall was refused space in the paper for the truth, the acting Editor, Mr. Van Ess saying, "This is not what we are looking for for publication." (See Miss Hauschild.)

Mr. D. P. Harris, Wholesale Hardware, 99 Chambers street, New York City. ———— Mr. Harris's Father in spirit, described himself, told of the saw for woodsmen he always desired this son to invent, rather the sharpener for saws,—described his Nova Scotia home, lands, river, cemetery lot with the new monument with its wreath cut on it, the smoke house, how he used to saw the wood stove length but would not carry it in the house,—took out a knife from Germany, the spirit said "from Germany" that was brought over for him which he only used to pare his apples, told of the binoculars also his brought by this son, how he would never use the strap for them but preferred to carry them under his right arm,—described the route to the burial plot, how many turns and the little white fence around the land there,—while he proved by telling of the orders and finances of the Firm on a trip to the Coast just taken by Mr. Harris, that he, the spirit, went along, knew all that had taken place there, even to the light and color of the shade on it and the bed and outer covering across it, that was there, away out in San Francisco,—This spirit then held up in his right hand an onion, a white onion. I said to Mr. Harris, I do not understand the spirit, for he just turns this onion around and around, but he is smiling, while he does it. "Well," said Mr. Harris, "I know what he means, IF THERE WAS ANYTHING MY FATHER HATED IT WAS AN

ONION." This same spirit described the little white smoke house on the Nova Scotia farm, with its roof, etc., as all the old time life, personalities were brought in. Mr. Harris's Mother in spirit, presented herself, to the parasol in her hand, brought her by this son. She re-made the favorite dishes of this son, even describing how she marked off the calendar every day with a pencil, counting the days when he would return from New York. She described her bedroom and the wallpaper on it. Told how she lived in the kitchen while the house was remodeled, even though they thought she couldn't, she managed to do this. She held up a green box filled with unbleached lisle hosiery, saying that he saw that she had these. Much more, all acknowledged true by Mr. Harris. As we discussed the wonder of their power to recall the past, his Father stepped back and said, "He is as sure I am here as you are." "That's right," said Mr. Harris: "why that lamp with the green shade on it by the bedside, and that bathrobe over the foot of my bed, and those two customers, one that failed to order, and the other doubled his, why that was on my last trip to the coast just as he says, he was surely with me." These things I merely recall offhand. There was much else, all individual, impossible for any one person to know outside the Harris family.

Miss Jeanette Clenen: Finance Dept., U. S. A. Sunday, June 10, 1923. This afternoon, the spirits of this woman who has had messages for two years or more, brought in many fine evidences of their own presence. One I recall: "Sympathy never got you anything: this is FAN." "Well," said Miss Clenen, "that was a saying of Fan's: she always said that to me." Then the spirit said: "Do you remember what a time we had to find you a pair of rubbers that would fit?" "That is great," said Miss Clenen; "for we used to walk miles to fit my walking shoes to overshoes." I was not surprised to see Miss Clenen here this afternoon, for her Mother in spirit was in to see me and said, "She has a fine diamond pin you should have, she is selling it." One of the first things Miss Clenen said was, "I have been trying to sell some diamonds for my cousin, up state." This pin has twenty stones, in crescent shape: and it is natural that Miss Clenen's Mother should wish me to profit by this sale, as she and all hers, back for two generations have visited with this daughter, for two years, spending whole evenings, sometimes in laughter, advising,

recalling old times, homes, furniture, occupations, diseases, family feuds, peculiarities, jewelry, clothes, food, habits, journeys, etc., etc., etc., etc. Miss Clenen's address is Hotel Endicott, New York.

Mrs. Amelia Bingham: Hers in spirit gave so much, all recognized, even his and their personalities, likes, etc., being very evident, even Mr. Bingham's manner of speaking. Her parents gave her the most beautiful proof, long hours of it, that they were here and with her. Her Father told how he resembled Uncle Sam,—so much that he rode on a float at Fair time, with shocks of wheat, in Ohio, "WHERE YOUR MOTHER'S JELLIES TOOK THE PRIZE." (Recognized true by Miss Bingham.) This Father then said, "Do you remember the colt I called 'Seal-skin' which I used to bring up on the porch, and your Mother would not allow me to fetch in the house?" "I do," said Mrs. Bingham. "Do you remember when the chickens cackled I used to say, The girls are making another 'angel's cake'." "I do," said Mrs. Bingham. The Mother, too, was with her and proved it as only Mothers can. While her sister, too, told of the making of maple sugar, and the fun of reading the books and hiding them, and told of her passing, the cause, etc. Many hours of visits, as human as yours or mine, have Mrs. Bingham's own had with her, through my development.

A. H. Shatford, my husband, would not listen to anyone from spirit who pled to come in and give him proof that they survived. His Father, whom I nursed in his last illness, his Mother who loved me dearly, always speak to me, and do for me what they promised me while in the body they would do. In fact, they are present and prove it always before I get my living expenses allowed me each month by their son, sent by mail. One Sunday afternoon, this father, John E. Shatford, spoke to me from spirit, asking to tell his boy, who was reading a newspaper before me in the same room, that he was present and wished to prove it to him. My husband spoke, as usual, against spirits, and all this "nonsense." When a spirit voice said: "ASK HIM WHAT ABOUT *Alec.*" My husband dropped his newspaper in his lap, and with a startled look, said: *"What about him?"* "He is with you: says you will have the old machine overhauled and go on your joy-rides in

Atlanta just the same this summer, but that he will not be with you." "Now," I asked my husband, "will you tell me who 'Alec' is?" "That's funny," he was saying more to himself. "Who is Alec?" I asked again. "HE WAS MY BROKER'S TELEGRAPHER IN ATLANTA (A BOY NINETEEN) WHO TOOK GALLOPING CONSUMPTION AND DIED IN SIX WEEKS."

Mrs. Helen Hayes, 968 Morris Ave. (American Bank Note Co.), New York. While giving my friend a message from her Mother in spirit, this Mother said: "To prove this is Mother I saw you when you mispelled that word while using your typewriter this afternoon. You have my red table cloth with fringe on it." "That is true," said Helen. "I misspelled the word 'bureau,' and did it the second time, and had to take out my sheet of paper and do it all over. That table cloth is full of holes, and I just can't throw it away because it belonged to Mother." Years of proof from all hers Mrs. Hayes has had, as we see each other every day, and spirits travel along with theirs, speak beside them in theatre, cars, anywhere mortals are. One evening, Mrs. Hayes' sister in spirit called her name "Ida," and said: "DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN THAT BARN FILLED WITH HAY BURNED TO THE GROUND?" "I should say I do," said my friend.

For fine, incidental proof, on Pullman cars, in Parks, Cafes, etc., I refer you to Miss Louise Hauschild, of the Schilling Press, Inc., who was present when I gave such en route to California, and in California, in 1922, for three months. Here, for this purpose, I mention several recent miracles, for unknown, and very grateful people.

The Plumber, Kavanaugh:

——— As this man was working under the sink in my kitchen, I continued to use a hot iron, nearby. I never saw him before, nor since. A spirit spoke to me, saying: "This is my Boy. I should like to save him from going into business with a fellow the police are after. Can you speak for me?" I replied: "Is he Catholic?" "He is: but he will not have to confess it." I then said to the plumber: "Are you a Catholic?" He said, "Yes, I am." "Then you do not believe in spirits, do you?" "Oh, yes, we believe in them, but the priests don't want us to have

anything to do with them," he said. "Not if they are your very own?" I asked. "Well, you see, that is what we don't know, if they are our own," said he. Then I told him that his Father was just now speaking to me from the spirit, and that he asked me to give him a message for him. I said, "if I give you proof that your father is here, will you confess it, and tell the Priest that I should like him to come and get a message for himself?" "I will," said the Plumber. The spirit began by describing himself, perfectly, his trade (carpenter), his mode of disposing of his tobacco wad, his beer in the tin pail, when the whistle blew at Twelve, all and more, until this fellow, who had stopped his work, was sitting down on the kitchen floor, and said, "That is my father, all right." Then this parent told him of his two offers for new jobs, and why he did not wish him to go into the Garage business with that fellow (all understood—) referred to his home, and its problems, all private matters, told him what to do, and ended by saying "if you wouldn't drink that strong coffee before going to bed, you would sleep." That is what I do, drink two cups of it, said the plumber. Then this fellow's Mother, in spirit, gave a full description of herself, the little home in the country where he was raised, showed me the brook, and how he waded there, and said, "Who used to bring in little stones, pebbles, shells and the like, and SPREAD THEM OUT ON THE DININGROOM TABLE AND SAY, 'Mother, come see what I brought you.'" The man nodded his head, Yes. She told him not to believe what was being said about a woman, there was no truth in it—it was all talk. "Do you know what she means," I asked. Yes, he said. Then this Mother said, you know the girl about sixteen, fat, full red lips, teeth in front parted in center, with two heavy braids of hair, who was always laughing. (Yes, he said.) Well, she is here, too, with me, said his Mother. And much else, I do not need to record here.

Two Insurance Solicitors for the Metropolitan Ins. Co., Haubrich and Mac—— (512) Bronx.

———— Both received many fine messages of proof. They gave descriptions,—the father of Mac. was a Policeman, was in Uniform, with a badge on his coat, a medal for "protecting the Clergy," said he. Describing this boy's collie dog that used to jump for morsels, told of the family, at home, gave each a helpful

message, describing them in the body, their problems, ambitions, etc. Told how his mother missed her old church in the downtown district where he and she went together to mass,—understood the malady she suffered, what caused it, sent her proof he was there, for her personally,—said to tell her the one SHE NEVER FAILED TO MAKE COFFEE FOR AT TWELVE MIDNIGHT IN THAT BIG TIN POT WITH THE WIDE SPOUT, WHO CAME IN WITH HIS GRAY MOUSTACHE ALL COVERED WITH ICICLES, AND HAD TO KISS EACH CHILD GOODBY BEFORE HE WENT OUT AGAIN, was here, and was with her, too, and he would be. All was recognized. It took no time at all to give this and more.

Haubrich: The spirits went back to the second generation for this young man, to the one who translated MSS from the original. His father then told him all he needed to know he was here, described himself, his violin, his hand, his favorite soup, the dining room of the home, and then said, ASK HIM IF HE KNOWS WHAT AMERICAN TOBACCO MEANS?" The man said, "I should say so: my father worked in it all his life." The mother of this fine young man, that day did not come in. One night the bell rang and he stood at the door. When we sat down, and before he could speak to me, a spirit said, "He could not sleep wondering if father and mother were separated in the future life, and she brought him here again to you." Asked if it were true, he said it was. This mother, then, began with her shoes, and described herself and clothing, and the pin "brush-work" she took off and showed me it opened at the back, and had a picture in it, an engraving upon it (recognized) and her heavy ring she would not take off "even when she mixed the dough" because of sentiment (recognized, all of it) and then she said "Do you remember the mole on my cheek and the long hairs on it you wished to pull out when a baby even though they might grow in worse than that?" "Yes," he said. The Spirit Mother continued: "They said this boy resembled me. But I always said, 'Oh, I don't know about that: he is a good boy, and that is all that matters.'" Do you recall this, I asked Mr. Haubrich. He said, "Yes, I do." There was much beside the few expressions and proof here told.

Evidential Proof: Los Angeles, May 25th, 1922. Room 635-637 Hotel Clark. Los Angeles, Calif.

Dr. AUSTIN, B. F. (Miss Hauschild present)

Dr. B. F. Austin called. Through the entire afternoon Dr. Austin was given proof, and messages from his own, and *from Dr. Peebles, in spirit.*

Dr. Austin's little girl, with the "Roman sash", and hair with a glint in it, brown"—(recognized) A spirit guide, whose description was recognized: a man in Prince Albert coat, beard, etc. Mrs. Austin's Mother and father in spirit, described and recognized. Dr. Austin's own Mother: personalities given, such as "Here is the one who turned up the skirt of her dress and pinned it behind, when she went into kitchen." "That's Mother!" said Dr. Austin. Much else was given: this is the proof invariably required before spirits can speak through my hearing, they must give sufficient to be recognized. Often the spirits go on with this proof for an hour before they give anything at all, as that is why I am used at this time FOR message work: to prove that the dead are living, and can prove this themselves if given the right opportunity.

Dr. James M. Peebles then came from the spirit side of life as natural as in life, laid his felt hat on the top of the wardrobe trunk, and said to Dr. Austin: "I SEE YOU HAVE AN APRONFULL OF MY BOOKS UNLOADED AT YOUR DOOR. THE SUBJECT IS OBSOLETE, BUT THE MEDICAL LIBRARIES WILL BE GLAD TO HAVE THESE. THIS QUESTION IS NOW SETTLED BY SERUMS, AND INJECTIONS." "True," said Dr. Austin. "The books came last week from New York, and are on "VACCINATION". Dr. Peebles then conversed with his old friend, called him "Brother Austin," which he always had, gave him the Masonic Hand-clasp, told of *what he had found in spirit, in symbolic terms.*

Beatrice Austin, in spirit, daughter of Dr. Austin, who had passed since my last trip to the coast, came with her brother Albert, stood near the door of my room. Wept. Begged her father's forgiveness for her selfishness in taking her life, and much I do not care to write down, which was for her parents only. The evidential parts of her expressions were: She de-

scribed her bier, "with the light that came down over it," "where she stood by and saw herself laid out." Her shroud and flowers in her arm. "That would describe the morgue where she was taken, and the bier, and the light," said Dr. Austin. Then, Beatrice, this loved and loving girl, said; to her own Father, in the body: "I heard Mother talk out loud to herself in the room where she sews on the buttons, and Mother told you I was there, and I *WAS* THERE; tell Mother so, and that *I HEAR* WHEN MOTHER SPEAKS OUT LOUD TO ME!" All this was recognized, with much else, all being found true by Dr. Austin.

ALLING: 131 West 95th. St. Accompanied by Mrs. H. V. Wildman Sr. 108 W 94th St.

(See letter appended)

After reaching home from Mrs. Wildman's the day before Christmas, a spirit said to me, Sarah Shatford, "There is one who wore hoop-skirts here." "From Wildman's."

"Yes, that is Aunt Annie, I suppose," I said.

"We would like to take you to Mrs. Alling's Mother. Will you go. To Mrs. Alling's MOTHER." I will try to go, I said to this spirit. And I asked what was the matter there, that they had asked me to go. "She needs comforting: you could do so much for US there," said Mrs. Wildman's Aunt, in the spirit.

Then I record here that we went together, by appointment,—that Mrs. Alling's Mother was able to visit with hers in spirit all afternoon, that they all gave the minutest detailed descriptions of themselves, their former lives in the bodies, clothes, tastes, personalities etc. All very gratefully acknowledged by both Mrs. Alling and her Mother. Last of all, a spirit son, described himself, his failure to return home, his habit of reading a certain small book by a window, his manner of wiping his brow, just how he handled his kerchief, etc.

Even his "brown" shoes were described.

A spirit came in holding a plate on which was a piece of raspberry pie, having a fork on the top of it. He said, "I was so fond of raspberry pie." "Agusta". When I had finished, Mrs. Alling said, "I was just reading the will of that spirit who liked raspberry pie, when you came in: he has only been dead three weeks: and "Agusta" is the name of his daughter

to whom he left all his property." "He probably would like to speak to Agusta," said Mrs. Alling.

A spirit called her name "Josie", "Jo" you always called me—her clothes were described, her candy making, her person described, her religion, trinkets, those which Mrs. Alling has in her possession, all told, and then those things nearest the heart of her friend were gone into, which were all understood, though in symbol, and as fast as I could speak.

Evidential Proof: Feb. 3rd, 1923. New York City.
Louise Astorita (Fruit & Produce Market, 889 Morris Ave. Near 161st. St.)

This widow had assisted at my plea for the Cobbler's wife, when she was about to become a Mother a second time, having a nine months old child at her knee, and for whom I pled, as they were suffering for food, and warm clothing. I had promised her in return "to do something for her money could not buy." Pressed to tell what this could be, I said: "When I go out of this place a spirit speaks to me, asks to speak to *you*. They speak to me just like I am speaking to you now."

"Louise" as she is called by all, came at 6:30 P.M.

The first spirit who described himself was an old man, tall, with a gray moustache, a cap with a long back which he said he brought from Italy and kept for driving the wagon, as "it was long in the back." He said, "I always tied a handkerchief around my neck. I called her "sweetheart." He showed me the bed on which he died, its patched quilt, its stuffed feather pillows, saying, "I brought them (the feathers) from the old country on my shoulder when I came over."

This spirit then explained how he had injured his right foot on a ladder when it broke while he was painting a roof. All of which this girl acknowledged true, as the spirit said, "this is Papa."

The next spirit was a woman who lifted her skirts and pinned them back of her, while she stirred a wash-kettle in a yard, boiling the wash, and gave a description of her person, then told how she refused to marry two connected with a royal service to marry the father of this Girl, same

being at that time a Gardener. She explained her last illness. She said, "Mother is here." Described this Girl in her school clothes while about 15 years old. Spoke of her children, told how many were in spirit with her, a number, and told of the quiet and peaceful home theirs while she was in body. She described the altar in her bedroom, its Saint Joseph, small light everburning there, etc.

Then the spirit of a young man was described, and shown to me in picture, on my brain; this man tall, dark, long wavy hair, broad forehead, sunken cheeks, pale face,—and he sat bent over holding his head in his hand while his elbow rested on his knee, saying how he suffered with his head, and how he used to say "Why do I have to die: I love my children, my home, and all life, why must I die." He gave his name, spoke of his children, described the wedding picture of this wife and himself taken on their wedding day which *she now keeps on her dresser in her bedroom, where he is often, and sees it,—*

Then, this husband in spirit, gave the most intimate advice and proof to this wife in body.

Then he brought his sister in spirit, a girl with auburn hair, and a sweet face, young, about 17 years, in white, saying he had always hoped his daughter would be *like* this sister, and that she was with him in spirit, and here tonight.

All this, and more, was acknowledged true, and recognized at once. Comforted by this, this woman sat weeping, laughing at times as the so-called dead referred to some fun, or glimpse of their past together.

I gave until 10:30, but this is all I need to write; she said she felt like she had visited them all.

Eddison, Mrs. H. Widow: Sent by Mrs. Zollner. Oct. 2nd. '19. Requested by phone to see the friend who was in great distress. A woman of 35? or so.

The first spirit to describe herself and her home, as well as the foibles of the sitter, was her Mother. Location of home, plan of same, means, travels across many times, all told by this Mother, as well as advice re-health, where ailing, etc. Her last born she was called. All acknowledged as true and understood.

Next, A soldier described, his rank, his sailing with his brother, who was also described (one clean shaven one with a black moustache) he took his own life. (True.) He had helped her she had helped him by coming here he said: he had been trying to manifest. (True.) This soldier described all their private affairs: his gifts of a string of pearls and diamonds, where she kept these. He said he thought he could die. He gave her many symbolic messages which she understood. Described the conditions where she was now living. (All correct.) He then told of their daughter at school and described her instincts and the cold atmosphere where she was quartered. Advice against musical education and for composition understood. When pressed for his name he said Harter (correct) Neeland, Lonnie, both called and understood. He then described to me that this one was a dancer, Artiste, and her act forthcoming, advised to take the two and fill in later, directed her curtain and the rose-leaves which she was to carry on her person "a separate lining in the sleeves and bodice" from which she was to throw the petals, understood also. A curtain of flowers and Irish Moss, said the spirit, wonderful said the sitter, go on,—a lute, and a song to be added to the act (She plays a flute herself in this act she told me) Well, I cannot remember all, but this was kept up for two hours and a half: she came at Ten and left at Twelve-thirty. Another spirit came in kilts and spoke of Highland, heather, moat, etc. He was also acknowledged, skeeing he said: that was my favorite country (true) etc., etc.

There was an Oriental spirit following this one garbed in yellow: she knew this one and has received messages from him. This was as complete a sitting as I have ever given: not anything but evidential matter coming through. This woman is a stranger and all are strangers connected with her: all I knew was that she was in distress. He told her how to borrow money and on what, she understood. He sent her to the Twelfth floor of an office bldg. She knew where it was. Then, she requested his last name, only this and I will be so happy. She DID NOT GET IT: AND THE SPIRIT DID NOT TRY TO GIVE IT.

She told me it was Tony: their pet name, that is. But he called his first name Harter.

This is true of all sitters: they want more than they ever get, and no matter how wonderful the evidence given it is short. Two days after the above sitting this woman rings me to say that all advice given her re-her stage act had been followed, and the most remarkable advancement achieved therefrom: asked for an early sitting: said she had been transformed into a happy woman by the news and comfort obtained from this interview with her soldier husband. This one passed the news on through her friends, and I have been spoken to several times re- the remarkable evidence she received.

This is a letter, and part of the second sitting of a Mrs. Addison, who was being molested by a spirit, lied to, and kept awake.

The spirit W. S. sent her to a priest, told her why she must go. She took the spirit's advice, and this letter is acknowledging her gratitude to the spirit,—

This woman is the fifth Catholic to be returned to the fold by this spirit W. S. Two in New Orleans, and three in New York, either from reading W. S.'s advice or through advice from the spirit side through my hearing.

ADDISON: Mrs. (Catholic) Oct. 25th, 1919.

(Written for Mrs. Addison: dictated Direct spirit voice to Sarah Shatford)

"This is a medium. You cannot go on, however, we will give her help.

When this spirit evades your queries, why do you not drive him out forcibly? He can be driven back where he came from. Your course is as follows: GO TO YOUR FATHER CONFESSOR. TELL HIM ALL. NOW DO NOT PUT IT OFF. YOU CANNOT CONSORT WITH EVIL AND BE GOOD LONG. They leer here as I write my lines through Her, and give me the usual plaintive plea for unusual ability. Her heart is weak. Take up a forceful life—go out, *live*, enjoy your senses *normally,* and do not give all, for one who knows you still makes light of the relation to others. THERE IS

ONE YOU HAVE HARBOURED AND CANNOT GET RID OF WITHOUT A PRIEST. A CATHOLIC CAN DO THE WORK. COMMAND. Your own spirits you brought with you were the ones to give your messages. They deceived us as well as you. Every soul has their own band of spirits. Usually they are fine, not in this case. Now, let us shut the door. He cares indifferently, not when an ocean rolls between. Not answered today. Not on the sea. (Said to me: *Give a good measure*) (Continued) (Dictated) O how I wish I could live my life again and go out to heaven a PURE SOUL. You can go out from this house a CLEAN high soul of enormous elevation. Go, then. And walk divinely upright. Make a confession. Withhold not anything, but kneel and give forth every secret. Have we made progress and yet withhold from God HIS due? Pay, or pay the penalty. We love her, hate, sing, jump, reel, and curse if that were our habit in the body. You can bring your spirit forth to your Maker as you would wish or not, it rests alone with thee. When you go forth to God remember this I tell you here, and see if we speak truly. OURS was a soul immaculate once. Now we serve to restore ours. You will be permitted the same course—when you find but that you brought along.

To make confession is to rid your spirit of obsessing entities here. They cannot queer you, then. (The woman's life was then described to her: all being admitted as true) Her husband has an errand abroad. His life is NOT out."

(Copy of letter from Mrs. Addison) 54 East 59th st. Oct. 25th, 1919.

My dear Mrs. Shatford:

> Just a line to tell you I have found peace and happiness in my faith with God, and my husband is due to arrive here from Italy some time this week. I received a cable today saying he left Oct. 15th so am awaiting his steamer.
>
> Some day soon I hope to see you and to have a little chat to tell you what prayer has done for me.
>
> Yours very truly,
>
> ——— Addison

(Mrs. Addison brought a large bouquet of chrysanthemums, violet colored,—which I requested her to carry to the Virgin's Altar, as she went to see the Priest.) S. T. S.

ALL SAINTS DAY—1919.

Amelia Bingham

Mrs. Bingham came at Two: spoke to her own in spirit until 5:30 without surcease. Lloyd, Father, Mother, Ellen: The latter was a sister who described herself, her marriage, her work, hers and Amelia's home, all the different tests being remarkable.

Told how they used to make maple sugar: boil it, and put it in bread pans to set: told of her pride in her chickens: her children, and others not hers, that she had married a widower. Recalled "Jimmey" on the front porch, how father had stamped on the floor and told Amelia to come to bed it was time to close up the house: told how her father said he had to keep a shot gun to keep the boys away from his girls: told of the novels and detective papers they used to hide under the mattresses, and read on the sly: told of the small town where they lived being in a chain of three others and theirs was in the centre. The father and mother proved they were there in the same manner: recalling the mortgaged farm, should have been carried to the Supreme Court, said the father, it was too bad to see all the farm implements go with the land, and at such a price, etc. Told how he and their Mother were lovers, and were still. Told of his opposition when she sought a professional career. And why. (They had described themselves before, perfectly.)

Lloyd, her husband, not only told of her contracts, but planned her gowns to be worn in her plays. (This he always did in life, Mrs. Bingham says.) When he got so far as the boudoir scene, in which he desired her to wear pale blue velvet robe, she wanted information: she had understood all the others. The scene where you lay your head on your arm on the table, (showing me the attitude). Oh, yes, said Mrs. Bingham. It was made plain to her.

This husband in spirit gave much that I cannot here note, as it is of a personal intimate nature, all true and acknowledged as true by his wife, Mrs. Bingham. Then, he said "Well, you haven't got what you came for yet, have you." "No," said Mrs. B—. This was then given.

The first sitting for Mrs. B. was at an evening gathering at # 40 West 83rd. St. of four. A spirit reached out to her left hand took the marriage-ring finger, said "You have not the ring on: I

know." She had left it the day before to have a stone reset: this was the ring of her husband, he wore it when he passed out. He described the house in which she lived. The winding stairs: the umbrella stand: the iron gate: told her he was always there: knew that his shaving-mug and brush, his slippers and dressing-gown were in the accustomed place and had not been removed. Asked to have a few words in private to give advice about a private matter, whispered in her ear what this matter was, which she understood. He described himself. His sweater with a roll collar and stripes on the cuffs: his long pipe: ink-wells of bronze, the library, the box where he kept his private papers, the papers therein, the ones which had begun to pay, etc.

Her two pending contracts were described and discussed. Her Managers too. He showed me a Queen's red-velvet robe, a sceptre and crown, the train ermine edged (this was her Josephine robe, the last part he played with her was Napoleon). She wore this robe, etc.

He told of his plans for her: told of his same personality, existing love, jealousy, impetuosity, etc. All of which he made her feel by his words. Advice and description of financial problems, property etc. Pictures and Parts.

Small and Large Contracts: Managers described, their offices, their appearances, their hands. Once he said, "No the one where you must step over lumber piles where they are building an addition." This settled that, she understood. Sam Shubert came with Mr. Bingham, described himself, his golf sticks, etc.; asked to speak to his brother: advised her re. working conditions, etc. Mrs. Bingham had just come from the Shubert offices, where she had spoken to this very brother (Which I did not know, or knew nothing of her residence, its situation, etc).

Mrs. Bingham's Mother came, described their family home, the scenery there, the rose-bushes by the side of the house, one of which climbed to the second story, this bed of flowers was encircled by white stones. (True.) She described her sunbonnet which she wore while in this garden: the apple-dumplings "steamed" which Mrs. Bingham was fond of, the dining room was described as was this Mother's personal appearance: Many personal messages given. Then her Father described himself. His span of bays, his corn-field, his pride, her singing voice, etc.

The Avenue of trees leading out of their home, same meeting overhead, was shown.

Her husband described his passing out: European conditions at the time; said he took the ship for Europe when she was in the mountains, which was true. Mrs. Bingham says she was playing in Oklahoma at the time. There is a great deal more which is private but of great import as to evidential proof, all of which Mrs. Bingham acknowledged to me from first to last. The spirit comes in (Mr. Bingham) and asks me to go and console her "it is just around the corner," he says. A friend phoned her and she came over: it was the day she was to sign a contract which her husband advised she should delay the signature of as long as possible. The part did not suit her. Which she acknowledged was true in fact.

Evidential Proof: Sunday Afternoon, and evening, July 21st, N. Y. C. 1923. BINGHAM, Mrs. Amelia:

Mrs. Bingham's Mother said from spirit, today: "I STILL RECALL MY ALLIGATOR BAG, you know why, I prized it so." (This was understood by Mrs. Bingham.) It is as natural for Mrs. Bingham to speak to hers in spirit, while here, as though she were speaking to them in the body. They call her by their pet names for her, go into all her affairs of a private nature, prove that they have been travelling along with her all winter, know the clauses of her contracts, even; all of which is discussed AFTER THEY MUST PROVE THEY ARE THEMSELVES, only. Over and over, the past is described, situations, jokes, homes, clothes, descriptions as well, given, before I am allowed to start on the visit of the day. This is true of everyone, no matter who comes, it is a rule, so the one who is in the body is certain it is only the one out of the body who could refer to these things brought in as true evidence the spirits, the so-called "dead", are here present.

Her father told how proud he was of his first piano-box buggy for his span of fine horses. This father then said, "THE BARN I KEPT THESE IN WAS ON THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE HOUSE. I COULD NOT TOUCH THE WHIP TO THESE HORSES. I WAS PROUD OF MY FINE STOCK." Then he proved that he, and Mrs. Bingham's Mother,

had travelled with her this past winter, by reference to her terrible attack of cold caught back of the scenes, when she was threatened with pneumonia. He cautioned against "going on" when she was in this condition, hereafter. All is of too private a nature to note hereon, except some trifling proofs, only spirits could give.

Mrs. Bingham's Mother, who has often proved herself alive through my hearing, was today able to furnish new proof, as was her sister in spirit. Described her first eye-glasses with their rubber-frames,—told how Mrs. Bingham was brought back twice after she started to leave them, to "kiss them good-by" once more. Her sister said, "You know there was space between MY TWO FRONT TEETH, SO YOU COULD PLACE A DIME BETWEEN?" (Acknowledged, all the above, as true.)

Mr. Lloyd Bingham proves always, over and over, in disposition, descriptions, personalities, that he is certainly here in person. Once he said: "Recall how you were practicing your part on the stairs one night, and you stumbled down? And how we laughed?" (How she laughed now, too, as she said, "Yes, indeed, I remember.") All said by this ever-devoted man who is today alive as ever he was, is too sacred to print. But using his own terms of endearment, expressions, even, Mrs. Bingham says, as he tells of her various business offers, plans, payments, managements, etc. Proves that he knows all, all that is, and has transpired, since his passing out. He told her today, "I CAME TO YOUR BEDSIDE TWICE, AND YOU SAW ME, BECAUSE YOU PRAYED THAT I MIGHT DO SO." "IT IS TRUE," said Mrs. Bingham, whose lovely soul I know.

Sarah T. Shatford.

Evidential Proof: Sunday evening, July 21st, 1923.

FRIEND OF MRS. AMELIA BINGHAM: Proof given in Mrs. Bingham's presence.

(I requested that she did not give her name.) A tall, young woman of 22 years or so, brown eyes, dark hair, and a lovely smile, and personality. S. T. S.)

The spirit of a woman in a gray lawn dress, wearing a small black straw hat, having a black ribbon on it, stood by this girl's side, as she (the spirit) was placing a hat pin in the same hole

in the hat, a thing she always did. She showed me her foot, that I might describe a square toed shoe. She was small in stature. The first thing she said was: "DO YOU REMEMBER THE RED CLIMBING ROSE ON THE SIDE OF THE HOUSE ON ITS TRELLIS, ON THE GREEN CLAPBOARDS OF THE HOUSE?" "I DO," said this young woman. "YOUR GRANDFATHER, WHERE YOU SPENT THE SUMMERS, IS HERE WITH ME TONIGHT. AND MY BROTHER, THE ONE WHO WAS MY FAVORITE, HE IS HERE, AND HE WAS THE FIRST SPIRIT I SAW AS I CAME OVER HERE," said this spirit. (Recognized, all of it, by the girl.) "THIS IS MOTHER," said the Girl. "I do not know," said I, "for the spirit has not told me she is your mother." At once this spirit said "JO." "That was her name," said the Girl. "Josephine, but we called her JO at home."

All of this Mother's advice, and words to this daughter are too sacred to print. They are private, and of import, and acknowledged as they were, and understood by both Mrs. Bingham and the young woman. I cannot put them down here for other eyes, but, being all understood by both, I can say here that they were sacred things discussed by Mothers: who discussed the life, prospects, pledges, options, of this daughter, the girl was startled with the truth that her Mother was not, and had not been "dead", ever since she died. When this spirit had finished, she said: "Julia has the right idea about that!" "Julia is my girl chum," said the Girl, "and I know what Mother means."

"Now Grandpa wants to tell you how happy he is to speak to you and tell you that he had not forgotten how he used to permit you to harness him up for a horse and play horse with you!" (Recognized.) "That is Grandpa," she said. Continuing, this same spirit said: "And the swing, I made for you OUT OF CHAIN, UNDER THE APPLE TREE, and THE OLD YELLOW PURSE I CARRIED, AND USED TO OPEN AND MAKE YOU A PRESENT?" All acknowledged as hers, and true. This spirit then presented himself without a hat, and gave a full description of himself, how he had looked forward to her coming every summer,—how she pled to ride his horses,—and he used to seat her on the back of one of them. (All acknowledged.) He said, I am Mother's Father. He retold, in his own way, what would happen if she did not reconsider her position,—that he

would always be near and trying to help her,—no matter what came, that they would keep by her side,—and aid her in her attempts.

Here, the Mother came back with pansies in her hand. Said, "You remember MY PANSY BED (she did). Well," she said, "I WOULD RATHER HAVE A FRESH PANSY THAN THE ONE YOU HAVE MADE UP YOUR MIND TO TAKE: FOR THAT IS ONE PRESSED, AS THOUGH IT HAD BEEN BETWEEN THE LEAVES OF A BOOK: NOT A FRESH FLOWER." (Understood by the Girl.)

All these spirits asked that she return and give them one more chance to go back into the past, and aid her.

They offered to tell me of the remarkable proof and advice, after I had finished, but I refused to hear, requesting the Girl to return, when I should know no more then than I do now: no more than You who read this.

Sarah T. Shatford.

Evidential Proof: Miss Brackley & Sister, Morris Avenue Public Library, Melrose Branch.

Miss Brackley spoke of the power of right thinking, one cold day, and I told her I thought she must be a Christian Scientist by her words. She laughed and said, No, she was more a New Thought follower, she attended Miss Mary Chapin Gore's lectures, and heard Dr. Fosdick on Sunday. We thus came to speak on religion. When I told her the dead, so called, spoke to me, that I proved there were no dead, and the number of years this work had all been given to the unseen. Dubious, skeptical, she laughed in my face outright. Smiling, I said, "Come and see." I told her of "Louise" the Italian Fruit Dealer, where I bought my vegetables, and how her father in spirit, and her husband, constantly followed me from her shop, begging me to speak to her for them as she was in trouble at the time. I spoke of these because she could ask Louise if it were true. Then I spoke of the Dymicks, also in this neighborhood, and Mrs. Hayes.

So one morning Miss Brackley came asking if they might come that night, and if she might bring her sister along. They came very early in the evening, and left at Eleven, on a Saturday night, all this time being given to speaking with and for the dead,

theirs, in spirit, who had "died". A Father, Mother, and the sister's husband lately deceased. All their home life, peculiarities, mode of dressing, home interior and furniture described, themselves described, and, all that went to make life for them in their bodies. Their ambitions, property problems, working situations, etc., all gone into by the spirits, of their own "dead" but there, and proved they had never died.

Again Miss Brackley came, to be given more. And I spoke one day for this father in spirit as I was in the Library and he came asking that I tell her something about the house in the country they were trying to sell. This was understood, all was acknowledged by both sisters, everything so pleasing from their very own delighting them, who had only laughed at the claim that anyone could speak to the dead. It is of no use to go into the family affairs to publish these further proofs, as all are very much alike, some outstanding vital proof, being all that is necessary to record. The sister's husband said, "They said I resembled Poe. (And he did)—He recalled their conversations together as he knew he was to die. (Recognized.)

Much more that will have to be unrecorded, for lack of time.

Saleswoman, in Sax, Department Store, Hungarian: Skirt Dept. June 1923.

Buying a skirt in Sax Dept. Store, the woman took great trouble to find what I could afford. We spoke of language, war, money, and people. As she turned to get my package, the spirit said, "This one is a widow, has a son, husband here, would like to speak." "Arrange, and I will pass along the message," I said. When she returned I told her I heard the dead, and that hers in spirit wished to give her a message that he had never died. She looked incredulous, and I asked if it would worry her to hear from the dead. She said, Not if it is not bad news. I replied I could not say, yet, what the spirit of her husband wished to tell her. So she said she was glad. And the spirit began by describing the son, he wished to take exercise, how she would inherit money from the old country and to leave it there, and that he would like to save her from accepting that offer, and tell her it would be better to wait for one from her own kind. (Under-

stood.) He told of his degree, the letters after his name, and his son's ambition. He asked her pardon for his treatment of her while living: and said he tried to drive her as with a strap, now he understood: (she also understood this). And he said, "The one who played solitaire is here too with me." "That is his Mother," said this woman. There was much more, all acknowledged, which I do not care to write.

In CHILD'S, just after this, same day:

A woman with a Boy of Nine years sat at my table. We spoke. The lad was unruly, somewhat. She apologized for him, saying he was a good boy, but he had a bad disposition,—when the spirit spoke, saying? "This Boy is a genius: will be an inventor: look at his fingers." I told her, and she said, "Why, his father says that. He is a machinist, his father is." Then, the spirit voice gave a most beautiful lesson to this fine Boy, who had short, fine, small fingers, on a broad hand. It said, "you know a boat has barnacles, don't you? Well, they must come off, before the boat can sail out of the harbor. They must come off, those barnacles." Asking his Mother what barnacles were, she said: "You must ask your father." I tried to tell him, and he said to me: "I just can't help having a bad disposition. But I love my Mother." When, his Mother told me, he was Nine and had finished the Eleven years classes at School, and the teachers had told them that in two years more he would graduate." I told this fine woman where my knowledge came from, and she was understanding, and followed me out, and walked with me,—as we spoke of the dead, the spirits, living, with us." S. T. S.

Evidential Proof: July 23rd, evening: 1923.

Mrs. O. H. E. Berndt: My next-door neighbor.

This good neighbor had done me several kindnesses during my year's occupancy of this Apartment. She is a Trained Nurse. A fine, matronly, young woman, with auburn hair, and a smile so sweet it is a joy to meet her, or speak with her. It is now a year since I rented here, and she had not been inside my door, nor I hers. This is to be a neighbor in New York City. But we had passed favors along, and always spoken when we met. I had spoken with her and her husband in the hall this evening, and soon after the wife came in while the husband was over to the Stadium in the Bronx.

I had told her the dead spoke to me and I could give her messages from hers who had passed out. She asked me if I truly could. Certainly, I said, it is only necessary to give them a chance and you will see.

"There is a Mother here," a spirit voice said. "She dressed in black, owing to her broad hips, read in three books co-relative passages (Christian Science) used to explain by opening the book and placing her finger on a sentence and running her finger along a line, so—(and she showed me). This spirit Mother said, "I will mention an heirloom, because of the fun they always made of it, the breast-pin made of human hair." "I was so alarmed when this one made her decision regarding her profession: I worried over her more than anything else in my life. And while I was trying to solve her problem it solved itself." (All the above recognized as true by Mrs. Berndt.)

This spirit then said: "I will take you where I made TWO LAYER CAKES IN SQUARE TINS, CHOCOLATE LAYERS AND FILLING, which was this girl's favorite cake: while she made the ice-creams: do you recall the ORANGE ICES?" (All acknowledged as fast as I could speak.) And the spirit of this young woman's Mother took me to their home, described it, and its kitchen, the entrances, doors, where leading, the position of sink, window, stove, pantry, color of floor slate color, stove burned wood, square of oil cloth underneath the stove, "and the woodshed door was at the end of the sink." (All true as stated, said Mrs. Berndt.) Much of a private nature, all acknowledged, understood, followed. The spirit told of the several girls and herself working in the sitting room of this home, where this one listening was so clever with her needle, how she used to make them laugh when she trimmed a hat, placing it on her knee, so,—(and she imitated the way it had been done during her lifetime by this daughter.) "I will mention another heirloom of the family, and then Father is here and wants to prove to you that he has not forgotten anything of the old days. I refer to THE POINT LACE COLLAR WHICH WE KEPT IN THE SMALL SQUARE HANDKERCHIEF BOX: (Acknowledged by this spirit's daughter as true) Much of a private nature, both regarding old days, and plans in business, profession, was gone into by this spirit Mother.

"This is Papa," said a spirit. "I TOOK YOUR HAND,

SO, AND LAYING MY OTHER HAND UPON YOURS I SAID TO YOU: YOU HAVE BEEN TRUE-BLUE, AND I AM GOING TO TRUST YOU." "That is exactly what he did, and what he said," said Mrs. Berndt. The spirit father then continued: describing himself perfectly in person, manner, speech: he said, "I always had to carry my cane, no matter whether I was dressed up or not, if I had my stick I was content." "That is wonderful," said this woman; "for it is absolutely true." The spirit continued: "You know I used to say Put up those books and go to bed! Those religious books? You used to say I wasn't religious, but I always said I prayed, and that was all that was necessary." "That is true," said she. "We want to talk to you about that Sanatorium they want you to take charge of, the next time we speak together, my child," said this spirit Father. Understood by this Nurse before me. Much else was given: I only record those things necessary to prove the dead themselves were here speaking to their child.

"How wonderful!" she said, as she left for home, next door. "How wonderful!"

Add to the above sitting for Mrs. Berndt the following: Her mother said from spirit: "Do you remember when I had to say: 'Am I going to have ANOTHER red-headed baby?" (Yes, indeed, said Mrs. Berndt, I do." This spirit Mother then continued: "I used to put the baby-clothes away when the girls came home, for I was ashamed to have them see me making baby clothes again." (That is true," said her daughter." The spirit continuing, said: "But this Girl was so sweet after it came, I loved her for it. She inherits her hair from her father."—(True, said the daughter.)

This is very fine proof for the spirit who gave it, and for all mortals who read this. As I overlooked it yesterday, the spirit herself came in last night to tell me, "You forgot about the red headed baby!" I did so, I said to her, and I am very much obliged to you for reminding me of that." This is to show that this spirit, whose daughter lives next door, was in my house, knew what I marked down for her and hers, and knew that I had not marked down this, as told above. Spirits are themselves? I guess they are, just that, and as human as you, or I, still having bodies of flesh.

July 24th, 1923.

Evidential Proof: Sat. evening, Nov. 10th, 1923.

At the Apartment of Mr. and Mrs. Berndt, next door: New York City:

I promised to go in and give Mr. Berndt's Mother a message at this dinner gathering of the family. As I sat in my side of the house, a spirit said: "West Virginia." "I will speak to mine next door soon," said this spirit. Looking at my time I saw it was exactly the hour I had promised to go.

The first spirit to present theirself for Mrs. Berndt, Sr., was an old gentleman who described himself, and said he was an orator. He was recognized. Her father's people. Her Mother in spirit then described herself, the room in which she used to sew, the window, its position, the bird cage over her head there, the knitting, and her sewing basket, her side combs, her gray print dress, black slippers and white stockings, their family affairs, her way of soothing this child in her sorrow, as she took her hand and smoothed it, so (showing me), and how she said, "Let us be thankful it is no worse than it is," when so doing,—. Then this Mother in spirit said to me, Sarah Shatford, "my daughter here has my spool-case, which I see her unroll, which ties up with a ribbon after rolled up. She had my picture enlarged, and is not satisfied with it, and I see her stand by it, place a sprig over its frame, and hear her say it is not a good likeness of Mother at all. I am there when she does this, and I am here now." This was all recognized at once by Mrs. Berndt, and other proof I have not recalled here. After acknowledgment of this being her Mother, this same spirit told her daughter about the trip to Virginia she was about to take, and described the reasons for going, and gave other proof that she was in the family still although called "dead." Mrs. Berndt said, "I am going to Virginia Monday, and I certainly understand all that she has said." "You can never lose a Mother," said this spirit to her. "Father is with me, and he too will prove that he is here." The spirit of Mrs. Berndt's father then described himself to her, and his father too was present. First he said, "You know how I turned my pockets inside out to your Mother, and always said, You do whatever you like, and whatever you do will suit me." "The one who played a violin is here with us tonight, too. The one, a woman, who walked with a crutch and had her hand in a bandage, her right hand, she is here too. And your own two chil-

dren are here with us too, Mamma," said this spirit of her husband. I used to call my boy "Lad," when I spoke to him. He remembers that. Who used to like to have him skate, and see him with his skates over his shoulders? You, Mamma, have my old pocket book. And I see you keep the old papers in it, and stood by the other day and heard YOU SAY IF YOU HAD ALL THE MONEY THAT HAD HELD WHAT YOU WOULD DO. I always liked a polka dot necktie, said this same spirit. (All of this was admitted true as fast as I could speak it.)

Just here a servant entered to put away the china. She stood with her back to all of us and was busily engaged, when a spirit voice said, "There is a Congregationalist here, a man. A man who in his body always attended Church of this order, and was always late owing to reading the Sunday papers before he started. He used to pass the collection plate in the Church." The Berndts did not recognize this spirit. But this spirit kept on proving his identity, over and over verifying himself. At last the spirit said, "For the one with the gingham dress, putting away the dishes."

This spirit, a man, described HIS TOMBSTONE WITH A WREATH ON *IT*. A SLAB, said he, and "I HEAR YOU WORRYING OVER THE LOT, don't, for I don't care." Recognized at once.

The others stopped for this spirit to give his message. Over again the spirit began and went over the same things again. Until Mr. Berndt went into the kitchen and returned saying, "THAT SPIRIT IS RECOGNIZED BY THE WOMAN IN THE KITCHEN BUT SHE DOES NOT CARE TO COME IN SHE WOULD FEEL OUT OF PLACE SHE SAYS." Bring her in here, said I: I will sit with my arm around her here and she will lose all that feeling. She refused to come in. So this spirit, of her husband, told, in front of all the Berndts, that he was there, and to tell her this: "I KNOW SHE HAS REFUSED THAT OFFER OF MARRIAGE, AND I WANT HER TO ACCEPT OF IT AND HAVE HELP IN RAISING THE TWO CHILDREN. THAT MAN IS BETTER THAN SHE THINKS HE IS, BUT SHE WILL NOT MARRY A MAN SHE KNOWS NOTHING ABOUT. HE SPEAKS ANOTHER LANGUAGE. SHE IS CATHOLIC AND THEY FORBID THE DEAD TO SPEAK TO THEIRS THAT IS

WHY SHE DOES NOT COME IN NOW." All of which was admitted true, and by the woman herself to my neighbors, the Oscar Berndts.

The son-in-law, father of a fine Boy of about 14, who was present with his father and Mother was the next to receive from his father in spirit a description of himself, with proof that he had never died, knew all about—his business, home, etc. This father described himself fully, his head, habits, business, advice to this boy before he left, all of which was recognized by the man himself and his wife in body present, and all the Berndts also present. This spirit of this father then said to me, "I want to tell him that as sure as he used to help me MEND MY HARNESS, I AM HERE." "Yes, indeed, I did help him mend the harness," said this man in a body, who recognized his own father there able to speak to me, and prove himself living. The rest of this spirit's message to his son was all private, every single thing gone into regarding his business, his deafness, and not one refusal to recognize readily everything brought by the dead for the living this evening to people I do not know, never saw before, could know nothing about, except they were in the home of my next door neighbors the Oscar Berndts.

I wish to say that I gave all the above in noisy, bustling, conditions.

EVIDENTIAL PROOF: Friday, March 17th, 1922. Evening: New York City.

Miss Alta Baumgardner, and Friend "Dorothy," of Toledo. (Third communion this winter.) (350 West End Ave.) or 2141 Robinwood, Toledo, Ohio.

The Grandmother of Miss Baumgardner described her home, *and the turkey stuffed with chestnuts* for which she was famous. (Recognized.) Her mince pies, WITH BRANDY IN THEM, *made five at a time,*—where the family of this young woman gathered for holiday dinners, *WHEN SHE CARVED,*—the bird herself,—etc. Until the young lady said: "Why, that's my grandmother as plain as can be."

This Grandmother then went into the intimate affairs of the home from which this woman came, her own daughters, ap-

proaching operation, the outcome of it, and told of her presence there, described THE CEMETERY LOT ON WHICH SHE WAS BURIED, and the number of graves there before hers, (two) and the monument,—all matters being of too sacred a nature and intimate to record here, but all recognized, with Miss Dorothy's recognition as well, as they both reside in Toledo,—

An Uncle, "Mother's brother, who was fond of you," then told of his characteristics, those things which held him still, how he never visited but two houses, disliked visiting, but always came to her father's house, where the door was open for him always,—how this father had helped him in life and now he wished to return it by sending something to him, and giving this girl which money could not buy. He told how he saved up gold pieces, as soon as he had enough green money to change it for gold he did so, and how he loved to see this, and roll it out of that small leather purse worth only half a dollar (all true, and admitted true)—how her father always bought all his cigars, and sent him a fresh box before the last was empty, and where he kept these, on the shelf of the clothes closet,—(all admitted true by Miss B——). While we stopped to speak of these things, the young ladies overcome by the memory and personality of the so-called "dead" Uncle, Mother's brother,—the woman related to this spirit said: "That is the only thing Father ever bought for Uncle was his cigars wholesale). Mr. Baumgardner, the Father in Toledo, is a wholesale Dry-Goods Merchant. When I started again on the wire for this spirit, he said first, "I wish to correct you, that is NOT the only thing your Father bought for me, he bought my woolen underwear. "True: said Miss Baumgardner: that is so."

This relative then began, referred to her father's new investments, etc., his health, showed me this father in the body sitting in his office, and I described him to these girls, dressed in a gray suit, the desk he sat at, where it was placed, faced, the bell on this desk which he rang for the correspondence clerk, etc., told him "he bounded up two steps at a time, this father, (which is a habit of his) told of the business in the making, how two brothers had begun and built up the great merchandise business, —then this spirit spoke of intimate things concerning the family, I do not need to record here, all of which was true, recognized as true by both of these friends.

"Miss Dorothy" (I have not allowed them to tell me her name, as yet) then received more proof from hers in spirit that they had been with her all day before she came here this evening, her Mother in spirit telling her how she winds her way between the motors to cross the street, asking that she wait in future, also that she will not agree to meet her friends but go along with her, and not take a taxi alone anywhere, and told her reasons for it. Then this spirit Mother told this daughter she had seen her handle those curtains at home which would not even up at the bottom, and COULD have said to her "a little higher, daughter" — as she stood there by her side. (Recognized by the woman.) The spirit told how this one was baffled as to a certain thing she had said last evening in her first sitting and how she wished to make this plain, as it was regarding her Father in the body. This she wished to speak to her alone. The Mother in spirit told of this girl's career, advised re-it. Understood by the girl. Messages in symbol were given which she could understand alone, all of which were comprehended at once by the young lady herself.

"You have planned to buy underwear, fluffies, tomorrow, said this spirit Mother." Which was true also.

EVIDENTIAL, SCIENTIFIC PROOF, of Survival WITH Memory and love AFTER "death." New York City, March 14th, 1922.

Miss Baumgardner, (Alta) and friend "Dorothy" from Toledo. (2nd sittings.)

"Dorothy" came first, as Miss B—— has had several communications. "There is a lady here in spirit who wore a black satin dress which had a small nose-gay in it: a small bunch of flowers scattered over it. She saw you rip out the lace from the sleeves and wind in carefully. You have the point lace from her wedding veil, and her wedding slippers. Her jewel-box was then described. Glass, bound with a binding so-wide (shown): painted flowers on top: in it was a gold buttercup pin which had a chain and a small stick-pin attached: she wore that constantly. But there was another pin, bar, with stones across: YOU have that. (All the above was acknowledged as true by this young woman.)

The spirit continued: "You remember how I used to suffer with headaches. How my head was tied up: how you used to come in and see Father sitting at the head of my bed with his hand on my forehead: and I would say "Mother's precious: she will be quiet, and not make any noise?" How I wanted to live for my children." Then, in the picture, psychic, cinematograph form, these spirits showed me this girl as a child, sitting down on the floor, with a *doll's willow cradle* in front of her, which had a hood on it. All they wished me to mention was the little girl's fat legs. When this spirit Mother then told how she had to have a bed-quilt pieced for this cradle, and was so discerning at her age that she also required them to make for her dolls "rubber diapers" just as real babies had. (All acknowledged as true by both of these women.)

Then, those messages concerning this daughter, and her home life, were given, all too sacred to be given here, all known and acknowledged as true. Her sweetheart in the body was described, his character, clothes, manners, etc., as her Mother wished her to understand which one she meant when giving advice for her, after which she said to her daughter in the body (The one you play cards with, while the saucer of candy is on the side, the one who says: YOU have it, that last trump") (True, understood) giving more minute details of her life and all that is living, passing in that home, that this girl could never doubt her Mother was here and with her. Her grandmother spoke to her, sent a private message to her father in body, recognized by the girl and her friend,—while "Father's brother who went out through a shot," he is here too. (In the Civil War, true.)

While all money matters, art of this child, her ambitions, etc., were told, managed: regarding more than I could or would write here.

EVIDENTIAL PROOF: Baumgardner, J. F., Toledo, Ohio. February 1st, 1923, N. Y. C.

Miss Alta Baumgardner, is the Girl to whom we gave much proof on the Pullman from Los Angeles, Calif. After which she brought her N. Y. friends, and a Toledo girl, Miss Dorothy Sawyer, to see us. Now, in this year she has brought her Mother (2030 Parkwood Avenue, Toledo, O.), and after a wonderful

afternoon spent with all hers in spirit, they requested me to dine with them at the Waldorf that the Father and husband could have messages also. I never carry pearls. But in this instance, as a Brother of the man had come to unravel affairs left suddenly but six weeks ago, when he passed with a stroke, and he gave his initials, "B. S.," I did go to the Hotel and carried the greatest amount of proof, so that Mr. B— said, "I would rather have this trip to N. Y. than all the others I have made."

His Brother, lately passed, called him "Bumm," explained himself, his interests, debts, etc. Also much that cannot be revealed here, as it is a family matter. The Mother, Aunts, Father, children, all acknowledged without an error of any kind, for both Mr. and Mrs. Baumgardner.

One of the best things, I thought, was his Mother, who said: "Do you recall my large Maltese cat, and how it came home with half of its right ear gone?" I do, said Mr. Baumgardner: "That was in the house where *the snowball tree grew in the front yard,*" said the spirit Mother. "Yes," said her Son, Mr. B. "Sell the old Farm; the barn is falling down anyway," said this spirit. "That's right," said they. Their clothes, the trinkets, the homes, fatalities, habits, favorite dishes prepared, the guests around the table, described, etc.

I went at Five P. M., returned at Nine 30; all the time being given to discussing life before they "died."

Sarah T. Shatford.

EVIDENTIAL PROOF: Monday, March 13, 1922. New York City.

Miss Alta Baumgardner, 2227 Glenwood Avenue, Toledo, Ohio.

Miss "Dorothy"—her friend—Toledo, Ohio.

Miss Baumgardner was the young woman I met on the Santa Fe Train, occupying the same section with her from Los Angeles to Chicago, last May (1921), when I gave her many messages, with evidential proof, of spirit presence.

In June this young woman came on to New York and I gave further proof to her and her friends (see records) (Two friends, both women).

Today, hers in spirit described themselves, as well as described her father in the body, and his personal habits, appear-

ance, clothes. As this was her father's father in spirit, and he wished to send word to his son in the body, words of advice as to that new venture in business he was engaged in now, he would like her to come again to this door for this sole purpose. (Understood, and all descriptions, correct, acknowledged so by this woman.) This grandfather, after describing himself, clothes, watch chain with charm, whiskers, told of his peculiarities, pride, stubborn will, and his wife, grandmother of this one was described and all relating to their personalities. ("Mother used to tell me when my beard needed trimming," said this spirit, "I wore it short on the sides." "And she always put the handkerchief, with the toilet water on it, in my pocket, too—" "Your father now wears my charm I wore on my watch chain," said this spirit (Acknowledged). And, giving a sacred message to this girl in symbol, regarding her affairs, she understood all he said.

Her Aunt Mate, Mother's relative, was next, describing herself from spirit, and how she came to visit but never remained long,—told of a summer day, this last summer, when she (this spirit) was present, while this girl's Mother and she discussed certain things, and a certain person (explained to her, and understood) on the veranda built like an L—where the gladiolas grow in front (true), and she now wished in her moment given her from spirit to tell this girl as she saw her rebel, rose and weep going up to her room, leaving her Mother on the porch, she could say that she could explain a condition that would change this young woman's mind on this subject. This the spirit did, and this was known by the woman herself, acknowledged by her to be true. Much valued advice was given, and each time she (the spirit) gave any, she added something to prove it was she who was speaking as a spirit. Others were mentioned, Mother's relatives recently come to spirit. The value of this sitting was in its privacy, and I cannot divulge the things of import, known only to her and hers. All of which she understood.

Miss Dorothy ———, her friend, was given as much proof from her Mother in spirit, the black satin dress with a nose-gay in it, a bunch of flowers, about so large, said this Mother in spirit, who described this girl when a child, sitting on the floor with her dolls, and the LITTLE WILLOW CRADLE WHICH

ROCKED AND HAD A PATCHWORK QUILT made for it (acknowledged), and the man who was so particular regarding the crease in his trousers, the position in which he used to stand and used to pinch *her lips together, so*—(showing me how he did) (acknowledged, all of it)—Then these went into her own affairs which were puzzling her, told her how to manage same, what door to knock on, money due her which she must collect, how to go about it—and advice regarding her career (all of which was understood), Her health, circulation problem, was gone into for her, the cause told,—after which she showed me a hand in bandage from this cause. The priest in the family who had crossed to spirit was with them, said this Mother. And many more, which she can find tomorrow when she comes back.

Both are beautiful young women with futures before them. The one who brought her friend was assured, the other skeptical, and it was joy to me to see the recognition of hers in spirit, the smiles, and happiness it brought to know them with her this afternoon. From astonishment, to laughter, and then gladness: was the emotions depicted as we traveled on with these parents, in spirit, who gave the proof no one could give but themselves.

Evidential Proof: Tuesday, March 4th, 1924.
"BARNEY", Houseman & Window Cleaner (address on file).

This man, a Jew, has been a trusted employee, and has taken charge of my Apartment for a year and a half, doing all menial labor. And doing it well. Many times, as he worked away, I heard a spirit speak to me regarding him, and his family. Many times I promised this spirit I would some day tell him what was desired by them he should be told from spirit. Barney knew I heard the "dead", spoke with them, as he told me a neighbor had inquired of him if she might not call. He had never asked for anything for himself from the spirits. I knew his religion, knew it did not permit him to seek the "dead". So, I had never spoken, regarding the spirits of his own who had said, "some day, they would tell him what they wished him to know," if I *would* tell him.

Today as the good fellow brought in the carpets from the roof, five flights up, and laid them on the floors, a spirit said to me, Sarah Shatford, "WOULD you speak for a Mother to

her Boy. He is not in good health, needs a tonic. I wish to speak of his father to him." "If you will *prove* that you are his Mother," I said to this spirit who had just spoken to me, "I will tell him all you wish to tell him." Then the spirit began, saying: "I can prove that I was there, a few days ago, beside his Father, in the kitchen, when his Father told him, "My only friends are my pipe and my tobacco." I stood there: I heard it. His Father speaks with the spirits: they come to him in the night: they show him pictures also: sometimes he tells this Boy, "You see, you should do as I was told for you to do." I hear him say so. My son will remember when they told me I must die, how I just took up the corner OF MY BROAD CHECKED BLUE APRON, AND HELD IT TO MY EYES, SO, SOBBING, WEEPING: AS I DID NOT CARE FOR MYSELF, BUT DREADED TO LEAVE MY LITTLE CHILDREN, AND MY HUSBAND. His Father must step over soon. It is but a step here where I am: he knows that too, we have told him. He has a small Life Insurance. When he comes over, let all be simple, and do not take any debts on your shoulders for Papa: that is best. I hear you worry because Papa must sleep in the kitchen, and you cannot give him a room for himself, and a bureau in which to keep his things: but all he cares is that he cannot help you with your family. I hear you talk of apprenticing the boy, your boy, to a Tailor, to learn that trade. Don't do it. Let him learn some other, a carpenter's. For then he will pay for his lumber, later, and his own men, and you will sit in *his* home with folded hands. The girl, your artist daughter, she is the one to educate. She can pick out a gem now, be it from a book, or a setting. Give her an education, if you can. You cannot manage this one: she knows just what to do: what she *will* do. The Cantor in the family, on your Father's side of the house, is here: he stays with your Father. Your brother in spirit travels with you, to help you: I only come here when you come here, to try and *speak* to you, my boy. All that temper, and trouble, at home, with the wife, is caused by the pain in her mouth, her teeth must come out, and right away. Do this for her, then. We never went away from here, so we are here. You must not worry over my coming to speak to you, I have tried before. You say "Ever so much obliged," and *I* taught you *to say those words.* If there was anything your Mother liked

to eat it was a ripe pear. Now, you must work at that job which is heavy this afternoon, so I want you to be ready. Don't *grieve, will* you? And eat a hearty, warm, lunch for Mother today; for that work is hard. Someday, I will speak again, if I can. I thank you for all the things you have done for me, since I came here. You promised me to look out for your Father, and you have kept that word."

Poor Barney, rich Barney, was weeping. He said, as he wiped his eyes, "Every thing you said, is true. That is every word true. Every word."

When Barney went out again, this Mother in spirit said to me, "That was a Mother's *best* for her Boy. *Her one chance.* He will never forget today."

I told him this, also, and he said, "No, I will never forget *this* day, Mrs. Shatford."

S. T. S.

(See next page, same proof. *Add.*)

In the night, on Wednesday, when I am reached by the spirits for my own important messages, a spirit said to me, "You did not tell about BARNEY'S SISTER IN JERSEY." "I think I did omit that," I remarked. Now I add it, too.

When BARNEY'S Mother, in spirit, was talking with him, yesterday, March 4th, 1924, among those things she spoke of to her son was the following: "He HAS A SISTER IN JERSEY. THE ONE WHOSE BOY LEFT HOME, AND CAUSED HER SO MUCH WORRY. I WOULD LIKE TO HELP HER. I WOULD LIKE TO HAVE HER BROUGHT HERE SO I CAN SPEAK TO HER ABOUT HER FAMILY. She worries over them so. I want you to take pencil and paper, and write her before you sleep that I am here, and can speak to you, and I must speak to her too."

Barney said, as I have recorded already, "Every word you told me is the truth."

Sarah T. Shatford.

Evidential Proof: Wed., Feb. 6th, 1924. New York City.
MRS. COYLE (address on file).

While waiting for a cross town car at 161st St. a small, stout woman crossed the wide street, wearing black satin sandals,

and no overshoes. She wore a fur coat, with kolinsky collar, a small velvet toque with a shaded ostrich plume on the right side, having Alice blue in it,—she carried a parcel.

It had rained and frozen, then thawed, and rained again, and the streets were in puddles. As this woman stamped her feet, at my side, a distance of only a few feet, for she was waiting for the same car, she said to me, Sarah Shatford, "My feet are wet, and I have neuritis, and I'm afraid I will be sick. I have on woolen stockings, but that has not kept them dry." Smiling at this venture, knowing that there was a reason for this woman speaking to me, a stranger, she never saw before, I replied with the bromide "You must wear your rubbers when it rains!" A pause, and a spirit spoke to me thus. "I am hers, speak for me. Tell her I am here, tell her I can prove it right away that I am here: tell her she almost died when we lost our baby, and I used to come home and find her weeping with her head on her arm, so (showing me how, the very position). Tell her I remember how she would not allow me to shave off my moustache, and would beg me not to,—" And this spirit then described himself to me.

How was I to do this. What effect would it have on this very woman. Well, this is only ONE thing that it means to be able to hear the living dead.

I said to this woman: "Did you ever have a message from your husband who 'died'?" She said, "No." I said, "Well, he is here, and speaks to me, and asks me to tell you something for him: would you like to hear what it is?" "I should say I would, —isn't that WONDERFUL?" she said. "No," I replied, "it is not, it is just natural." And I repeated all this spirit had told me, and when the car came, she asked to stand beside me that he could tell her more. She recognized at once everything this spirit told her.

We crowded on, having to stand. My place was directly in front of a stout priest, who sat in the corner, reading his prayers from a small book. It is so natural to hear when spirits speak that I record here that the first thing said by this spirit to me after we had taken our positions was "Look out for your toes!" (that they were not stepped on by the crowd). The spirit then said: "I want to tell her that I want her to say Yes to that, but that the young one will step off first. Say I have NEVER LEFT

HER. I GO ALONG WITH HER TO BUSINESS EVERY DAY." "Oh, I have to get off at Jerome Avenue, I am so sorry. I understand all of it. How wonderful this day is for me. Good-by dear, Oh, good-by once more, and thank you!" And she alighted and was gone.

Did the priest hear? I trust he did. I spoke for him TO hear, also.

Evidential Proof: Feb. Sat. P. M. 16th, 1924.
COYLE, Mrs.

Turning the corner of the Library, with my arm full of books, I saw a short woman in a fur coat smiling broadly at me. Nearing this smile I saw it was the same woman I had spoken to, and given a message from her husband in spirit, while waiting for the cross town car, Feb. 6th, on my way to the Garretts.

We spoke today of meeting again, she was saying she feared we should never meet again, and that she had not been able to think of anything else since she was given the wonderful proof from her husband that he was with her. Just here, a very sick man, who was leaning against the Library walls, faintly murmured a request that we help him across the street. Which we did, and into the Drug Store, while she went for his people on this same street. Mr. Murphy was his name, known to the Druggist, who gave him medicine at once.

After we left the Drug Store, this woman remarked how strange it was that we should be speaking of the dead who were with us, and we should be able to help this man. While saying that everything *was* a miracle, a spirit said to me, Sarah Shatford, "Tell her I stood there when she and the girl were eating and heard the Girl say, "And you never got her name (mine) and you let her get away without it?" "Oh, she did say that!" said this woman. "Tell her I used to stroke my moustache, so—; that I remember that soup with the brown squares in it she made for me, and all those cakes, yellow with white frosting,—tell her my brother in spirit is with me here, and I would like to have her come and bring the daughter who is so dear to my heart as I want to go into those papers for her, she works, this Girl of ours." "I understand all of that," she said. "My name is Mrs. Coyle, and I live at ————————. May I come?" And I

gave her my address, as it was biting cold this afternoon, and I could not stand longer on the street in the blast. The spirit spoke to me after I had left her side, saying, "She was greatly pleased." "Well," said I, "she must deserve to be, as I seldom meet the same people face to face even twice, or in New York.

After dinner this evening a spirit said to me, Sarah Shatford, as I picked up my New York POST, "You did not write about the Good Samaritan." That is true, I forgot that, but I will. So, this is known, as all is. That, when the spirit of Mrs. Coyle's husband began speaking to Mrs. Coyle, he said, "I saw you as you were a Good Samaritan: and that was a saying of mine, I was a Good Samaritan to Him,"—(acknowledged by Mrs. Coyle as true of her husband while in the body.)

How far reaching is spirit knowledge. How often I am reminded of neglect, told of evidence I forgot to write, to include. Sometimes I am awakened in the night for this purpose solely.

Evidential Proof: Given at the Wildman Residence, N. Y. C. CASTELLO, Miss (Catholic).

"Mother is here. Get used to the fact, before I go on." Said a spirit voice to me, as this stranger took a seat in my room at the Wildman's, where I wrote the spirit's second Book, "For Jesus' Sake".

"I used to look forward to those excursions by Boat," said this spirit Mother to her daughter before me. "I used to take our luncheon along, you recall,—and I wore that hat with a brim, with those flowers on it, and a shirtwaist (describing one).

"I became very ill, cancer. When my dresses would not reach around the waist, I HAD A BLACK SILK COAT (describing this coat in detail), and I USED TO TIE A STRING IN THE BUTTON HOLE OF MY DRESS SKIRT, AND PLACE THE LOOP OVER THE BUTTON, PUT ON MY SILK COAT, TAKE MY TINY PARASOL YOU GAVE ME WITH ITS BLACK HANDLE, AND GO OUT TO WALK, and no one was the wiser." This Mother then described herself, hair, size, hands, eyes, and stood before me, as a picture on my brain, advanced some distance back, lest she frighten even me. Her personality was such that I could gather for this daughter all that is dear concerning a Mother. Ways, mannerisms, say-

ings. She told of her last illness, and all was true, acknowledged as true, by this daughter in front of me, Sarah Shatford.

Messages were sent to this Girl's Father in the body, others were described in the spirit, and she knew forever that she had heard from her own Mother.

Evidential Proof: For Miss Adah B. Connor: things not mentioned by Miss Conner in her letter of acknowledgment. (On file.)

Her Father in spirit. Description of himself, his clothes, habits, music, reading, the instruments he used to play, how he underscored his slides, how she stood on a stool to sing beside him when small, how she was dressed then, the library, his books, and who got these at his death, and his watch: his desk with its rose and vase, how she had seen spirits before he died, how he took her and Mother to see Sothern in IF I WERE KING, how he tied a peach-stone basket to his watch-chain to worry her who had to have even the clock set just so on the mantel, how she would appeal to her Mother "Make him take that off," (the peach-stone basket)—also, All about his son, his troubles and debts adjusted which he sees from spirit, His wife, and the Mother of this girl who is still in the body, her description, the ailment from which she suffers, swollen ankles, etc. All her tastes described: her love for the beautiful, habits, etc.

This girl's Brother, a spirit, in khaki, hat and all described, handkerchief about throat, belt of cartridges, love of hunting, and a sack full of ducks he brought home with him, his fun-making, love of,—how his Mother disliked him to clean his rifle fearing it would go off and wound him,—how his Grandmother in spirit loved him, and babied him, description of her, cap and shawl by the window in which sat a vine on a trellis shaped like this: (told of its shape) how Grandma sat there to mend, also the cakes and candies she made, and set the table for them.

Beside, all this girl's work-a-day problems gone into, the office and work—pay—her music and choir singing as well, all with this father's dear personality, and able proof of same surviving with love and attendance upon his daughter, who was his favorite child.

As Miss Conner gave only a general recognition of these

communions, I write only what I can recall now, as I have given this young woman seven whole evenings with hers in spirit.

Miss Conner is Miss Clenen's friend. Came to me a stranger, and I know little more of her now, except she recognized each thing mentioned here, and others I cannot remember.

For Miss Conner, I have proved life after death to her friend from Greensburg, Pa., Miss Emma S. Lake, who was given, free, a long communion with her Mother, Father, Mother's brother, and grandparents also,—hers giving the most intimate details of the old home, when they were all together, and this one left home, and her sister—all just as had happened and acknowledged true by Miss Lake.

Evidential Proof: Adah Conner, N. Y. C.
Sunday Evening, Jan., 1923.

Miss Conner has had many evenings spent with hers in spirit, all recognized as fast as they could recall the past, from Father, Brother, Grandmother, and others.

I was told by Miss Jeanette Clenen, whose friend she is, and who brought her to me, that this woman was not exactly satisfied, she was not satisfied. So, when she called this evening, and after we had dined at my home, I told her this, and said I trusted she would be entirely satisfied before she left this evening.

Therefore, I have this to add to all the rest that was given her,—"There is a young man here rowing a boat. He says he dressed in khaki, tied a white handkerchief about his neck, that he burned but did not tan, that he has short blonde hair, and was an athlete. He says that you always asked him to bring you a pond lily, and if he could not bring a blossom to bring a bud, as it would open. And he showed me, in my brain, a picture of the Lake where he rowed, its brushes, and the shore. (Recognized) Then, this young man said: "I never contemplated taking my life for an instant: it was all an accident. Said, "if I had not stopped for "sandwiches" it would not have happened at all. "I understand that, said Miss Conner: go on."

This spirit then showed me his office desk, a gun he opened and closed, how he fell over on the floor: he told of the one who would not marry who loved him still, whom he loved devotedly,

and asked that this sister convey this proof to her that it was accidental. Much more also, but this is all that needs to be told.

I, Sarah Shatford, desire to say, that all make mistakes at times, for I heard distinctly, as I thought, "sandwiches", while it was sandbaggers that this spirit meant, as he showed me a watch, and a strike on the head. He said "sandwiches" which was sandbaggers: but his sister understood, for that was why he carried a gun; he had been sandbagged, held-up, and left unconscious, after a blow on the head, while on his way home from his office in N. Y. City.

Miss Conner said, Now I AM satisfied. Miss Clenen does not know my brother committed suicide, and could not have told it,—and you know no one who knows me or my family. I always wondered why Jo, who gave his name and proof that he was here, so often, did not settle this. All that is true, and it is Jo, and his wife will not marry, etc.

This letter tells how her Father in spirit told her that she would get the rise in salary, that it was held up in Washington: See Letter for proof that this is just what did happen.

EVIDENTIAL PROOF: March 19, Sunday, New York.
Miss Adah Conner: Friend of Miss Jeanette Clenen.

It was given to these women, last week, that they would receive no further communion through me, as I had to be used for public proof, now, and they must go to a message medium. All who have been given dozens of sittings with me have been given, the last ten days, a final heaping measure, of proof, then told, this is good-bye, for a time at least. It makes for sadness with them, and with me, for I love to help the ones who come to me for help. But I feel myself breaking in health owing to constant confinement, and lack of exercise, and know I must rest now. So when Miss Conner came in I said it was useless, they had said it was good-bye. But her father in spirit wished to assist her over a difficulty regarding some papers she had filed, and which brought her here again in fact. This, after this father proved in a new way, giving proof scientific and that which only this father could give of himself and their lives at home, was done. Everything he had forgotten to mention before was brought in this time, it seems. For instance he said: "Remember how I used to like that apple-Jack *without an under crust?*"

"Yes, indeed,—" said this girl. Again, "Your Mother has my horn-handled jack knife with the large blade which I used to cut a maple-branch of red leaves, or those small sunflowers (showing me these) and that yellow flower that made us sneeze (golden-rod)." Yes: admitted Miss Conner. Continuing the spirit said: "We liked to walk, and always brought home something in this line." True, said she. This spirit father figured out all her immediate concerns for her, when she did not understand he went into it so plain that she soon did understand, I can tell you. He said: "I should have left you better off than I did, but I trusted another, had too much confidence in business and your Mother was the loser." All true of his money affairs while he looked on from spirit, sees and knows his mistakes.

This spirit father then said: "Recall how I just wouldn't carry a purse? I wanted all my bills and change and knife and things in that right trousers pocket? And YOU had to mend the hole in it!" "True," said Miss Conner.

I write this final sitting, this woman's spirits recollections (I am so tired I cannot spell) recollections would fill volumes, but how human the "dead" are, I write this final test for Miss Adah Conner to tell you who can call upon her, or look up her letter on file acknowledging it.

EVIDENTIAL PROOF: Saturday evening, March 11th. 1922. New York City.

Miss Jeanette Clenen and Miss Adah Conner, friends. Both these fine women, holding responsible positions, have had many communions with theirs in spirit, but drop in hungry at time, to get a grain added.

Miss Clenen's Mother in spirit gave her a financial message which she understood. "Your perseverance has won," said she. And, as evidential proof that it was her Mother, this spirit told of a Five Dollar gold piece she always carried in her pocketbook, and never spent it, being "broke" would look at it, and put it back. (Recognized as true) Then, this spirit Mother said: "Remember how I used to stand on the front porch and wave my kerchief as long as you would look back?" (Recognized, also) When this spirit then said to her daughter: "Remember I have given you through this lady (the medium) gold you cannot spend, but you will always have with you." And this spirit wept. I

did not know why. The handkerchief continued to wave (I Sarah Shatford saw it waved by a spirit, saw the Mother in spirit as she waved it)—but, until I was awakened in the night I did NOT know that this was good-by from this Mother to this girl, and it would be the last message she would be given through me. It was over, the miracle, the visiting, chatting, recalling of memories, friends, clothes, families, homes, work, visits made, travels, interests, family quarrels, and peculiarities, (they have gone back more than three generations for Miss Clenen, because of her persistence, and her nearness to my residence, during the last Three years, beginning at the time when I roomed with her Aunt Mrs. John Dutcher, 1919.

As I have three books to proof-read, and new evidential proof to give to business people whom I have never seen, to convince them, the ones who have had great stores of proof, are to be satisfied.

It was much the same with Miss Conner. There was a finality about the last of her proof, which I did not understand at the time. Her brother in spirit proved over and over he was here in person, recalling with his jovial ways his lightheartedness—advised about Mother in the body, told of the young man, blonde, who had passed out before him, for whom he grieved so greatly, and said he was with him tonight present here (Understood)—told of her work and its important phase, describing the living people where she works, as well as all her books, desk, where it sets, etc. Told of his high chokers, how he had to take them to the Chinaman himself, no one could suit him, etc. (True) Then another spirit, who had never been to us before, presented himself, showing me his watchchain, parted in the centre, with its charm in the centre, his habit of handling same while he talked and looked down upon it (Recognized) and said, "Who used to say: 'Nightie-Night'?" "YOU," said Miss Conner.

That was all. And it too is the last for this fine girl, as we are told by the spirit. She knows forever, as does Miss Clenen, theirs are with them, know all transpiring here, have been with them, by reference to all that has transpired since their passing out of the body, proof of all the family has endured since.

And my own, give me daily, this same comfort, with proof.

Sarah T. Shatford.

EVIDENTIAL PROOF: Evening May 4th. 1922. New York City.

Miss Jeanette Clenen, and Miss Adah Conner:

These women have had dozens of hours of communion with theirs in spirit with me as their translator. But this evening was the last before leaving for California and they brought in so much of the old times and past life, it was like a human visit with visitors.

Miss Clenen has recently sold a property in Jersey. The records are being searched. One from the spirit told of just one cross mark on the deeds, which was not acceptable, and brought in a man (spirit) with a carpet bag to prove *why* this mark was on the deed to this property. After proving her father was with this man in spirit it was told, that mark was put there for one who passed out and left no guardian for two small children, and they could not write they were too small.

"Well," said Miss C— "that was in 1824: and that mark IS ON THOSE PAPERS."

"I was with you when you enclosed some stamps in a letter," said Miss C—'s mother. O. K. Miss Conner's father and brother and Aunt Mary gave her so much of the past, described those in business where she worked, the situation of her desk, the Officer in charge (Govt.), her mother's finances, that which she was to collect owing her,—how to go about this,—while both father and brother in spirit described their habits, clothes, those who were with them, in spirit,—all evidential proof none could give but those outside a body.

Evidential Proof: Nettie Clenen:

Fanny in spirit came the last sitting, described a crayon picture she painted of her baby, from a small brown photo: wept before this: told of her loneliness, and how she has gone to join this child. Spoke of the *"Moss agate ring with a FERN IN IT:* (it was given by Miss Clenen to her chum Fanny) then called SMUDGE and MUGGY. This is remarkable. The cat's name was Smudge, and the dog's Muggins.

For Miss Clenen the spirits have gone back three generations. She has been a patient investigator, dropped in each evening. With the above result. It would take a volume to record all that has been proved for Miss Clenen by her Mother, and

hers in spirit of their daily lives when in the body, clothes, homes, laces, jewelry, pictures, furniture, habits, foods, the most minute descriptions of habits and all that went to make life for them when she was in the body. Miss Clenen has promised me to write this for the English Society.

The spirit said to Mrs. Wildman this A. M. "There is a girl here who belongs to Guelph (Canada) Yes. said Mrs. W. Will you drive me to Petersborough? said this spirit. Lawerie. "It was her girlhood friend. The spirit then told of the way they had of talking until daylight when she visited there. Spoke of a tall boy, in spirit with her who was a blonde." Etc. Much more. All true as given.

Hotel Endicott, New York, May 3rd. '22.

Dear Mrs. Shatford:

I hardly know where to begin or how to make a connected resume of the many talks we have had with mine who have passed on before.

One very positive piece of evidence was what you called a "scar." At the instant I could not recall any. You said my mother insisted, showed her hand and picked at it. This showed me she was recalling the seed-wart on the back of one hand. As this had entirely escaped my memory it could not be a subconscious condition: and you had never seen my mother,—in fact we did not meet till years after she passed on.

At one of our earlier meetings she recalled a plaid silk dress she had had as a child, and of which I had only seen pieces. Also a peculiar green belt with a gilt and pearl buckle,—a family relic of pre-Civil War days and which I had proudly worn in recent years. Camel's hair shawls, also Paisley were spoken of at different times. (There were four in my Mother's possession,—three being her own and one her sister's.)

My chum (Fanny) who passed on in 1915, before you and I met, recalled the other evening when swimming one time, she had slipped and I had gone under much to her fright, for we had been walking out in the water near the raft and I had just announced I was beyond my depth. She did not believe me, when she suddenly lost her footing too. I had been "dog-tredding" for several yards. This was another little minor incident, very

personal, of which I had entirely forgotten. This friend also has brought to mind a number of personalities so very personal they came through in symbols.

One night my mother said, "Well, if you want any more evidence, what about the fine-tooth comb?" That went back to my earliest childhood,—entirely forgotten by me, and an incident unknown to any other living being. (The side porch, with its vines where this was used, was described also.)

My dear Mrs. Shatford, these things I mention are proof positive to me, you get your messages from those gone before,—those who knew while here of the incidents they relate. How you hear, I dare not try to imagine. But in these days of impossibilities, nothing is impossible; and your form of "radio" spans the gap long sought and seldom found as yet.

I am hoping that the near future will solve this great problem, and that we all will be able to visit with our own very often.

With best wishes for all success, I am

Sincerely yours,

Nettie.

(Letter from Miss Jeanette Clenen,
Hotel Endicott, New York City.
Graduate of Barnard: War-Dept. Grade A. I Finance Dept.)
To Sarah T. Shatford

Evidential Proof: Sunday, Jan. 4th. 1920.

Cottrell (Mr.) and (Mrs.), Mrs. Reese, Mother of Mrs. Cottrell, and Three sisters of Mrs. Cottrell, the Misses Reese.

The above are all friends of Mrs. Steinke of Cincinnati, and it was at a luncheon given by her in New York that I met the above friends, heard Mr. Cottrell say he knew Mr. Edward H. Randall, lawyer, author, of Buffalo, N. Y., who has written through a medium several books.

As Mr. Randall knew my father and our family, and as I remembered him, also because the Steinkes would not take a spirit message, sneering at the idea that spirits could and do communicate, I accepted the invitation to visit the Cottrells and Reeses at their Apartment on Sunday P. M. at three.

None had ever had a message from the spirit-world.

The first spirit to describe themselves (theirself) was an old lady having a market basket on her arm, same arm had the sleeve rolled up and was very fat. This boy, Mr. Cottrell was described as *"one of two"* twins having cheeks like apples, both of whom this old lady used to comfort and nurse on her breast with the fat, bare arms about them. She described the old kitchen "across the water," the rafters of which were hung with long strings of dried vegetables, beans, etc. She described the pickled products in kegs, told how they stuffed the sausages, made kraut,—described the mountains with the snow-caps, the eidelweis, pressed between leaves of books,— This was Mr. Cottrell's grandmother who helped to rear him, and the descriptions were all accurate.

His father was next to tell his occupation (baker), showing barrels of flour, ovens of the oldfashioned kind,—telling of the devotion of the mother, showed me the fringed tablecloth and these two sitting with a loaf on the table in the kitchen. He understood this, as they were frugal, saving people. A brother-in-law was next. This one said he was indebted to Mr. Cottrell for sums of money advanced for his musical education, which he had insisted upon giving his note for but never paid. He had studied to become a violinist, showed me the instrument, and his delicate hand: described himself as being six feet tall, broad full brow, thick black hair and a soft downy mustache which they teased him about, etc. All true. A man here broke in (spirit) to say he wished to send a message to Meinna: she was his moss rose-bud (he showed me this) which he wore over his heart. Meinna is his daughter who is living, and they took this message for her, who visits at their house. The message regarded a parting from her husband, a division, a mortgage, etc. All of which they understood.

Next, the father (Reese) came and described himself so minutely that his smoking jacket and home embroidered velvet slippers were described correctly. He gave every evidence possible: described himself: his skull cap, bald head, gray mustache and shortcropped beard, but stopped here to describe a picture of himself when his whiskers and mustache were long and black, telling her where she kept this photo still, described a wooden box with a lock on it, and a *letter rolled* and *tied* with a *red*

string, which was *his* letter to *her,* she kept in this box, a paper with a seal on it, signed for a friend, and lost their savings through same, told her he wore a "cardigan jacket," a "wide wale corduroy vest," he smoked cigars, kept small round articles in his right vest pocket, here he laughed and showed me that he used to take these out and place these in his hand, in the palm of the left hand, (I could not see and he would laugh and kept me waiting as they laughed also) These were *pills* he used to take, *always kept* them in his vest pocket (right side). He gave his aged wife much advice, smoothed her hands, a way he had in life, congratulated her on the way she had brought up the family alone; declaring he was with her and had seen her trials: asked that she be taken away from the noise of city life, it was her wish. All verified.

During this work while my eyes were closed a young woman had entered the room unseen by me. The next spirit was for her whom I did not know was there, a man with a cape overcoat and slouch hat: a musician, with advice to this girl who is an Artiste (pianoforte). All plain to them and understood. She lacked assurance. Her trial try-out would be next month with introductions of a singer and a producer (true) and this spirit desired no expense to be spared on her *costume* for *this event,* describing gold slippers, etc., she must have. I saw the orchestra conductor and his baton, but was not given to understand whether she was singer or not. He described jealousies which had kept her back until this time, else she might now be earning her living through her Art. True they said.

Other messages, names, Nettie, Carlotta (the last the only name not recognized in the whole afternoon's work, from three until seven. Max, Theresa,—and more I cannot now recall.

Evidential Proof: Miss Nettie Clenen was a witness to this sitting.

Elizabeth Casey: Friend of Mrs. Kate Morris Healy: Sunday evening, May 9th. 1920:

The first spirit described herself, her bonnets, both summer and winter, the crepe leise at the wrists of her frocks: then, she spoke of her rings, the fuss over them, and said one was a round onyx with a diamond in the center. (Correct: all the above

acknowledged true.) This spirit told that she never labored, but had a shay at the door: showed me this was in Ireland (rather, she took me across the water). Then, this Mother told this daughter she was present this day when this daughter placed a candle in church and lighted it, and she wished to speak to her regarding this request and prayer. It concerned a ring on the marriage finger (correct, said Miss Casey) and she said "Don't ask for this: a rascal. (Understood, by the woman to whom it was given.)

The second spirit to describe himself was the father of this girl. They were Irish, never came here, have been dead many years, etc. The father said he wore a plug hat: furry like: a widewale velvet vest: a neck cloth: and had a chin whisker which he twisted as he spoke, it was his habit: recognized by Miss Casey as true, all the above.

The next spirit was the husband of the girl. Tall, square shoulders, blonde mustache, red cheeks, gray eyes: (correct) He gave her advice regarding their daughter ten years old who is crippled: wished her to bring her from Boston (correct) and take her to a hospital before it was too late: described a weight on the foot, etc. Understood: and description correct.

Three names were called: Mike, Charlie and Louise. These were not for the sitter, but were for Miss Nettie Clenen, who was witnessing the sitting. Mike was her nick-name, and Louise and Charlie were related. This was all Miss Clenen received this evening: but they wished her to know they were there.

Note: Miss Casey is from Ireland: her father was in the merchant class, and very wealthy: she works in this hotel. She tells me these things, I know as a Catholic she was surprised to learn her own were not far off.

Evidential Proof: Sunday, Feb. 10th, 1924.
Dymock, Miss Collie: N. Y. C.

Miss Dymock has had wonderful proof always that her Grandmother whose playmate she was is still at her home and recalls all the old days when she was there in a body. Tonight, as we spoke of many things, a spirit spoke to me, Sarah Shatford, saying: "Tell her the one who took her walking so she

could wheel her baby doll carriage is here. Tell her I remember how she liked to blow up those leaves with a smack, so (showing me how this was done so I could describe it to the young lady). Tell her I remember how she loved to thread those beads, as I sat with my WHITE FLANNEL AND BLUE SILK THREAD STITCHING. She used to take her slate and make faces on it, and then when these did not please her, rub them out saying, "Now I am going to start all over again!" I used to take her hands, so, and pat one little dimpled hand, so, with my hand. I STOOD BY THE WHILE THEY DISCUSSED SELLING THE PIANO OVER AT THE APARTMENT. TELL YOUR FATHER WHO DOES NOT LIKE SPOOKS THAT I WAS THERE AND HEARD THIS, and see what he says to that. Surely you will NOT sell the instrument it has so many memories,—etc., etc.

After the above proof was recognized so happily by this beautiful young woman whose companionship was so close to this Grandparent that she idolizes her memories, and all she is able to bring back past "death", for her, the while she (the Grandmother says: These are my presents to you: all I CAN fetch: hold them close: they are so precious: I used to call you Dolly, and say to you, "Come now, Dolly, and pick up your playthings, I am stepping on them". All of which was just a prelude to a wonderful talk, much as visitors have, when they have not met each other for a season. "Grandma always called the piano the instrument," said Miss D.

"Thomas A. Dydamous, Barney B. Rudge, and Polly Glot, are calling!" I now hear.

EVIDENTIAL PROOF: Monday, Tue. Wed. Oct. 15th, 1923. N. Y. C.

DYMOCK, Miss Collie:

The Grandmother of Miss Dymock said: "This Girl used to TAKE MY HAIR DOWN, TAKE OUT THE PINS, WHEN SHE WAS LITTLE. I USED TO SAY TO HER, "DOLLY, DON'T DO THAT." "SHE WASHED HER LITTLE SLATE I BOUGHT WITH TINY SQUARES I CUT FOR HER FOR THE PURPOSE, OUT OF MUSLIN. SHE

WOVE MATS. STRIPS OF COLORS, I CUT FOR HER. I HAD A WAY OF USING MY HAND, SO: (showing me, Sarah Shatford, how) All acknowledged, so happily, by this lovely Girl.

Mrs. Dymock, Mother of this young Girl, has had several visits with hers, in spirit. Her Mother was described as minutely as it is possible to describe anyone. She joked over the past, was jovial: brought her jewelry to me, Sarah Shatford, showing me these pieces: described the relations. Today, this Mother told this child, from spirit, "I could tell you more of what became of that father now. I used to wonder, you know. And sometime, when you care to come for this purpose, I can lift that stone, and tell you regarding this matter also. "Do you understand?" I asked of Mrs. Dymock. For she looked frightened. "Indeed I do," said Mrs. Dymock. "I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW MORE OF THAT. THAT IS JUST WHAT I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW MORE THAN I CAN SAY." The same spirit Mother then said, to prove she was conversing about THEIR PASTS, "DO YOU REMEMBER THE HONEY-JUG?" How Mrs. Dymock laughed. "Yes,—yes,—we all remember that still," said Mrs. Dymock. When she told me this: The child, Cellie, was allowed to buy some honey, from a wagon (in a jug) while this Grandmother of Collie's, who often has spoken with her, was in the body. They saved the honey-jug, and the quality of the honey was so fine they said, "When that man comes back again we will buy some more. He never came back,—but the child treasured the jug, and this promise, (and they still have the jug) and would say, always, "WHEN THE MAN COMES BACK WE ARE GOING TO BUY SOME MORE!" Mrs. Dymock said, as long as Collie was a child this was repeated at sight of the jug.

This Mother in spirit told of her ways while in a body. Her newspaper, where she read it, looked for it,—told how she fondled this Grandchild, her way, how she "smacked her little throat", what she called her,—her own mannerisms,—dislikes, family matters, etc. Which are sacred, and of no use to write here. All recognized as true. And gratefully received. April, 1923.

Evidential Proof, Friday, Nov. 9th, 1923.

Fifth Avenue Bus, Inside: A Dancer, Girl about seventeen, enroute to her modists on Riverside, near 118th St.

As I, Sarah Shatford, sat in the half-seat (over the wheel) in a Fifth Avenue Bus today, several women tried to occupy the other half, too small for them. Finally a slight girl smiled and said, "May I try to sit down there, I am so tired out I'll make it do I think." After settling down in this seat, this girl said to me: "I have been shopping, and I am so depressed, the day is horrid, don't you think?" I smiled, looked at her, and replied: "If I had your youth again No day would be horrid to me. You are too young to be depressed!" She then opened a small envelope in her hands, saying that she had to search for this material and even now had not been able to get the squirrel fur for the costume in her hand, of crepe, gray, satin back. I merely mention these things, not knowing her name, as everything is of value in this case. We spoke of depression coming from lack of luncheon while shopping, etc., but she had been to lunch on Madison Avenue, and was surprised at the cost of same when handed her check. This girl was so lovely, fresh as a Spring day, and we laughed over money, costs of food, etc. A spirit spoke to me saying, "I must give her hope, she is one of two, almost the same age, this is Mother." I replied to this spirit, make it possible and I will give your message. Again the spirit spoke, and said, "She dances. Her sister has been to see her recently, and must reform or lose her balance, she has a bad habit, she must stop it at once. This daughter must brush aside the offer of marriage from the boy who wishes to hurry her into marriage, the one who cannot wait. For he is anxious to make a business out of his feet, and to take her for his dancing partner. He is all feet and has no head to speak of. Later an older man will approach, his hands filled with blessings of another sort: I want her to wait. But she must not throw this boy down at once or her living will stop perhaps. This is her Mother, and she has A MINIATURE OF ME WITH CURLS: ALSO A PURPLE VELVET CASE." "TELL HER TO WRITE TO THAT ONE BACK HOME WHO SENT HER SO MUCH MONEY, THAT GOOD WOMAN, TO WRITE OFTEN."

I asked the girl, "Will your frock be a dancing frock?" She said, Yes. "Pastel colors are so beautiful with gray of that

shade," I said. "But see how wonderful this is with your squirrel collar," she replied, enthusiastically, almost dramatically. "I knew you danced," I told her. I write songs, said I. Telling her of my published songs, she knew several of them. How wonderful, said she. Could you use a song if I gave you one, I asked. I do not sing, she said. Then I told her that I did not write songs any longer, that I wrote books. Thus I had to lose time she might have had with her own Mother on that tram, in order to approach the subject in a way that I could give her Mother's message, so important to two daughters in bodies.

Needless to record here all registered of this spirit's message was recognized, acknowledged at once, gratefully too, and the Girl rode past her street corner in order to get the rest of her Mother's proof that it was her Mother by her side and by my side who had given this message. "I have that miniature, and recognize that purple velvet case, and understand what she means for my sister, and all you gave for me I understand." She thanked me, and I wrote down my name for her, a thing I do not do for strangers, as I have all I can do every hour.

EVIDENTIAL PROOF: May 9th, 1922. New York.
Demarast, Mrs. Frank, NYC.

A young daughter stood at the knee of this young woman, a girl born eight years ago. This was recognized. Next her Mother in spirit described herself thus: Stockily built, large bust, dark hair parted in center bang across front: I liked and wore "China silk" and you have my black beads. (All true, said this woman.) The spirit said, there is another girl, these two used to go out together, and I stood in the window and waved to them (True, said the woman) "Do you recall how I used to show the neighbors the dolls clothes you made?" said this mother in spirit, as she lifted up the dolls skirts and showed me (Sarah Shatford) the undergarments made like a real child's),—(Yes, said this daughter, smilingly) "You have my prayer book and my rosary too," said this spirit." "I have," said the daughter. "I see you use them," said this spirit. Then, this mother went into detail regarding the home life of this girl and of her sister, sending the sister the message she needed most at this time (recog-

nized) After this this Mother in spirit described the summer jaunts they took: showed me the basket having two sides which lifted, how they looked forward to going, and how they came home so tired out but satisfied, then stopping for a moment the spirit said: "Do you recall all the swarms of flies there where we went?" "Yes," said Mrs. D——, "I do." "Your uncle, my brother, who used to help me and was a comfort to us, he is with me here, and when I found you were coming today I brought your young friend (a girl in graduation costume) who was so dear to you, and for whom you grieved so—she is here." (Recognized by Mrs. D——) This Mother in spirit then said: "Keep on piling the boxes up in the corner, and don't move until he gets a rest and returns in the fall." (Mrs. D—— said those boxes)—"we hear you talk about moving, and we see the boy has worn out another pair of shoes! Oh so many shoes." (Recognized, with a smile.) The spirit told of the long time this one had worn black, the numbers of funerals in so short a time, she described her lot in the cemetery, two long graves and two short ones, told of the two children she had in spirit with her,—and then said, after advising this child re-her health, etc., "Papa is here now."

The spirit of a man described himself, came with a bunch of radishes in his hand, said he was so proud of his garden, and the first fruits of it,—told how he had held her on his lap with the linen book with pictures, teaching her her letters of the alphabet (recognized), wore a brown beard mixed with gray, broad rolling brim hat (true), then gave advice regarding her husband's business. What they wished him to do to succeed. He told how he had tapped on the lamp shade, and in the kitchen, and once on the mirror of her bureau, to let her know she was not alone: (this she recalls, and how it made her feel nervous) Most intimate advice was given, and recognized. As Mrs. D—— brought a young son who was ailing with her, and this child cried most of the time, I was compelled to halt and amuse the child first before I could go on, which hampered my best effort, of course, but as this was a Catholic woman, and the child of a wonderful Catholic Mother in spirit, who brought forth a son for the priesthood, and was broken hearted when, after trying, he concluded he "was not called" her heart was broken, etc.—I register this much.

ELLIOT (Mrs.)

Her Mother, Father, Husband, girl friend (Carrie) Jo, a man of the stage who lived at her house and was taken from there to the Hospital where he passed out,—and others.

Her Mother described herself perfectly, they said, one thing being "cheeks as red as apples". Gave her advice as to her health.

Her father spoke of her mortgages, her notes, her obligations: all understood.

Her husband, described as wearing a Panama hat, white stiff shirt, cane with gold top, black Prince Albert coat, beard of gray and mustache clipped. He came to plead for forgiveness: he had squandered the means she should now be enjoying without hard labor (boarders), he told of their trips to the country and the food and bottles taken along, he told of his position in the spirit because of his wrong-doing, pled for charity, etc. This was all recognized. (I am a stranger in the neighborhood personally, take my meals at Mrs. Elliot's only, know nothing of her private affairs, and know nobody who does. S. T. S.)

Carrie described her manner of dressing her hair (with a tall comb at the back: spoke of her surplice waist with a short-waisted dress having ruffles,—her large eyes, their close friendship, and referred to the time Mrs. Elliot rode horseback, described the horse and Mrs. Elliot's riding habit and crop, that she rode side saddle, etc. There was much more I need not recall. Mrs. Elliot and I were alone at this time: she was sitting up for the first time after illness.

Evidential Proof: Sunday, Dec. 7th, 1919. 7:30 P. M.

Mr. and Mrs. Royal Wilbur France, N. Y. C.

Mrs. France is the daughter of Mrs. Camp, for whom I gave much fine evidential proof in November, '19.

First a soldier spoke to Mr. France thanking him for favors he had rendered him "before he came over": described himself. Mr. France could not place him. As he works with the Y. M. C. A., being the son of a Minister, he said he had done a great deal for the boys, as he expressed it.

Next, the paternal grandfather of Mrs. France, Mr. Camp,

described himself, his paintings, which were his earthly treasures, proved that he knew they were sold and at a sacrifice: described the loss of the fortune he left his son; told of his last illness, and proved to the satisfaction of these his kin that even personality survives the change. This one was so witty and like himself that he kept us all laughing for an hour. His wife then described the home they had occupied when she was in the body: correctly done, even to the parties they gave, the dresses she made with her needle for this young girl etc. She described this girl's mother's ailment, also her religion, told also that this girl was pregnant, and "would not lose this one" but hold it in her arms "on schedule time". As this fine young wife had had a premature birth about a year ago and was but two months pregnant, think this was proof enough. However, Mr. France's business connections were discussed, correctly, too; they saw him crossing over (Europe), which he IS SLATED TO DO,—But the spiritual messages for Mr. France were most beautiful. They told of his leadership of men: his ability to make men do right, his lack of funds and sacrifices made for this purpose: and as this was done tears rolled down their faces. I afterwards learned why. They both feel called to do the work that counts: have given till it hurts, are selfless, congenial mates, furthering the work of the Brotherhood of Men, all to their own upliftment, let me say here, as I seldom meet with their kind in this City.

The Address was mailed to me later—one of Mr. France's talks to the men he leads,—but I knew nothing of them when they came to me. S. T. S.

Evidential Proof: Saturday, September 29th, 1923.

Miss Gertrude Goldberg, Teacher, Public School.

One afternoon, on the Concourse Bus Line, this smart young woman sat in front of me. I saw her books. One of them read "Song-Plays". As I have written Songs and Plays, I asked her what these were, and she told me they were children's Play time devices. We spoke at length on my songs published etc. When I said that I did not write songs now, but books, we spoke of the spirit voice, and my development, and experience.

She asked me to come to see her, and I returned the invita-

tion. This day she had written me a note, and I had replied that I would be glad to see her. I write so much as this is all I knew of Miss Goldberg.

A spirit presented herself first by showing me, on my brain, a picture of her hat she wore when she took this one out to roll her hoop. This spirit then described Miss Goldberg as she was when a child, her little white dresses "like a circus rider's," said this spirit voice. "She called me GAMMA," said this spirit. (All of this was recognized at once by the young woman before me.) This spirit then referred to her black dress worn on certain occasions, and brushed and hung up, making light of her habit. (Recognized at once by Miss Goldberg) This spirit then told how, in the family, this child's love for this Grandmother had been the cause of family words. That her Mother had always said she cared more for her Grandmother than she did for her. (Admitted true by the young woman) This Grandmother in spirit then put on her black coat, and hat with mourning veil, and spoke of the immediate response she always made when certain papers came. (Recognized at once) The spirit then went into her kitchen and showed me the various things made there by her for this girl, saying "MALTASCHEN". (Recognized at once) Continuing the spirit told of those nut cakes made WITH BREAD CRUMBS WHICH TOOK SO MANY NUTS TO MAKE THAT I USED TO BUY NIGGGERTOES AND CHOP THEM UP. (Recognized at once by Miss Goldberg) This spirit then said, "I was present at home when your coming to speak with me was criticized, and you were advised not TO DISTURB ME. TELL MAMA I NEVER WENT AWAY SO I DID NOT HAVE TO COME BACK, I WAS HERE." (This was admitted true by Miss Goldberg.)

The spirit then described herself. And telling the young woman how she had already been able to impress her from spirit, she said, "I MADE YOU DIP THAT LACE ON YOUR WAIST THE SECOND TIME FOR IT WAS NOT ECRU ENOUGH THE FIRST TIME." "This is really true, I did that, and I feel that Grandmother never left us," said Miss Goldberg.

The spirit then told how she had never been happy since her husband died. (True) That she found him awaiting her, AND GRANDPA PUT HIS ARM ABOUT MY SHOULDER, SO,

AS HE ALWAYS DID IN LIFE, AND PATTED MY SHOULDER, SO (Showing me, Sarah Shatford, just how) (True, said the Girl, he did that always) Then this Grandfather in spirit said, "There is one here who used to putty the windows. He always made a soft lump for you to play with, and you used to make faces out of it." (True, said Miss Goldberg)

These two spirits, then, went into some affairs for the young woman, giving in symbols, readily understood by the young lady, the solution of those affairs. Each time any advice was given, there was a separate proof given that it came from these two spirits. Once, the Grandmother said, "I used to send her out with money and she lost it from her little closed hand, so we told her to carry it, SO: (Showing me, Sarah Shatford, how the child's two hands had been made to hold the piece of money. "True as can be," said Miss Goldberg.

The family affairs need not be registered here. All was understood by the one who sat before me, sent home to her Mother, and at last this Grandmother said, "I found my two children here waiting for me, too." (True, said the woman, she had two there.) This beautiful spirit, soul, had been "dead" just four months. It was difficult holding on, she was so frail,—and she described her pain, the way she groaned at last, and told "I HEARD YOU ALWAYS WONDERING IF I WERE CONSCIOUS OF MY SUFFERING." "This was true, too," said Miss Goldberg.

As these spirits went on and on with their proof, this Girl said, "How miraculous that you should speak to me that day: that I am here, hearing all this: that I happened to take that very bus."

Evidential Proof: Miss Gertrude Goldberg, Public School, Sept. 2nd. 1923.

As I promised to go to the School and see Miss Goldberg's pupils, the little children she teaches how to Play, I arrived quarter to Three as I had promised.

We walked through the Park at the close of her class, and spoke of her experience here, when her Grandmother proved to her she was alive, and remembered all the old days by referring to them. Miss Goldberg told me her Mother ridiculed the experi-

ence and she had told her all that was brought by the spirit world for her here of proof. So I asked her to take the Bus when we would see if the spirits would not speak to her, and give her more this day. It was a Jewish Holiday.

We had not to wait long. Almost as soon as seated a spirit said: "If Mother would come and hear from her sister in spirit she would not doubt long." "Mother has a sister in spirit," said the Girl. The Grandmother then described the food liked by this girl "lettuce with oil." "Who used to eat so much of that?" "Grandfather who brought his hands filled with white cherries with the stems on them is here." (Acknowledged by Miss Goldberg) This Grandfather in spirit then described his clothes, and himself, and said "You recall how I used to go to the Bank with just so much money, on just a certain day?" Yes said the Girl, I do.

While waiting for the Bus, a spirit said to me, Sarah Shatford, "This Girl has been mediumistic since a child: she played with little spirits, and called them by name. She used to say, "I wont be lonesome because Amy will be with me." I did that, I was a very imaginative child. But I do not recall spirits.

The Grandfather then said: "I should like to speak of your Father in body. She (her Mother in body) need not look for him. If she had not gone into a temper when it happened she might now be holding the reins in her hands."

I said to this spirit, "I do not like to give this to the Girl for her Mother."

"Tell her it came from me," said this Grandfather, "she knows it is true." Apologizing then I told what this fine spirit gave for his own, which was recognized as true by the Girl herself.

These spirits walked home with me, Sarah Shatford. As they bade me goodby at my door, one said, "You are good, no matter who you are. And I want to say you will never want or starve. Don't worry about it."

The Grandmother told the girl, "Do you remember how I used to take your little chin in my hand, so, when I talked earnestly to you?" Yes, said the Girl, of course I recall it. Much else that is not written down, all recognized and admitted true at once. This was given on top the Concourse Bus,

in all the noise, smoke of traffic and adjusted to each one as they spoke from the "dead" (so called).

When I left Miss Goldberg, I invited her Mother to come a week from Saturday, and also her best girl friend whom she spoke of as Mildred. The invitation was accepted.

The Grandmother said, also, "You were wondering if you should tell the Rabbi, and I advise you to tell him, and to fetch him too." Do this, please do, said I.

After writing the above, while I sat reading the LITERARY DIGEST, a spirit said to me, "You forgot to write down how Grandmother told that Gertrude used to finecomb her hair." "Oh yes," I said, "but I will go right now and write it down." And this was admitted true by Miss Goldberg. Her Grandmother told her on this day, "Never mind what anyone says, or believes, YOU KNOW. Hold fast to all I have brought you, for it was like I had a padlock in my hand and no key to fit into it, and along came this one (meaning me, Sarah Shatford) and I made a rose to blossom from a stick." Her Grandfather said, "Well, I found no pot of gold at the end of the rainbow."

Evidential Proof: Sat. Afternoon, Nov. 17th, 1923.

Miss Gertrude Goldberg:

A spirit held up before me, Sarah Shatford, a single yellow daffodil. A spirit voice said, "I used to like this Spring flower the best of all: *she* liked Narcissus. Who used to like forgetmenots, would place them in a water glass on the dining room table, and after dinner carry them in her room?" "I recognize all of that, it is my Grandmother." Continuing, this same spirit spoke: "I used to play with her, and she had a doll as big as she was which she would place in my arms and say, You sing it to sleep, Gramma. And I WOULD SING THAT LULLABY IN A FOREIGN LANGUAGE, SCHLOFFEN, SCHLOFFEN, remember?" Indeed yes, said Miss Goldberg. Spirit voice continued: "She used to like my coffee cake best, because I placed nuts on the top and MELTED THE SUGAR AND CINNAMON TOGETHER AND POURED IT OVER THE TOP AND BAKED IT IN ROUND PANS." That is all true, said Miss Goldberg. I was with her when she met him the other day, the man with the big biceps, who is so proud of his athletic

stunts,—he wore a green and red tie with a gray pearl in the left side of it, and she was helped into his square top car. (Much else of a private nature here, all acknowledged however) "There is an old man here who used a small black comb he kept in his high vest pocket to comb his mustache,—I carried a BLACK WALKING CANE WITH A SILVER TOP: I USED TO BUY POP CORN AND SHELL IT AND POP IT FOR HER. (All acknowledged) "I USED TO HOLD HER ON MY KNEE WHEN SHE WORE THOSE WIDE SASHES AND THEY WOULD SAY DON'T LET HER SIT ON HER SASH, when I would place the ribbons over the chair arm." (Acknowledged) "I want to say about her father's business,—(all recognized) and the one who gives all in her Uncle's family, etc. etc. all understood.

The Grandmother then gave messages of worth to this child, and for her girl friend about important conditions, all known and received gratefully.

"To prove once more that I am here," said Grandma, "you know how I hated to put up those two horns at night, my frizzes, one here, so, winding it so and so, and fastening it at the top, so." Yes,—acknowledged. When the new business venture of the Mother was gone into, the partner described, the location found fault with, a move counselled, etc. etc. all afternoon, and until near Seven at night, as fast as I could speak for these loved ones in spirit. When Miss Goldberg said, "Oh, how lovely this visit has been today, how happy I am, Mrs. Shatford, and how much I thank you."

We can not record all, it was private, but after each discussion a new proof was given that only the dead could bring that they were giving the messages themselves.

Evidential Proof: Swedish Hostess of the NIKKO Restaurant: Feb. 17th, 1922.

Having given Kitty a message, here, I was spoken to in a manner in which I knew this one was seeking to reach hers. This fine young woman (about 30) is known by all who enter this Cafe, as a most pleasing, hospitable, overseer. She advised me to partake of certain things on this day, for which I thanked her. I had a cold. I said: "You are very kind to recommend these

things, someday I will do something for you that money cannot buy." What IS that? said this foreigner with accent. IS there such a thing in this world?" she resumed. Yes, I said: ask Kitty. Kitty said "That's right."

"I hope you do not postpone it too long, then, said this fine girl, of character and stamina.

Well, if you have time now, sit down opposite me, and I will prove all I say is true. I will give you proof that your own who have died are living and here with you, I told her. "Can You do that?" she asked? Yes. Just keep still.

First: Grandma, with her own costume, failings, of body, the certain kind of collars and cuffs she wore, starched stiff—yes, yes, said she: then Mother in perfect description, appearance and clothes, and the WHITE CROCHET BAG WITH FRINGE ON THAT WAS HERS WHICH YOU HAVE (acknowledged) the size of her family in Sweden,—the brother WILLIE who was with her, the tall man with the pair of oxen who was hers in Sweden, and the little grave with its tiny head-stone back there under the snow, on which in summer a flower always blossomed,—all told. Then the father with a red beard, parted in center and brushed with a part, who was an Artist, whose works were catalogued, the price of one would keep this one for life,—who caused the sorrow to her young life and her Mother's life,—all told: and recognized. As this woman wept, and was only able to nod her head, Yes. Then this family group, in the spirit world, told her of her intimate life and worries and the matters puzzling her brain and heart: all of which was truthfully told and advice given to remedy same, as they saw it best from that side of life, and more I do not deem worth while to divulge here for time.

To say this woman was grateful, astonished,—is not to say half she was able to say at last.

Evidential Proof: "Kitty", Waitress.
84th St. & Col. Ave. N. Y. C.
Feb. 6th. 1922.

While having luncheon today at the above place, waited upon by a young Irish girl, a spirit spoke to me and said: "Her Mother would like to tell her something."

"Whose Mother?" I asked. "Kitty's": said the voice.

The waitress returned for my plates, when I asked her: "Is your name "Kitty"?

"Yes," she replied: why?"

"You're a Catholic, aren't you?" I asked of her.

"Yes,"—said she.

"Well," said I, "you can't take a message from your Mother then, in the spirit world, for the priests don't allow you to hear from the dead."

"Well, if I could I would, anyhow," said Kitty.

Then go along with your work, and I will get the message, and give it to you." I said.

"Tell her I ask her who used to put Mother's hair up in crimp pins an inch wide, with a pin to hold on the end? Who used to say, "Come on Mother, till I make you beautiful?" "She bought me a lawn dress out of her earnings, *white with a gray leaf in it,* and I made it with a wide ruffle on the skirt,—sewed for her on the machine. Tell her I see her go home to that little room in the back three flights up, watch her bathe her feet in the bucket at night, and am right there too. Tell her I hear all that girl she sleeps with says, and she is not to take any stock in such things as she talks about.

Tell her the two beaux she has and does not know which to take, I would like to help her choose. The one who throws boxes of candy in her lap, and flowers, there is nothing back of this one, he would spend his last dollar for a new neck-tie. But the other one, not so stylish, whom she calls stingy, is true, and if he had it would put it in her own hand and say: Go get yourself whatever you want. He is my choice, and he will some day own his own *shop.*"

"Mother knows her fuss with the other one: He has been sick had to have the doctor. He thought all the more of you for the falling out. "Then this Mother in the spirit told this child ———————————————————————————

ALL OF WHICH WAS AND IS ACKNOWLEDGED TRUE BY THIS GIRL—AND UNDERSTOOD BY HER, even to the bucket in which she bathes her feet.

"Kitty said: Isn't that the most wonderful thing ever I heard in my life!"

"That's my Mother: that's my Mother!" she kept on saying

as I delivered the message in spite of rattle and bang of dishes and voices in a public cafe.

Feb. 10th. "Kitty's Mother said to me today at luncheon: "Ask her if she would like to speak with her brother, the one who had the rich brogue. There are three of us in spirit together from our family."

I told the girl this, and she said it was true: and that she would like to speak to the brother with a brogue.

"Tell Kitty the young man in our family, tall dark with black hair, who was studying for the priest, he is here also with us." Which same relative was recognized by this young woman."

Evidential Proof: Sunday, Jan. 6th, 1924.

"Katie": Waitress. New York City.

(Catholic) This girl has served me many times, and been given many messages. I had not seen her, or been in this Cafe for some time, until twice this fall. A spirit said to me this day, "Company is coming". "Yes?" Please speak to my Girl for us. We want to cheer her up: she is tired out: she has two boys asking for her company: the tall one, who wears horn spectacles, and is jolly, always laughing, he is a favorite with all the girls, and conceited about it. The short one is the best for her. Tell her to say to this one, "If you mean it come see me sometime." And see what will happen, for he is in earnest. To prove that I am her Mother, tell her I LAUGH WHEN I THINK OVER HOW SHE USED TO MAKE UP THINGS OUT OF HER IMAGINATION AND TELL ME LONG STORIES JUST TO GET ME EXCITED AND THEN TELL ME THAT IT WAS NOT TRUE, SHE HAD JUST MADE THAT UP. WE HAD TO PUNISH HER FOR IT. HER FATHER AND I QUARRELED OVER IT. TELL HER MOTHER REMEMBERS HOW SHE USED TO PUT A HALF DOLLAR IN HER HAND AND TELL HER TO GO SPEND IT AND NOT TO TELL HER FATHER ABOUT IT AT ALL."

All the above was given to this girl, and all was acknowledged true by this girl. This spirit then said, "ONE OF THE GIRLS SHE HAS HELPED TO RAISE IS INCLINED ————————————, and she must be watched and told to do differently. "This too was acknowledged, and gratefully received. This spirit Mother then said, "HER FATHER AND HER BROTHER HERE IN SPIRIT ARE AWAY WITH THE OTHER ONE, BUT I WATCH OVER HER WHILE SHE IS AT WORK." And the brother in spirit was then described to me, Sarah Shatford, by the Mother in spirit. All of which was acknowledged true, and accurate, by this Catholic girl on this Sunday afternoon. As she walked away from me, smiling and happy, this spirit said to me "GOD HAS BEEN GOOD TO ME THIS DAY." I called "Katie" back and told her what her Mother said, and we spoke of the wonder of miracles, such as had just been performed, and I said to this fine girl who has helped educate and support two orphans with her salary as waitress, "I came in here just in time to give you, of all in this cafe, a message from the dead: who of all sitting here now, guesses that the dead are here and speaking to you and to me, Katie?" "Tell the Priest when you go to confession," I said to her. "And give him my address, and say I should like to give him some messages from his in spirit too." "I will do that," said the girl.

Miss Goldberg, and her friend, Miss Mildred Kameler, on Saturday the 20th.

The friend of Miss Goldberg could not recall her own Mother or Father, so those describing themselves, from spirit, except her step-Grandmother, could only be acknowledged "as they say they were". But the one nearest her in body, who raised her, the step-Grandmother, was not satisfied to go unrecognized, and I seldom ever worked so hard as for this lovely school teacher.

Finally this spirit said, "heir looms: the old book." Yes, yes—that is hers, I have that, said Miss Kameler. When the

spirit described her favorite flowers (narcissus) and how this young girl always brought her a bouquet of them. (Recognized, also) The spirit continued, "What I want to see is a family reunion." "Oh, that is great," said the girl. "I wish you could make it come about." After this, this Grandmother told how this one smoothed her hands, cared for her, and said, "Do you remember how worried I used to be about the taxes?"

"Yes INDEED," said Miss Kameler.

After this, the most private affairs of this girl's life were discussed in symbolic form, keeping all to themselves, but all of which were understood, and gratefully received. This Grandmother told how she was palsied, her hands shaking so much she could scarcely untie packages. (Recognized at once by Miss K.)

Evidential Proof: Wed Evening, Nov. 28th, 1923.
Miss Gertrude Goldberg, and her Mother: By appointment.

The spirit of an elderly man stepped to the side of the Mother, saying: "I used to rub my hands together, so: (showing me) and say, "What can we do about it—let us see what can be done about it." "I used to step to that window that looked out on the court, there, and take my penknife out and tap on the window, so:—

"My boots were SQUARE TOED: MADE BY ONE COBBLER TO MEASURE: I USED TO BUY THE FIRST VIOLETS AND BRING THE SMALL BUNCH HOME, AND YOUR MOTHER WOULD SAY? "HOW MUCH?" AND WHEN I WOULD TELL SHE WOULD SCOLD. YOUR MOTHER IS ON MY ARM HERE NOW JUST AS SHE USED TO BE WHEN WE WENT OUT TOGETHER WHEN SHE HAD SUCH TROUBLE WITH HER EYESIGHT AND STUMBLED AT THE CROSSINGS."

"I AM HERE," said this Mother, then. "YOU KNOW HOW I REMOVED MY OVERSHOES, BY PLACING THE TOE ON THE HEEL, TAKING THEM OFF WITH EACH FOOT WITHOUT TOUCHING THEM? YOU

KNOW HOW I HAD TO GO, RAIN OR SHINE TO THAT SAME PLACE FOR THE POTATO SALAD? I REACH YOU IN YOUR SLEEP BY YOUR DREAMS: I AM THERE WITH YOU. (This was admitted later, and examples told). And all the above was at once recognized, her own admitted there, with their trinkets etc. etc.

"The GRANDFATHER WITH THE SKULL CAP WHO TRANSLATED MSS. FROM THE ARABIC AND WAS ORTHODOX IN RELIGION, is here too." And this spirit described himself in detail, his gestures when speaking, his advice regarding Religion, his habits. All admitted true, by Mrs. Goldberg.

"The one you call "SIS" is here. You remember MY STRIPED LAWN DRESS WITH THE ROMAN KEY IN IT WITH NARROW LACE ON SO MANY FRILLS? (Recognized) "YOU REMEMBER HOW WE LOVED TO DANCE? AND MY WHITE SATIN SLIPPERS I KEPT UNDER THE BED? WITH MY HATS AND HAT BOXES, IN THAT SWEET NEW FLAT WHERE THE BED ROOM WAS ROSE PINK AND THE OLD FASHIONED INSIDE SHUTTERS WERE WHITE, AND THE DRESSING TABLE SAT IN THE LEFT HAND CORNER BY THE FRONT WINDOW? REMEMBER THAT IMPORTED MANICURE SET ON THAT TABLE AND THE JOKES ABOUT THAT? YOU REMEMBER MY GOLD CHAIN AND LOCKET OLD FASHIONED, shaped SO: THE CHAIN WAS DOUBLE LINKS: SO: (showing me) (Recognized) "YOU KNOW HOW AFRAID I WAS TO DIE, HOW I WANTED TO LIVE? (Admitted) YOU REMEMBER MY FIRST FURS AND WHAT I SAID ABOUT THEM? THE FUN I MADE OF THAT FUR? (Yes, said her sister in the body, I do:) "YOU WERE SO GOOD TO ME, TRIED TO HELP ME, AND I NEVER KNEW HOW MUCH TILL I CAME OVER HERE. THE FIRST THING I SAW WAS MOTHER WITH HER ARMS HELD OUT SO, SMILING AT ME, AND I SAID TO HER IS THAT ALL THERE IS TO IT? (Dying) I WAS SO HAPPY:

SO GLAD. AND I HAVE HEARD YOU PRAY FOR ME: KNOW HOW YOU WORRY OVER WHERE I AM, and I want to tell you I would not come back in the old body if I could, I am happier far than ever I was." (All understood, and gratefully received) This Sister in spirit then told of matters confidential, all understood by Mrs. Goldberg as fast as I could translate them from spirit to mortal. Two children stepped beside this one, a boy with short curly brown hair, wearing a sailor blouse, about so high,—and a little Girl, around Six or so.

These spirits then requested me to rest, and they would go on later. We stopped the radio, and spoke of school matters, and spirit truths, when the Father who had first presented himself returned to my side, and said: "There is a family matter I would like to clear up. I want to see a reunion of my family left in bodies. When I was in the body I held out against this for what I suppose was reasons of my faith, my religion. I want to clear up this which is on my conscience now: and I would like the children's help. (All of which was understood) Mrs. Goldberg's Father in spirit then said: "You know how I hated talk. How I forbade you to speak—etc. etc. (all understood) Well, I remember how I would sit with my book of religion in my hands, I always read my prayers and never knelt to say these, but you recall how I would clasp my hands while speaking of this division in our family and look on High, and say, I believed I was right, and would not give in. (Understood, acknowledged by Mrs. G)

"Now, I have helped this Boy all I could. What would have become of him LAST FALL IN THAT POLITICAL MESS IF I HAD NOT PULLED HIS FOOT OUT OF THE MIRE? (Understood by the woman before me) (Acknowledged) "But MY PART IS NOT DONE. THIS ONE GAVE UP HIS RELIGION AFTER THAT, AND I WANT TO SAY HERE NOW THROUGH THIS ONE SO KIND AS TO GIVE OUR WORDS TO YOU THAT I FIND THE OLD LAWS AND THE OLD ARK PREVAIL HERE. SOLOMON IS WISE FOR US HERE STILL. MOSES HEARD THOSE WORDS AND WE STILL MUST OBEY THE LAW AS WE FOUND IT IN

A BODY. YOU UNDERSTAND? (Yes, I do: said Mrs. Goldberg) "I WANT TO UNDO THAT UNCHARITY OF MINE, AND I ASK YOU TO BRING THEM HERE, AND TO CARRY THIS BY MESSAGE TO THEM ALL, AND TO GET TOGETHER ON OUR NEXT HOLIDAY, A FAMILY REUNITED, AROUND ONE BOARD AGAIN, and those from On High will be there to bless us all. Will you help me to undo this, the only thing I found on my conscience. Here. I do not mean the financial part: that must be balanced by each one for themselves, but the moral and the spiritual lessons I wish to pass on by forgiveness and reunion, will clean my hands where I stand now. For I realize I might have advised differently, now. At that time I believed I was teaching our faith by upholding those ideas and I was wrong, I was wrong. I wish to commend you for the way you held your temper after I came out here, I know, I heard you keep back what you wished to say: I am here." (Understood, acknowledged thankfully by both Mother and daughter: and I, Sarah Shatford do not know to what this spirit referred, even.)

The rest of the evening was proof, proof and more proof, as the spirit recalled the past, and went into home problems or ventures, describing in full each situation referred to by them until completely comprehended by them in body before me.

On this occasion Miss Gertrude received no message. As she remarked this, a hand held out before me, for her, one of those large paper Valentines in the shape of a heart, having a door in the center in which two people were standing. No word was spoken. I do not understand, said I to them, what is meant by this. "Well, we know," said Miss Gertrude,—"it was valentine's day that I met this gentleman Grandma sees me engaged to,—but I know nothing about that hope chest she speaks of yet,—"

Please see card attached, which was received by me this morning through the mail. "Miss Gertrude Goldberg, Mr. Max Barad, Betrothed February, Nineteen Hundred twenty-four."

Yet, it is claimed that the "dead" canNOT foresee.

Sarah T. Shatford.

Evidential Proof: March 8th, 1924. N. Y. C. Sat. P. M. *GOLDBERG,* Gertrude Miss:

A spirit spoke to me thus: "I am here, and I see the beautiful lining of your fur coat" (to Miss G.) "I RECALL MY PLUSH COAT, WHICH I GAVE TO SOME ONE WHO NEEDED IT. YOU REMEMBER THE QUILTED SATIN LINING, AND HOW I USED TO HOLD IT UP, SO, AND SAY, "Why the lining isn't even broken?" ("I certainly do," said Miss G.)

The spirit continued: "I WAS THERE THE OTHER NIGHT WHEN YOUR FUTURE WAS DISCUSSED IN THE DINING ROOM, AND I HEARD MOTHER SAY YOU WERE A LUCKY GIRL. ("She did that," said Miss Goldberg) The spirit proceeded: "YOU RECALL ONCE IN MY TIME WHEN YOUR MOTHER AND I HAD SOME WORDS OVER YOU, AND I WILL NOT GO INTO THIS FURTHER, BUT YOU REMEMBER HOW I SAID TO MOTHER, "YOU NEED NEVER WORRY ABOUT THIS GIRL: SHE WILL TAKE CARE OF HERSELF? (Acknowledged, as true) "Well, you have done so, my child. How I used to say to you, "Come kiss GAMMA Good-night!" While I crochet that white thread, and counted one, two, three, four, five? (Yes, I remember all that, said Miss Goldberg) Well, I am with you just the same as then. I SEE HOW DEAR HE IS: HOW HE TAKES FATHER AND MOTHER ALONG, with You. I SEE YOU HAVE STARTED THAT HOPE CHEST I TOLD YOU TO START AT CHRISTMAS TIME? (All acknowledged true by Miss Goldberg.) You sat the other evening wishing you could tell Grandma all about it: I was there. I heard you. And you have come to hear what Grandma says about him and those other two things in your path you wish to settle. I want to help you. You remember the little CAKES I MADE ALWAYS FOR OUR HOLIDAYS? (Yes, said Miss Gertrude, I certainly DO) You remember the BLACK AND WHITE LAWN DRESSES I ALWAYS WORE AND LIKED SO WELL? (I do indeed, said the Girl) YOUR FIANCEE IS THE SPIT OF HIS FATHER. YOU KNOW I HAD THAT SAYING IN LIFE, THE SPIT OF HIS FATHER? (Oh yes, she always said that, I can hear her: said Miss G.)

This Grandmother then sent a message of proof, family affairs, to this Girl's Mother, understood by this Girl. After which this spirit went into all these things in this Girl's every-day life, every time she spoke, proved by repeating SOMETHING THAT HAD HAPPENED RECENTLY, TO HER AND HER BETROTHED, PROVING THAT SHE WAS PRESENT WITH THEM. AT THE TIME. All is too private, as all the best proof always is, to place in print for public eyes. It would be vastly unfair to reveal what the dead say to theirs of this nature. Thus have I been handicapped always by having to obliterate the very things most astounding, complete, convincing, all those things, however, which, once given past the change of bodies, will make converts ever for the living dead themselves.

How hard they work to prove themselves alive, and more. How they treasure their good opportunity, perhaps but one, to do so. Only the one listening, and repeating, feeling their feelings, knows. Never is this to be related. Told, past death, all, would mean to relieve all lives, as they are able to bring new proof, and more proof, ever, as often as permitted to do so by the living in bodies.

This young woman, and Miss Collie Dymock, are but two of those Girls who hear from the sainted dead. Grandmothers who raised them, as it were. Close companionship, adorable memories still, and recalled, as these two young people KNOW THEIRS ARE HERE LIVING AND ABLE TO PROVE IT. How they laugh, smile, visit WITH THE DEAD, as Dr. Austin (B. F.) D. D. Los Angeles, Calif.) said: "Why, it is just like visiting with Mother, and father: I feel like I had just dropped in to see them, Mrs. Shatford."

Evidential Proof: Nov. 28th, 1923. Wednesday.

Mazie, C. S.: Friend of Mrs. Garrett:

There is an old gentleman here for you, who bore a crutch, had great difficulty sitting or arising, even with its help, who says he lived where so many SWEET APPLES WERE PICKED, and he shows me, Sarah Shatford, large piles of these green apples on the ground. "It was my right leg and side," said this spirit. (Recognized at once.) This spirit then continued:

"I have heard you wondering if you sat nightly alone with paper and pencil if you could develop this power of communion with US. I wish to help you by saying, that, you are not in the RIGHT ENVIRONMENT FOR SUCH DEVELOPMENT, AND WE CANNOT PROTECT YOU FROM MALICIOUS SPIRITS INTRUSION, AND WE ADVISE YOU TO WAIT UNTIL THE ATMOSPHERE CLEARS UP BEFORE YOU BEGIN THIS TRIAL."

"I understand every word of that," said Mazie.

There is a spirit here of a woman who says she only need to say that she has on that sweater she ALWAYS USED TO SHUT TOGETHER WITH HER HAND OVER HER CHEST, SO (showing me, Sarah Shatford just how she had done this) WHEN I SUFFERED SO WITH THE COLD THAT WINTER. This spirit then described herself. And was at once recognized as the sister of Mazie. This spirit then said: "I SEE YOU READ THAT SOFT LEATHER COVERED BOOK AND CHOOSE OUT WORDS FROM IT AND WRITE DOWN THEIR SPIRITUAL MEANING, IN THAT ROOM AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS. You should make a kind of spiritual dictionary of these, and find a Publisher." Admitted true by Mazie, before these present, her friends, in bodies.

Others came before me, and were recognized at once, as well as all they brought of the past for Mazie was acknowledged by her. After the spirits ceased to speak, this girl said, "I have soared in an aeroplane, Mrs. Shatford, ever since we were last here, almost lifted above the world with my happiness, and you see how I have hung on every word today, it is all so wonderful, so true, so lifelike."

Evidential Proof: Wed. Nov. 28th, 1923. Day before Thanksgiving Day.

Mrs. W. D. Garrett, & Mother, & friend Mazie:

This A.M. a spirit said to me, Sarah Shatford, "There is a Wisner spirit here." I replied, "I know who you are: you are a friend of Mrs. Garretts." So, when the above parties called, unexpectedly, this spirit came right in, and said: "There is one here who was short and fat, had brown hair, naturally curly,

whose skin you often admired, who used to confide in you, in that small room WHERE THERE WAS A COT COVERED WITH CRETONNE? WITH A RUFFLE ALL AROUND AND DANCE PROGRAMS AND KEEPSAKES hung all over the mirror. I was one of three in our house, an old lady lived with us, his Mother: in that place where I had DOTTED SWISS CURTAINS IN THE KITCHEN WINDOW AND A ROSE GERANIUM ON ITS SILL. WHERE I MADE THOSE FAT DOUGHNUTS WITHOUT ANY HOLES IN THEM. I REMEMBER HOW I KISSED YOUR HAND WHEN YOU VISITED ME AT THE HOSPITAL AND WONDERED HOW COULD I EVER REPAY YOUR KINDNESS TO ME: THIS IS JO." (All the above was acknowledged as true, and at once recognized) "YOU GAVE ME A PURSE WITH ROUND SNAP CLASP, SEE I BROUGHT IT TODAY (and this spirit held up before me, Sarah Shatford, a purse which I described, and which was recognized as a Christmas gift from the woman to her friend) "You know I used to tell you how kind my husband was to my old Father who met with an accident? How he went up there to him and furnished doctors?" (Recognized and admitted) "Well, I want to REACH JIM: HE IS NOT HAPPY: He SITS IN THE WINDOW AT HIS DESK IN FRONT OF THOSE DOUBLE DOORS, SO: (showing me) and I wish you would bring him here so I can help him: will you?" (Understood by Mrs. Garrett, who said, Why Jim is her husband.

This spirit then went into detail regarding conditions surrounding this man in the body who was her husband, all of which is too private to write. After this spirit finished, Mrs. Garrett said: "That is all understood by me. And it must be that she has something to tell him, Jim Wisner, for HE TOLD ME THAT AS HE SAT AT HIS DESK AT HIS OFFICE JO'S SPIRIT HAD COME AND STOOD BESIDE HIM TWICE, and he said he was so frightened his false teeth dropped out."

(I, Sarah Shatford, never knew any of these people, nor saw them, and know nothing about them.) But Mrs. Garrett is a Christian Scientist, and I know she is a woman of her word, and will gladly verify this testimony, given in front of her Mother, and her friend Mazie.

Mrs. Garrett's Mother:

A spirit said to this woman, "The one who used to shake the rugs for you and throw them over the BACK PICKET FENCE AT HOME, WHERE THE SUN-FLOWERS GREW ALL ALONG THE FENCE, is here. You remember I used to say, It is my turn to shake them? You remember how you used to be making biscuit and I would steal up and kiss your neck and tickle you? Remember how I used to go out nights to my game, and you would call out, "BE BACK BY NINE O'CLOCK, FOR I CAN'T GO TO SLEEP UNTIL YOU COME?" "Every word of that is true," said Mrs. Garrett's Mother. "That is your Father." This spirit continued: "You know we used to bet. And we always paid when we lost. Remember how I used to pitch you two dollars and say, "There is that pair of gloves I bet you?" "Yes indeed," said this spirit's wife before me. Continuing the spirit said: "NOW I MAKE YOU A PROMISE, I HAVE THAT SMALL BOTTLE OF LAUDANUM IN MY HAND WHICH IF THOSE DOCTORS HADN'T GIVEN ME I MIGHT BE WITH YOU IN BODY NOW." (All admitted true by both women present, and recognized as true.)

The balance of time was used by this spirit to advise his wife in body regarding her affairs, all applicable, comprehended. Then the spirit said, "YOU KNOW I SIT BESIDE YOU EACH NIGHT FOR YOU SEE ME. SO DON'T WORRY, I HAVE NOT GONE YET." This was admitted, that the spirit of her husband comes to her bedside, and she sees him, and is comforted by him."

Evidential Proof: Nov. 21st, 1923.

Mazie (C. S.)—friend of Mrs. W. D. Garrett, called with Mrs. Garrett.

A spirit said, "I should like to speak to her,—(pointing to Mazie). "I want to tell her that she has no friends where she is living, that they are not friendly towards her. She is surrounded by people who are not inclined to understand her."

Miss Mazie said, "I do not understand that, exactly,—"

The same spirit said, (showing me the location of her room)

"There, in that room you unlock with your key, in the back, at the top of the stairs, where on all sides there are strangers." "That would describe my place exactly," said Mazie.

"The same spirit said, "She remembers the biscuits I made, large, flat, thin, brown on both sides,—I never pushed mine together, I wanted them round and thin."

"And she was noted for them," said this Mazie.

"This is "sis", "said the spirit. "When I kissed you I put my arm around your neck first, my left arm, so—(showing me) "You were always so independent, would not come and spend the summers,—with us,—You recall how I wept, big, big tears, over my affairs, and begged you to help me, and oh, how you tried. He is here with me, and we are happy now, I want you to write Mother that we are here, and have proved it, and that we are together, he and I, and so happy." (All recognized by Mazie) "You know I never broke my promises. Was noted for keeping my word. Well, just as sure as I make this promise it will be kept. I mean, that you will get that letter, and that same offer will be made to you in another way. And I want you to accept of it, it seems too good to be true." (All of which was understood, and acknowledged by the sister in the body before me. "I'll step back now, for he wants to speak to you. You know I was so short I only came up to his chin? So here I am in front of him, and he stands back of me just as tall as ever." (True, said Mazie.)

A spirit, now, held up a hand, a left hand, on the ring finger of which was a ring having an oblong stone, to which he called the attention of Mazie, saying she would recognize him by this ring which he always wore. (Recognized at once) This hand was then described, with the nature of the man who was speaking from spirit to his sister-in-law in body before me. This spirit then said: "This is the first time I have had a chance to thank you for what you did for me. And I say that, because of it I was able to stand up here when I came, and have profited until now because of those things you taught me. (Acknowledged) "You know you led me and I followed until I reached a rock, this I wheeled to a door, and if I had not passed out I have heard you say I should have knocked on that door, and been able to do so. You are wrong though. It was to be that

I should not see behind that door. It was to be. Twice, we have appeared to you beside your bed. You awoke and said you must be dreaming, but we were there, and you were not asleep nor dreaming. (That is right, said this woman)

You know the hickory nuts which grew on my place, and the nut cake your sister made out of them, large loaf, big slices,—so—? You know how I would chew an old weed in my mouth? You know the old express that used to meet you at the train? That old wagon? You remember the young girl who had curls, used to shake her head, short curls, who was always laughing, and could not stand still? Who passed over before us? (I certainly DO, said Mazie) Well she is here today with us, too. Right here. She asks if you recall how, when the wagon left, she would stand in the middle of that dusty road, and wave a bunch of daisies at you till you got out of sight? (I certainly DO: said Mazie) Well, she says she throws you a kiss today like she used to then, from the road."

There is a spirit here of a man who used to say: "ANY PORT IN A STORM. I just need to say that and she will know who I am." (Recognized at once by this woman in the body as father ——.") "I want to say you go straight ahead with that proposition, and don't worry over anything. We have not died nor left you yet, and we will never leave you, but help you, and tend you, just as you did us."

All of which was understood by the woman "Mazie" a Christion Scientist.

The same spirit of the man (brother-in-law) Mazie had helped through Science (Christian) in the body, who had given her such proof that he lived, and is here, said to her, for me, Sarah Shatford, to repeat to her, the following: "YOU HAVE WONDERED WHERE YOUR TEACHER FOUND REST IN THESE TIMES: THE WOMAN WHO FOUNDED YOUR SCIENCE (Christian), YOU HAVE WONDERED SINCE WE ARE HERE, IF SHE TOO CAN SEE HER WORK TODAY." (Admitted as true, by Miss Mazie) This spirit voice then continued: "THIS WOMAN ROSE ABOVE US HERE FOR HER REWARD, THEN WAS SENT BACK TO SERVE WITH US HERE, HER HAND FULL OF KEYS, SMALL AND LARGE. I SPEAK OF THE WOMAN

WITH SNOW WHITE HAIR. YOU UNDERSTAND.

FOR SHE REFUSED TO OPEN THE DOOR WHERE WE MIGHT BE FOUND, AND TOLD ALL HER FOLLOWERS THE DEAD COULD NOT SPEAK TO THE LIVING, COUNSELLING HERS WHO FOLLOWED CHRIST, WHO CAME TO PROVE FOR HIS FATHER OTHERWISE THAN THIS, TO BELIEVE IT NOT THAT THE DEAD WERE HERE AND ABLE TO SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES AS JESUS DID, WHO DIED FOR THIS PROOF OF LIFE.

SHE LOOKS VERY SAD HERE AS SHE GAZES AT THE KEYS IN HER HAND, HER LEFT HAND. SHE KNOWS NOT WHERE TO FIND THE DOORS TO FIT THESE KEYS. ONE SMALL KEY, MORE OF MEDIUM SIZE, AND ONE LARGE, LARGE KEY, ARE IN HER HAND HERE. SHE IS HIS SERVANT, WITH US, HERE, AND A SEARCHER FOR HIS TRUTH. THAT IS ALL."

As everything brought by this spirit, this brother-in-law, of proof, facts of memory, personality, was recognized by this young woman, called MAZIE, a Christian Scientist, we place great value on this message, which was answered by this spirit, her brother-in-law, whom she helped through Science while in his body, AND THIS WAS GIVEN BY THIS SPIRIT IN ANSWER TO MAZIE'S SILENT PLEA THAT HE WOULD TELL HER, OF THIS MATTER.

Note:

In recording the above testimony from the so-called dead I failed to include an assertion of this spirit as follows, and was reminded by a spirit's voice that I *had* failed to record this: "SHE (Mrs. Eddy) REAFFIRMED THAT GOD WAS EVERYWHERE: THEN HE WAS AND IS BACK OF THAT DOOR SHE CLOSED WITH HER AFFIRMATIONS THAT NONE COULD BE FOUND WHO HAD DIED, AND NONE COULD SPEAK WHO HAD DIED, AND THERE WAS NO POSSIBILITY THAT THE DEAD COULD APPEAR OR SPEAK TO THE LIVING."

A voice says now, "Yet she called her work "Christian": Science: or, The Science Of God (SPIRIT). Denial never obliterated Him Who IS God: neither *changed* Him in the

least. He IS and WAS Spirit, *A* Spirit, for all we know who live *past* dying."

"She (Mrs. Eddy) denied Him His miracle. Jesus CAME to prove FOR His Father, God."

"Did our hearts not burn within us when He spoke to us by the way?" Paul.

"For with God ALL things ARE possible." *W. S. In spirit.*

"*THE* key to *HIS* Scriptures *IS* Spirit."

Garrett: Mrs. W. D.

"A spirit of an old gentleman with a beard stood before me, Sarah Shatford. He said, 'I used to sit and twirl my beard, so,—while I read or talked,—I loved my books, steel engravings,—I read with an old green shade over my eyes,—and when bothered I used to hold my forehead, so,—and say: let us try to think it out, what shall we do. Her husband (pointing to Mrs. Garrett) used to look over my books and ask me all sorts of questions which I would try to find answers for,— Once, but once, I punished him with a whipping: I made him unbutton his little breeches himself, and walk up to my knees, and I whipped him: I never had to do this again. He told me a story.' This spirit then described himself,—and all was recognized, as all he had said. Then this spirit proved by all that was said after he had never died. He spoke of the changes of business, where his son had worked, and the finances were gone into, as all the problems of this business, present and past: all being recognized as true by Mrs. Garrett. The balance of this message was for his son, and was private, but was so thorough, paternal, understanding, there was never a denial, no matter what was said it was true, understood, and gratefully received. To be passed on to the son who would not believe that the dead could prove themselves, or give this father a chance to speak to him alone. It was so sad, the effort made by this soul, this father as MUCH a father as though he had a body of flesh, that he should select the things his son would receive as from him, and the plea he made, through the wife of that son present, for an interview, after this proof should be carried to his son.

Another spirit said to Mrs. Garrett: "Tell your Mother, Bob, whom I always called "sweetheart," that I smooth her

brow and sit beside her, when she is not sleeping nights now. Say to let the little house sale rest for the time being, for I see you and she will occupy it for a needed rest, later." "To prove! give this, you know the *felt slippers with the seam-on-top in middle* I wore in the house, always." (Recognized.)

Evidential Proof: Mrs. W. D. Garrett, Mrs. Merwin, and Two Christian Scientist Practitioners.

April 1923.

Mrs. Garrett and her Mother have been here several times, always being given remarkable proof from the father in spirit, all her Mother's kin, and Mrs. Garrett's own personal friends, especially women friends who prove they are still with Mrs. Garrett. One of these, Jo, Mrs. Wisner, talked with Mrs. Garrett as though she were beside her in the body. She told how she passed out, of Mrs. Garrett's loving attention at her bedside, the Book given her *with the leaf turned down,* and how she tried to think it helped her, (this was Science and Health, by Mary Baker Eddy). She told how she first knew she had cancer. That she had been able to show herself to her husband in spirit form twice, and that he was able to see her (true), then she said, "Do you remember my doughnuts?" Indeed I do, said Mrs. Garrett. Then, this spirit told of the conditions in her husband's home at the present time (all recognized as true by Mrs. Garrett) and asked that "he" be brought so she might speak to him herself. This was her husband should come and give her an opportunity to speak with him. This spirit friend spoke of how jealous she was over another girl friend of Mrs. Garrett, "because she could be with you more than I could", (That is so true, said Mrs. Garrett): she was jealous of Maud King." Much else of equal value came from spirit to Mrs. Garrett, and her Mother, which I do not need to write down.

Mrs. Merwin's Mother in spirit said to her: "I sat by a desk piled high with papers, had a pencil behind my ear, all those papers had to be corrected: some one would call for you, and I would call out, "I don't know where she is, guess she's gone blackberrying!" "That's my Mother," said Mrs. Merwin, at once. Then this Mother in spirit described herself: I was tall, angular, black hair and eyes, parted hair in center, brought it

down by ears: wore a stripe dress in summer (showing me the pattern of this dress, having black lines in it, and a pattern between the lines) (recognized by Mrs. Merwin as her Mother's dress, and a perfect description of her Mother, who, after the death of the father taught school to bring up her family. She gave this daughter, then, a message for the sister with the child, so high, and about her plans she would like to speak of to this sister in person. All of which was recognized by Mrs. Merwin.

To the C. S. Practitioner No. 1, the spirit described was of a man "who taught you a foreign language, and helped to pick out the beautiful passages therefrom, as we sat by a stream: he described himself, whiskers to a point, in beard, head, hat, etc. how he had a habit of sitting with his book and rubbing his beard as he read." "This was all recognized by this woman as being her Professor. That is all true, she said. This spirit then gave this woman a message regarding her work, her strife through it, her new endeavors, and what would come of them. She wept. I asked her, Do you understand this message? She replied, I do, perfectly. I did not: but she did. That was all for her.

To the other C. S. then, a sister in spirit, tall, thin, in black, carrying a black silk bag tied with a draw string, I used to carry it on my left arm, and You have it now: I had trouble with my right foot, was lame. I have never left you. And if I could give just one message to you today I would say, You deserve a crown. For you have fought every inch of the way. You will win, and ———— you have won. You would be very happy if you accept of that offer: I see it would bring great happiness to you. "Do you understand?" I asked. "Perfectly, said she: that is my sister."

Sarah T. Shatford.

Evidential Proof: Afternoon, March 4th, 1924.
MRS. GARRETT & Mother, and "Mazie".

Enroute, to Bronx Park and Mount Vernon, I sat on the rear seat with Mrs. Garrett's Mother, and "Mazie". Nearing home, a spirit said to me, "This girl on the right has a sister in spirit who wants to say she need not worry over that because she will get her share." (Understood) "She need not hide silk stockings much longer, either. The one who must take care of his heart,—

I want to say, etc. all of which was acknowledged, and understood.

Another spirit said, "Mother is here." I wore a blue veil. I wore a lace collar so wide, with round edges. (To Mrs. G's Mother) You remember all those fine potatoes I had planted on the place, THOSE EARLY ROSE POTATOES",—and what we did with them. And you remember I had a sick child and was told to GET A GOAT, AND THE GOAT'S MILK WOULD SAVE THE CHILD? All acknowledged, and at once) Well, I want you to go see my only relative, when you go back there, the old lady with the wrinkled face, and no teeth. She needs you. Now I must say what I do not want you to think of doing, for I have heard you think what you will do, and you are not to do that,—etc. (Explained, acknowledged, understood: all private matter)

To Mr. Corse, a spirit said: "He is hoping to close a deal, and wonders if he will: "Yes, said Mr. Corse, but WILL I? "If you can get him to step across the brook," said the voice. (Understood)

Evidential Proof, Nov. 14th, 1923. New York City.

Mrs. W. D. Garrett, & Mother, and Colored Servant (West Indian):

A father in spirit stepped forward in a white plaited shirt, calling attention to it, and how he had seen his wife present in body, take a small cloth and smoothe those plaits out with starch water so there would not be a wrinkle in it. This spirit said, "that was in the little house where we used to sit in the kitchen door and watch those fine chickens. You remember when I bought that fine rooster, and you said I paid too much for him, and how we enjoyed the new chicks we hatched? You remember the ASTERS AT THE SIDE OF THE HOUSE THAT HAD BUGS ON THEM AND I SPRINKLED PARIS GREEN ON THEM AND YOU WERE AFRAID SOMEONE WOULD GET POISONED FROM IT WHEN THEY SMELLED THE FLOWERS LATER? YOU NEEDN'T WORRY OVER THE ROOF OF THAT HOUSE AS I HEAR YOU DOING FOR THERE IS NO LEAK AROUND THE KITCHEN CHIMNEY." "Did you ever in your life hear

anything like that," said Mrs. Garrett's Mother to her, "every word of it is true!" This spirit continued: "SHE KNOWS I AM HERE FOR I SPEAK TO HER IN THE NIGHT MYSELF. BUT I WILL SAY FURTHER THAT I HAVE ON WHITE SOX HERE TODAY AT HOME JUST AS USUAL, WEARING THE SOX AND TIES TO MATCH WHEN SHE TOOK ME OUT WITH HER. SHE RECALLS MY FONDNESS FOR SMALL FRENCH PEAS, AND HOW I USED TO PUSH ASIDE THAT FORK AND SAY, GIVE ME A SPOON FOR MINE." "I certainly do," said his wife in flesh before me, Sarah Shatford, hearing this by word of mouth, from a man who has "died".

This spirit continued: "MOTHER MISSES HER OLD FRIENDS, ESPECIALLY THE FAT NEIGHBOR WHO LIVED NEXT DOOR ON THE CORNER WHO HAD SUPPER WITH US SO OFTEN." "I certainly DO," said Mrs. Garrett's Mother. This father of Mrs. Garrett, in spirit, then described Mrs. Garrett as a young girl, her clothes, the manner of wearing her hair, how he used to hold her on his knee, and say, "I don't want you to go away from home, no matter what offers you may have, I can't spare you." This was admitted as true, and recalled.

This father in spirit then went into detail regarding the sale of this home, out of New York, and, after finishing much private and intimate proof that he was with them and knew all about their affairs, he said, "ONCE MORE TO PROVE I AM HERE MYSELF, I SAY THAT THE HAPPIEST HOME WE EVER HAD WAS THE ONE WHERE THE RAILROAD PASSED DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF OUR HOUSE.' This was admitted exactly as stated, and recognized as true.

EFFIE: A colored maid entered and left the room. When a spirit said to me, Sarah Shatford, "Her Father is in spirit, and is here with her. Can't you speak for him and save this girl from making the mistake of her life?" Repeated to the Garretts, as stated. The girl was recalled, and after describing himself, and his clothes, and his hoe on his shoulder, hat, and his children about him, the birds of blue which circle the air where he lived in a body, he told this girl how he had stood BESIDE HER AT THE POST OFFICE AS SHE MAILED THOSE LETTERS CONTAINING MONEY TO HER MOTHER WHO IS ILL.

As this spirit described the City room where this girl lives at present, her neighbors, their pastimes, etc., also the small short-haired sister in spirit with him today WHO USED TO HELP YOU CARRY THE WILLOW CLOTHES BASKET, AND ALWAYS HAD HER HAND FULL OF PEPPERMINT STICKS, he continued to prove himself, thus: "YOU REMEMBER HOW I USED TO MEET YOU IN THE ROAD AND SEND YOU FOR OYSTERS FOR YOUR MOTHER WHO WAS IRONING? "Surely, I do, I do,—said this maid, Effie. After which this father in spirit told this daughter in body all he had asked to tell her to save her. Continuing this spirit said, "I AM HERE MYSELF: I GAVE YOU THAT GOLD CHAIN WITH A CROSS ON IT, SO LONG, WHEN YOU MADE YOUR COMMUNION AND CARRIED THE CANDLE, YOU REMEMBER?" "I do, and he did, and I have it," said the maid, Effie. A spirit said "ours who was strangled to death is here too."

"That was my uncle," said the maid. All of this, and much else, was given, and heard, in front of Mrs. Garrett and her Mother, all understood at once by a colored maid who opened the door, of whom I knew nothing, who was born, as was this spirit and his, in the West Indies,—and all was acknowledged as fast as I could repeat for the spirit who spoke to me.

"The one who was for her she refused in her own country."

Admitted by the girl as true (refused in her own country, now this man belongs to his children). Effie's father said, "You know how I wore a red pocket handkerchief around my neck tied in a hard knot in front?" "Yes, I do," said the maid.

Evidential Proof: Wednesday, Dec. 26th, 1923. New York City. *Mrs. W. D. Garrett & two women friends.*

The first spirit to speak was a man who described himself, and his ability while in the body, his habits, personality, etc. This was an old gentleman, a great reader, he said. He told how he settled affairs, and was trusted to do so, how he prized certain papers which he carried under his arm, as though in MSS. He was recognized. This spirit then gave this woman a symbolic message regarding her spiritual work, which was comprehended by her. The spirit of a woman, wearing a white apron, who

used to build houses with blocks, making doors in them, and placing the little toy animals in the doors, for the woman in the body before us, who was then a child. This spirit described herself, and was recognized. After which she gave a material message for the woman in the body before us whom she accompanied. There was a small child here in the spirit at the knee of this woman, described, and recognized. The material part of this message was all given in symbol, but comprehended by the one who recognized hers in spirit.

The woman at the right was then told that a young girl was with her, who wore long beautiful curls,—and this little spirit told how this woman in the body used to "TIE MY BLUE SASH, AND MAKE ME SAY MY SUNDAY SCHOOL TEXT, before I went to Sunday School." This little girl's spirit was recognized at once. Then, a middle aged woman in spirit came to my side, and said: "Tell her I am here in MY BLACK GROSGRAINED SILK DRESS, HOLDING MY PARASOL WITH THE BLACK HANDLE, AND MY BLACK FAN. I used to come in so from Church, and walk right out to the kitchen to see if everything was going along all right. Tell her Mother saw her WHEN SHE WAS IN GRIEF, AS SHE WEPT WITH HER HEAD BURIED ON HER ARM, so—(showing me, Sarah Shatford) IN THAT DINING ROOM WHERE SHE SAT AT THE END OF THAT SQUARE TABLE." "Tell her I was able to put my arm about her and say, There now, don't cry: it will all come out right,—"but that I was not able to come close enough for her to hear me, but I came to her in the night, and she saw me then and I have heard her tell it many times, how she saw her Mother in the night, thinking she was dreaming. My daughter will remember how I USED TO TAKE A FLAT IRON AND PLACE IT IN MY LAP, so—AND CRACK THOSE HICKORY NUTS UNTIL I HAD A CUP FULL, WHEN I MADE HER FAVORITE CAKE, HICKORY NUT CAKE, for her. She knows how I used to love to take my hymn book on Sunday evening and sing from it: my hymn book THAT HAD THE MUSIC AT THE TOP. I used to HUM THE TUNES, so—(showing me, as I heard this spirit hum a tune, with her own spirit voice, for this daughter before me, Sarah Shatford) Continuing, this Mother in spirit said: "Tell her I saw all those

keepsakes of mine she had shipped from the old place here: I am with her always. Tell her I know she remembers the old family Bible IN WHICH I WROTE DOWN ALL THE BIRTHS AND DEATHS IN OUR FAMILY. I was so broken hearted over a sorrow in our family, she will recall." All of this was recognized, as this woman wept before me, knowing that her own Mother was speaking to her though dead. After recognition, this spirit Mother gave her daughter the most sacred, confidential advice, regarding her life, plans, spoke of parties in her life, described her pansy bed at home, the location of it, and how she used to water it for her Mother with the old tin watering pot,—told of HER BONNET WITH THE PURPLE PANSIES ON IT,—all recognized gratefully by this woman, all understood which was referred to by this spirit.

When the door had closed on these ladies, and I stepped back into the hall of my apartment, this spirit said she thanked me with her whole heart for my effort in her behalf, and added, *"that was a Mother's only chance to speak to her daughter!"*

Time had flown, and Mrs. Garrett had to forego a message this time, as her friends had taken up all available time. But a spirit said to Mrs. Garrett, "There is a spirit here for the one who said, "I will go another time, the one who had seen them off in the car." That was Mazie, you know she said that!" they all remarked at once. In other words a woman who has been here several times with Mrs. Garrett, and who had luncheon with those present today, could not come along, but saw them off, making this remark, which WAS REPEATED TO ME, Sarah Shatford, for them, BY A SPIRIT WHO HEARD IT SAID.

Evidential Proof: Friday, Feb. 29th, 1924. N. Y. C.
"Matilda,"—Mrs. Garrett's Cook (Colored).

Placing a plate, taking a package, this woman said to me, Sarah Shatford,—in the presence of Mrs. Garrett's Mother, this afternoon,—"Madam, they tell me you are in touch with those in the Fatherland. I have prayed so hard that you would come back here again, and that I could hear from my LITTLE GIRL who is over there. I tell you I have never prayed so in my life. It would be such a comfort to me, if I could just know." "If you

have time, and can take time now, I will be glad to help in the answer of that prayer. What is your name?" "Matilda," said this fine, old-time servitor.

A Mother you have in the spirit, who says she comes first, and that your Father is with her today here. This Mother shows me herself, on the mirror of my brain, so that I can describe her to you. She is tall and spare. She wears a gray calico dress, with a black pattern, and a tignon around her head. She says: "Sometimes I pinned the point down, but sometimes I didn't, but I tied it in a hard knot in the back." This spirit wished me to describe her hands. She showed me very long fingers: how she kept her nails, the habit she had of holding her knife, so, so, (showing me that she doubled up her hand when she cleaned those nails.)

"I baked up barrels of flour," said she. "I used to scoop it up with a tin scoop: I never had to wash and iron, that was not my part." "She used to tease me for pennies for THAT BLACK STICK LICORICE. THAT WAS DOWN SOUTH, HOME, I CALL IT, WHERE THE BACK PORCH WAS BUILT ON THE GROUND, AND THE MORNING GLORIES WERE TWINED UP THE POSTS: THAT WAS WHERE THE WASHING WAS DONE: WHERE SHE SAT WITH HER SLATE MAKING FIGURES: WHERE THE BIG TIN WASH BOILER WAS OUT IN THE YARD. MY SON, HER BROTHER, IS WITH ME, AND MY TWO SMALL CHILDREN, ARE HERE TOO. I USED TO WEAR MY BLACK MITTS, LACE, TO CHURCH ON SUNDAYS. I USED TO CLASP MY HANDS SO, AND LOOK UP TO GOD'S HEAVEN, SO, (Showing me, just how, she had done this) AND USED TO SAY: "IF GOD SENDS ME THAT I AM GOING TO BEAR IT, BECAUSE IT IS HIS WILL." "That is every word His Own truth", said "Matilda": that is my Mother!" This spirit continued, "Well, I want to say, that I STOOD THERE BESIDE MY OLD BODY, AND HEARD THE FOLKS TALK ABOUT MY REMAINS, WHAT WAS LEFT OF ME. AND I HEARD THEM SAY, "CLASP THOSE HANDS, JUST LIKE SHE USED TO WHEN SHE LOOKED UP TO GOD."

"That is the blessed truth as I'm livin'," said Matilda. "That is just what we did." The spirit kept on: "I never left here at

all. I've never seen God yet. But I'm still tryin' to be worthy to BE HIS CHILD. I HAVE CREPT UP BESIDE YOUR BED, TOUCHED YOU ON THE SHOULDER, OVER AND OVER AGAIN. ONCE, WHEN I WANTED YOU TO GET OUT OF THAT PLACE WHERE THEY USED YOU SO CRUEL, I CAME JUST SO, IN THE EARLY MORNIN', AND I SAID TO YOU, GET OUT OF THIS PLACE, HURRY CHILD." "She did so," said Matilda. The spirit said, "We want you to go home. We see you want to go. We will be glad to go BACK THERE WHERE THE RICE IS,—and the melons, and you lived with us. I HEARD THAT ONE, AFTER MY FUNERAL BILLS WERE DISCUSSED, AFTER MY FUNERAL, SAY, "I WILL TAKE CARE OF THAT, I WILL SEE THAT IS PAID. AND HE RAISED HIS HAND UP SO, WHEN HE SAID IT. YOU THANK HIM FOR ME. HE KEPT HIS WORD. I'm here to watch over you yet, and you will be better off when you use that straw suit case and go back home. The man, the black man, who was always homesick, well he went back to Georgia, and he is there. He is quite well off, has never left there since."

"There is a spirit here of a young woman who used to sit by the window and hold up her left hand, looking at the nails, and pick at them, as she worried so she nearly lost her mind, over a man, injustice. I USED TO MAKE THAT GUMBO AND RICE: A PINCH OF THIS AND A PINCH OF THAT, SO, —SO,—NOTED FOR IT, AND MY LINEN I IRONED? THOSE LARGE NAPKINS FOR THAT BANQUET TABLE, WHERE THEY SAT AT THAT LONG SQUARE ENDED TABLE, AND CLINKED THEIR GLASSES, SO,— I WORE A DIAMOND RING ON MY MARRIAGE FINGER, AND USED TO SIT AND TURN IT, WATCH IT SPARKLE, HOW I LOVED THAT RING. YOU USED TO SAY TO ME, "Honey, what worries you so, tell Mother. And I used to say to you, "Oh Shaw! I'm going to forget him. And we used to be Pals, you and I, walked out arm in arm, always. I wanted to TAKE THE VEIL AND BECOME A NUN, you remember?" "I certainly do, all that is true, every word you have said here today is true," said Matilda, in the presence of Mrs. Garrett's Mother. This spirit then gave her name, Clee,—and said: "I WAS BURIED IN A LAVENDER CASKET." "She was

indeed," said her Mother. "I lost my baby, and I wanted to go where it was. I am happier than I ever was with him: and if I could come back and have my choice, I would stay here with my child. He was not even honest." You certainly said the truth, he was not," said this spirit's Mother to whom I was translating her message, never having seen or heard of her before.

This daughter in spirit then continued: "That man kept at that little bit of money, taking this off, and taking that off, until you had none left. Never mind, he must pay for all that here. I've BEEN TO SEE YOU, AND KNEW YOU GRIEVED SO YOU COULDN'T WORK. NOW I WANT TO ANSWER THAT IN YOUR MIND YOU ARE WORRYING ABOUT. I AM ONLY HAPPY IF YOU ARE HAPPY. IF I AM WITH YOUR MOTHER HERE, AND WE ARE ALL TOGETHER, YOU KNOW I NEVER SUFFERED FOR ANYTHING I DID, DON'T YOU? WE ARE ALL HERE TOGETHER. BUT I WANT TO SAY I WOULD NEVER DO THAT AGAIN IF I COULD DO MY LIFE OVER AGAIN. THE CHANCE YOU HAVE HAD? THAT MAN'S IDEA OF BUSINESS FOR YOU, YOU THROW THAT DOWN. TELL HIM NIX. YOU ARE THROUGH WITH THAT FOREVER. AND YOU GO SOMETIMES AND PAY FOR A MESSAGE FROM US SO WE CAN HELP YOU, TELL YOU WHAT TO DO."

All of which was acknowledged, and more not here written down. After the voice ceased, this grateful negress said, "I will never be able to thank you, madam: I AM SO MUCH HAPPIER, OH MY HEART IS SATISFIED: those are my own people, that is my daughter, and all those were mine."

Griffin (Mrs.) Psychic

Sister of Mrs. Elliott. A medium "who gets things". Also moves tables: "they walk around the room for me," she says. The first sitting (of four) this woman received several messages, her husband was described, also a man in a blue uniform. Bob was one of these names. The spirit told that he knew all about this before he came over to spirit. They laughed. They were all strangers to me. He was a jolly spirit, kept up the funmak-

ing, then spoke of her moving and not to break up, he lived at the old place still. (This was No. 1.)
No. 2. A sitting alone.

There was great disturbance, I heard names called and spirits speaking, but could not get in touch with any one spirit. Finally a Big Chief was described with the feathers down his back, a big leather pouch beaded at his side, a bow and arrow. He says Me Boss's Big Chief. Me speak first. Me take Boss out. Me give push. Me give raps. Me like Boys choice: she good papoose. Me no like new house. Me take you back. etc etc." This was the guide of her husband who was a medium for years, knew this Indian well (Big Chief from Medicine Hat) he gave me this name. Then her husband spoke, came in an "overcoat with a fur collar, lined with velvet." Not quite, said the sitter. The spirit stuck to it. Yes that was right he said.

This was the most interesting sitting, full of proof and personality: all his slang phrases were used, his fun-terms,—He described a clock which struck, opposite the hall door, it met you as you entered, (true) he described the chair he occupied and still occupied he said, near the smoking things (right) He gave advice understood, spoke of his Boy who had served in the Army over seas, his luck in being gassed and recovering to come home, his choice of a bride, his profession (Actor) his Contracts, and so much more that I cannot write it down. The whole sitting was evidential, she laughed much as she would were he in the body and visiting with her, as I did myself.

Carl Griffin: Son of the above:

His Soldier mates on the Marne proved their identity: called their names: one going so far as to mention "Lizette", and the peasant girl in a plaid dress. Denied, he stuck to it until he took him back to Paris and told of "Lizette" with the roses in her hair. Budd, this spirit's name. The wind which felled their tents when their were encamped by the mountain side was described: the barn to which they had set the torch, its cooties and the smoke that came from its roof,—the foaming steeds, the different wounds, the hospital, the pastimes and their locations, their rank and regiments,—some referred to the spirit world as being barren and wished they had had his luck to come home. Others did not speak of the spirit but recalled life as it had been to them

when they were together in the body. His Contracts were described and he was told he was going to Boston (All the above true and recognized by this Soldier Actor)

"Merode" actress:

Owing to the above work of mine for the family, Mrs. Griffin came to me Sunday while at dinner and asked as a favor that I come down stairs after dinner to her sister's room. There I found "Merode" a young woman, and the family at dinner. They wished me to give this girl a message. All were present, and as the meal continued to be served I spoke for her father in spirit, who described himself as an Artist who had played the cello and flute. Told that she used the bow (violin, true) told how her education had been managed, how he walked with his left hand in his long buttoned black coat with his head bowed while she occupied a place on his right arm, while they talked over his fears for her health, and worry over her fingering technique. Her education had been finished by small sums being placed together. The Mother and her sister were described, their home, vocation (dressmaking) the changes which had taken place there—out and west of New York. Told how she longed for a gem: but to consider the gem from the heart which had been given her and know this was the binding circle after all which was binding.

Evidential Proof: Sat. Jan. 5th, 1924.
HAUSCHILD: Miss Louise.

As Miss Hauschild has been communicating with hers in spirit for the last four years, through my hearing and describing for them, I will only add that today Miss H—— was speaking to her own "dead" from One until Five o'clock, and they described her home and the cake on the table at New Year's party, how the glasses were raised in toast given in German, as when they were in the body who spoke now in spirit,—while her (stepfather) told of a lost package at the Schilling Press, and what had become of it,—walked through this Press Room, and described the different parts of the business, advising on same, all understood at once, as reference was quickly made of different parties, payments, taxes, etc., etc. Each spirit proved

themselves present by personalities descriptive of themselves, which only the dead could give. At last a spirit said, "There is a woman here who liked the old fashioned black stick licorice." And she held up before me a stick of this same. This spirit then went into a daughter's problem, solving it as she would solve it for her, in detail describing a person, where this one was located, etc. Then this spirit said, "I am Josie's Ma." "I always called her 'Jo.'" All of which was recognized by Miss H——as for her friend who lives with Miss H—— in New Jersey.

I asked Miss Hauschild, "Is it true?"

"It is, yes."

Did they wait to see IF SPIRITS KNEW WHAT WAS GOING ON? If so, I register this here for those who do not believe in spirits, or that the dead ARE here, and know everything that is transpiring.

Evidential Proof: March 1st, 1924.

HAUSCHILD Louise Miss:

A spirit voice said: "There is a Mother here who wore a silk dress which had puffed stripes on the sleeves: she wore crepe ruching at the sleeves. I used to sit and twirl a lock of hair on my forehead, so, as I talked: a 'Della Fox' curl. And I used to sit at the dining room table on that side of the table, and, as we spoke I often placed my hand on top of that tall, round-top, FROSTED, sugarbowl, so high, with the FROSTING UNDER THE GLASS, IT WAS SMOOTH ON TOP." This spirit then showed me, Sarah Shatford, this sugar-bowl, and her hand, which had short fingers, a small hand. Continuing, this spirit said: "This is the way I saved my money (and she held up in her spirit hand a twenty dollar gold piece, before me): I wore buttoned shoes: had a long handled buttonhook: I used to say to your Father, "Don't always pull at the same side of your mustache, pull the other side for a change." I used to say to him, "Did you get that out of THAT BOOK? For he was always reading ONE BOOK AND QUOTING FROM THAT ONE. I USED A SQUARE PIECE OF BEESWAX FOR MY THREAD. I STOOD AT HOME THE OTHER DAY WHEN THE TABLE WAS BEING SET, AND I HEARD THE DISCUSSION REGARDING THE GLASSES, AND I

HEARD THAT SHORT GIRL SAY, "WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE ANYHOW? I was right there. I was there, too, when you three Girls said you were not eaters, and the one said SHE WAS PULLED DOWN IN THE FACE, and you laughed so at this, THAT THE SMALL GIRL, WHO HELD A TUREEN IN HER HAND NEARLY DROPPED IT. I was there, I saw you, and heard it. I saw you when you used the electric vibrator ON THE GIRL ON THE FLOOR. I WANT TO SAY THAT YOUR BROTHER WOULD GET THAT POSITION IF HE WOULD STICK TO THE TRAIL HE IS NOW FOLLOWING: HE HAS SUCH FINE REFERENCES."

"I USED TO CALL HER MY BABY, EVEN WHEN SHE WAS GROWN." This Mother in spirit then conversed with this daughter, just as she would in the body, going into all her private financial matters, papers, business, outlook, home-life, etc. All private, and of importance to this daughter in the body. All the above quickly acknowledged by Miss Hauschild, as true.

"There is a man here who used to hear you sing, Do-Ra-Me Fa. My violin squeeked at times, and I played minor notes to tease your Mother. She liked HOME SWEET HOME. I liked The Barber. You recall how I had to have that crease in those trousers, and ironed them myself, WITH A PIECE OF YELLOW MUSLIN, HOLDING THE IRON SO (showing me how) to see if it were too hot? I used to say "NO KIDDING". MY FAVORITE DESSERT WAS APPLE DUMPLINGS. HOME MADE. I MADE YOU KEEP TIME. THAT PART OF YOUR MUSIC YOU LEARNED FROM ME." "Your Grandmother who used to make them shake down the quart measure and then add a hand full, she is here today with us. The one who smiled and made others smile. Always jolly. Well, I want to speak today of ————. (All of which was understood, acknowledged true, and gratefully received by Miss H.)

In fact, for over three hours, the "dead" talked, visited, advised with, the "living", by repeating to me their proof of memories of the past, sayings, personalities,—each time these spirits changed the subject they gave new proof as to the one speaking, if Mother or Father,—Then the Mother of Miss H's

friend, proved herself, sent messages to her daughter, in New Jersey, conversed about the most sacred and private affairs, showing she knows all transpiring with her own child, she called "Jo" (Josephine, Josie).

"Be sure that I am here, go home with you, and know all that is transpiring. To prove this is Mother, I say I often wore A SMALL BAR PIN HAVING TWO LINKED HEARTS ON IT. AND MY HAIR CURLED IN THE NAPE OF MY NECK SO THAT EACH HAIR WAS A CORKSCREW CURL." "That is right," said Miss H——, "and I remember that pin of Mother's very well."

HAUSCHILD: Miss Louise.

Miss Louise Hauschild, who accompanied me to Los Angeles, has kept a record of her own, of the proof hers in spirit furnished to her, each day, almost each hour, of each day, for three months, while we were stopping together in the different Hotels, traveling on trains, by boats, etc. Each time they recalled new proof, and this list is too long for publication, very intimate in nature, all found true and recognized by this fine woman, who will furnish same.

It is so vast I cannot recall it. These spirits, Mother, Father, Cousin, Grandparent,—brought this Girl to California to regain her health after a Surgeon had told her she could not live, that she had gall-stones, and must be operated on, at once. Her own Mother, to me, Sarah Shatford, spoke as follows from spirit. "She has NOT gall-stones." After this, my own sister, Belle, in spirit, said: "Sade, morgue: if she is operated on." Showing me a dead body, with the sheets covering it all. As I told this to Miss H——, requesting her to verify this through others, and then to come along to California, as these spirits advised, we took upon "our" shoulders, saving this girl's life. But I knew she would BE saved if she came. This was done. Two of New York's best Mediums, in public life, who did not know her or anything here recorded, told her all I have set down. We left together, Mother's Day, were led by the "dead", told what to do, followed what was told, in faith, with prayer, and returned together, Miss H—— a well woman, after three months on the Coast, since which she has never been ailing.

The above is the very least I can do personally to record, for the "dead", what they have done, can do, in "healing" the sick, treating the maladies of bodies. Surely Miss Hauschild, knowing a miracle was performed, through her own, in spirit, as well as through my own, with God's help, will be glad to append her signature to this statement.

Her own never left her while we were gone. Reported, ever and ever, kept us in tune with fun-making, though "dead", as all think them, until this woman said, she did not see how they could find anything more to recall.

It is the same with my very own, in spirit, who live with me, speak to me hourly, prove to me every time they do speak that they are themselves by calling names none knew but our family, and all the past, of their own, as well as my own. There are no "dead". The dead live, live here: are with us: can hear us, and be heard by us: are not buried: await no resurrection: have not "gone on",—not at all. AND THEY ARE HUMAN TOO. In fact, the dead are just themselves.

Sarah T. Shatford.

Healy (Mrs.) Widow: Her sister Josephine from Brooklyn:

This sister joked regarding the spirits. Did not believe it could be. Thought a medium was a crazy person, a spirit who spoke only to an evil spirit. Both these good Catholic women. Mrs. Healy has had many sittings, sees her own, speaks to her Mother in spirit: is guided by her in fact. But this sister will not believe her own sister. So she was brought to me.

Their Mother described their home on Ireland: miles of it: the schoolhouse, the spinet for the sheep, the brook, where located, the sheep and shearing of same: their mode of life: their clothes while on this farm: the bed of coals, the three-legged pot, its tin cover, what they cooked therein. Then she told this daughter all about her family, what they cooked, what they said, what they did, until the woman was wild-eyed for fear some secrets would be divulged next. Nothing but what was true: all present called their names,—she was told how much she had in bank, where, described the stairs and door of her new quarters.

Knowing that I did not know, that her own Sister did not

know these things, she was convinced that her own Mother was there. "Sure, there's something in it," said this good Irish woman with the round full brogue.

EVIDENTIAL PROOF: March 16th. 1922. New York City. Mrs. Kate Morris Healy.

New York.

Mrs. Healy has spoken to hers in spirit for a half dozen years. She speaks to her Mother in spirit at night through dreams, and has seen spirits clairvoyantly, on two occasions, when she tells me they were as human like as mortals themselves. She is a good Catholic, follows her religion, and comes here to visit with her Mother, Husband, Children, and all her Irish relations, in spirit, when they speak to her as though they were in the body, recall all Ireland, are funmaking, describe all the family history, traits, habits, etc. When these come in to see me without Mrs. Healy they report to me as "County Clare."

This was to be the last speaking time for her through me from hers in spirit. She was told this before we began. As I am very weary from compiling, and copying, the spirits tell me I must cease giving to those who have had years of proof, and to regard the matter of spirit return and proof as closed for these. All others have been treated the same as Mrs. Healy, so she cannot feel slighted at all.

First, this Mother said: "There is one here who used to wear "spit curls" all around her face. (Showing me how she made them, and they were called by that name exactly) "That is my Mother," said Mrs. Healy. But this spirit Mother went on and on, giving this last full measure of proof, descriptions of her lands in Ireland, helpers, how she managed her Farm after her husband died,—the quantities of blackberry jam this one (Kate herself) used to make,—and all was, as ever, recognized as facts by the sitter.

Then, the Mother in spirit said: "When my stock wanted a drink they watered themselves, wading into the stream on my Farm, and drinking as often as they liked." (True, said Kate) Now, this was what she was to do in future: Her own Mother would supply her as before I came into this one's path, and she

would keep her where she was at present, (giving the reasons why she had been given such a position) until she "took her by the hand, at night in her dream, and showed her the waves rolling in on the shore", when she was to come along, and change places. (Give this to the psychoanalysis Doctors, those eminent ones who solve dreams as dream-states,—sic—) (Here's to Freud and his)—This spirit then called the names of those with her this night in spirit to comfort this widow, Kate Healy. They took me to the Doctor's door, with the sign in the window, from which she came to my hotel, gave her advice regarding this same and his medicine and her health and her worries, and all that makes spirit communion in private a sacred and holy miracle, which is not to be written, never is, or never can be written. "Jerry is here with the children," said this spirit Mother. (Hers) After which this one, the father of her children in spirit, spoke of his own affairs, proved himself, as he has done over and over for years, but bringing something different, a new proof, each time, as all spirits must to have evidential value. This, my own spirits demand, ever, and will give no message to any seeker until theirs have given enough of proof to be recognized. If there is a doubt in the mind of the sitter, they (their spirits) give proof both before and after their messages.

This closes a proof of great value for a good Catholic. Accompanied by Kate I went to mass at the 82nd St. Amsterdam Ave. Church, where an usher followed me to the seat and as I was kneeling he asked me, "Have you paid for your seat?" When I left the church, before service. After which Kate spoke to the Priest, who said, "if your friend is an intelligent woman she will not think of this but as the act of an ignorant boy," I mention it here, as I have given this good Catholic woman what money cannot buy for her during Six years, never having been paid by anyone a single penny for my hours of time, wearing old shoes and shabby raiment, that I might close these books as one medium whose class despised by Priests for collecting from their clients enough for food and clothes, for their transmission of FACTS FROM SPIRITS, which priests cannot give, which is reviled of them, as they butcher all mediums, which includes Joan of Arc.

Sarah T. Shatford.

Evidential Proof: New York City, Feb. 22nd, 1922.
HARRIS, D. P., Mr.

The first communion given to Mr. Harris was in California.

Tonight, the first spirit to make themselves known, to describe themselves, was a lady who passed into spirit in young Motherhood. She came with a young baby in her arms, described also, while the small children (several) in spirit were also described, and Frederick called. (The name of one) She described herself, dwelt on her hair, told how she had a cake breast which gave her great pain, and they raised this baby on a bottle because of it. She spoke of the numerous rings she owned, and said 16. (That's right, said Mr. Harris, she had just that number of rings) She told him on what occasions she had accompanied him to the theatre, and described his companion at those times (acknowledged) Then, this wife of Mr. Harris in spirit, went into their family affairs, proving she was not dead, knows all that is transpiring with her children here in the body. These things, so evidential to Mr. Harris I will not record here.

Mr. Harris' Mother in spirit was next to say "Do you remember how red my face used to get when I became excited?" And his Father said "there's the whistle of the train?" (Bringing this son home (Nova Scotia) for the summer vacation each year. And this Mother in spirit described herself, her hair, the mode of wearing it, her flesh, and her suffering with her limbs from the waist down, and how she used to sit on the veranda with a palm leaf fan,—all her clothes from her buttoned shoes, and unbleached hose by the box, *which came in a green box,* her bonnet, and said he, Mr. Harris, brought them all from New York, to me. She told how she used to stand back of him and rub that creamy liquid on his head, from a square bottle,—(Yes, said Mr. Harris) "Who cooked the boiled fowl, and who said Why cannot I get this anywhere but home?—YES, said Mr. Harris,—and this Mother in spirit then said, "I always said you were always my boy: you never failed to kiss me good-night, even to the last,—(True) said Mr. Harris. The Mother of Mr. Harris went on, "I am there with you in that room where the colored spread is on your bed and the colored small light is at the head, and I often kiss you and rub your head, but you cannot see me." (This describes the conditions in the New York Athletic Club room occupied by Mr. Harris.) (Recognized as true.)

She then broke down and wept, as she said "Father is here, and wants to come next. An old gentleman was described then, his hats, and he said: "Do you remember how I used to saw wood with that old square saw?" Mr. Harris laughed and said, You bet I do. That's Father. This Father then said: "But I wouldn't carry it in!" That's right too said Mr. Harris: He never would carry it in. "Stove length," said this spirit. Yes, said his son. "Do you recall the time I had to dig that gutter for the rain to drain the yard, when the eaves got stopped up?" (Yes, indeed I do, said Mr. Harris.)

"You will see if I can use my spy-glasses still." He always carried spy glasses on his travels. This same spirit then said: "You surely remember who liked hard-boiled eggs, and used to eat them with lettuce leaves just so (showing me) Nobody could make salad for me!" (Absolutely correct, said Mr. Harris) Then, this father gave the intimate messages of finance, business, showed he knew just what was going on even in Nova Scotia still, for he said: "They haven't spread the manure yet, and they better get busy with the plowing, for you will have lots to eat that sweet-corn this year!"

While giving a financial message, the spirit said: "You remember how glad I was when the thrashing was over every time, and used to say: Thank the Lord that's done, and the men all paid off? "Yes, said his son. I do." Well, I want you to pay everyone off and retire, etc. and say Thank the Lord." Which was understood. Spirit said, "I always said I was not old, and that I was a gentleman farmer." True, said his son.

This spirit said, Mother's other two are with her here, your sister and brothers two—(acknowledged) and MY brother is with me, the one I disagreed with, and your Mother wanted me to go into business alone. (Understood) Also, that he had found his father in spirit. There was more I need not recall.

EVIDENTIAL PROOF:
HARRIS, D. P.

Mr. Harris' Father in spirit, before giving him a third interview, said: "DO YOU KNOW I USED TO CARRY MY BINOCULARS UNDER MY ARM, WHICH YOU BROUGHT ME

FROM ACROSS THE SEA, AND I WOULD NEVER USE THE STRAP?" "You bet I do," said Mr. Harris to his own Father who is alive after death, and was able to prove it with one sentence.

This Father then described the Hotel in San Francisco, the room his son had occupied, the bed, its position, ITS GREEN LIGHT OVER THE BED, "WHERE YOU USED TO SPREAD YOUR BATHROBE OVER THE FOOT AT NIGHT." "Yes,—Yes," said Mr. Harris. That is right: I have just come from San Francisco, and that is all true." This Father then told him of orders given this son's Firm by all Firms on this trip to the Coast, PROVING THAT HE, this spirit Father, WENT ALONG WITH THIS SON, AND WAS NOT DEAD. "That is all true," said Mr. Harris. That is just what happened, all right." "And those glasses I BROUGHT HIM FROM GERMANY, AND HE REFUSED TO WEAR THE SHOULDER STRAP, but carried them as he described, under his arm. This Father in spirit then described THE NEW MONUMENT AT HIS GRAVE IN NOVA SCOTIA, the SQUARE, GRAY GRANITE, WITH A WREATH ON IT, and the little white fence around the plot, the sizes thereof. All exactly, said Mr. Harris.

As I was giving this evidence, two Toledo girls were here present, Miss Baumgardner, and Miss Dorothy Sawyer. I went into detail to them regarding the first time this father in spirit had spoken to this son, telling him about an emery-wheel he wished him while in the body to invent to sharpen the wood-cutter's saws. This had been a hobby of the old gentleman's, it seems. As his son was an inventor, he wished to help the foresters. This spirit brought this all in the first time he came to speak through my hearing to this son. When I had finished relating these things, this father in spirit having heard me all the time, of course, said to me, just as plain as I could utter it now with my own lips, "WHY, HE KNOWS I AM HERE, HE IS JUST AS SURE OF IT, AS YOU ARE!" "That is right," said Mr. Harris: "but do you know, I have never told a single person of this wonderful thing? I have never mentioned it to anyone. Because no one would believe it."

Evidential Proof. New York City.
Hurlburt, Mr. W. H.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Hurlburt have had a number of visits with theirs in spirit. It would seem beyond doubt for anyone, who could have heard this evening's work.

"There is a spirit here who wore a smooth gray suit, with gray buttons. He had a way of twirling a coat button while he spoke, a habit of his. I called him Bill. This is Charlie." This spirit was recognized by Mr. Hurlburt. The spirit then described the trips these two men had made to Cleveland. Described his home in Warren, Ohio, his wife, and the room she sat in, and what SHE HAD SAID REGARDING THE DEAD BEING ALIVE—AS HE, A SPIRIT, STOOD BY AND HEARD WHAT WAS SAID. And this was what was said by the spirit: "My wife said she was very well satisfied with her religion." He then added: "Don't it beat hell?" This was recognized, all of it, as true. This spirit friend then went into detail regarding the Firm and business of which Mr. Hurlburt is the President, showing he knew all that was going on, all contemplated, all owed the firm, why Mr. Hurlburt was here, and regarding these debts, with the chance of collection. All the new inventions of the Company were discussed with his friend in body, the buildings on the plant and its grounds described, the new steel orders, etc. etc. everything of import regarding business, money, loans, etc. The spirit then said: "Once more, to prove I am here myself, you will recall giving me a Box of Handkerchiefs." (True, and recognized.)

Mr. Hurlburt's Mother in spirit then presented herself, and as she did so, she was making "spit-curls, on her forehead, and said, "You know we used to make quince juice to hold them in place?" This Mother then asked him to go to Buffalo, to HURON STREET, TO THE LITTLE HOUSE WITH THE FRONT PORCH WITH A VINE ON IT, where they had spent so many happy hours when the boys were small,—just for old time's sake." (Recognized, and acknowledged true) This Mother in spirit then said, "I want to make sure tonight that you know me here, I have heard all the discussions at home." (Acknowledged true) She then said: "Do you remember what we kept under the counter in the Hotel Office? FITZGERALD, she called (that was our clerk, said Mr. H.) Yes, I do recall,

said Mr. H. "Remember when we fastened the doors, put down the shades and laid our stair and hall carpet at the Hotel?" Yes, said Mr. H. I do, well." "Remember how you used to come into my room and say, "If we only had another quilt for to-night," and I said, "You cannot TAKE MY SILK LOG CABIN FROM THE FOOT OF MY BED." (Yes, I remember that, too, said Mr. H.) "Remember how I wore my diamonds in the daytime, and took off THE CLUSTER JEWELRY at night and PINNED THEM IN A CHAMOIS BAG AND PUT THEM AROUND MY NECK?" Yes, said her son in the body before me, I do recall it well." "Remember how I used to bake all those pancakes for breakfast, and then come into that dining-room (here described, windows, length of long, sq. end table, place of kitchen door, and the end on which she spread her own cakes, as she said to me (Sarah Shatford) "I ALWAYS ATE MAPLE SUGAR ON MINE, I PREFERRED IT: BUT I MADE WHITE SUGAR SYRUP FOR HIS." That is true, said Mr. H.)

This Mother in spirit then said: "Elvira." Yes, I know who that is, said Mr. H. "Then you know, no matter what anyone ever says, that I am here?" asked of him. Yes, indeed, her son replied. "Then I want to speak of the youngest Boy. The one who reads so much in bed." (Recognized.)

"With a stand having a lamp on it at the head," said the spirit. Yes, I know, said her son in body. "This boy has born in him, and inherits from his Mother's people high ideals. He wants to preach. You must let him go on. Go into his room, shut the door after you, lie down on the bed with him, and say, "Go ahead my Boy, and I will settle the bills, and you can pay me back when you get it." And the spirit then showed me this Boy, whom I described to his father (though he is living) and how he would throw up his college, square tasseled, cap, in joy. The spirit Mother then commented on the Law. She said, "This game is too political for him: he desires to lead the flocks: let him do it, for he would be as MUCH OUT OF PLACE IN BUSINESS AS A LILY IN THE BACK YARD AND A SUNFLOWER IN THE FRONT. Not that sunflowers have no place fit for them, they feed the chickens!" Mr. H.'s Mother was a jolly soul while in body, and she proved the same in spirit.

The balance of all this sitting was private, the Mother spoke

of her daughter, Mrs. Geo. Baker, called her "Julia": and her daughter: gave advice for them, properly understood. Also, of "George, and his malady, at this time. Etc. Etc. Much more, all of family matters, all comprehended as I went along for the spirits themselves. When this Mother in spirit had finished, she said, "Now, don't let anyone make you think I was not here with you. Remember the black silk petticoat I made by putting two dresses together, one was brocaded, and one was plain, and the brocade I put in front, and the plain in the back, and I knife plaited ruffles all around, and used to show it for fun, and never tell about the plain back?" And Mr. Hurlburt laughed outright, saying that was Mother's joke: we all remember that." "What became of my "LITTLE SEALSKIN MUFF I USED TO CARRY?" said this spirit." (recognized, all of it, and more that I cannot write down for the public here.)

Evidential Proof:
Hurlburt, W. G. Mr.

The name "Charlie Ache" was called. (Recognized) "I am here to do you a favor, in RETURN FOR THOSE YOU DID ME WHILE I WAS IN THE BODY: THOSE CHECKS YOU SIGNED FOR ME," this spirit said. Continuing, "I was with you today when the one who had to hand over the decision to those higher up said NO, and I want to tell you why." (Understood) (Matters of business import were described, in great detail, and all understood) Then, this spirit said, "I want to go back now with you to the Plant, I want to say . . ." etc. all matters of great interest to his friend in a body, and, as each one was described, their desk, position, etc., the shipments of car lots, one of which was delayed and untraced,—financing matters, names of cities called, etc. etc. all comprehended as though this man were in a body and speaking to his friend. The spirit spoke of his own finances, while in a body, making witty remarks regarding matters between these two men,—all acknowledged, gratefully. Many things of the past, known but to these two, were spoken of tonight, and then this spirit said, "Well, I guess there are no dead folks after all."

A Mother, described her BLACK VELVET GOWN WITH ITS BULLET BUTTONS UP THE FRONT OF THE

WAIST, HER KNITTED SHOPPING BAG CONTAINING A METAL MEMO CASE WHICH SHE CARRIED ON HER WRIST WHICH WORE A GOLD BAND BRACELET, TRACED WORK, WITH BLACK ENAMEL ON IT,—) all recognized, and acknowledged by Mr. Hurlburt) This Mother in spirit said: "You remember my AFGHAN ON MY BED, which was crocheted, red and green wheels, put together with black stripes: my bed was placed so: head so: and you used to come in after the balls and chat with me, and tell me all about it? (All true, said Mr. Hurlburt)

"I want you to be so sure I am here tonight", said this spirit Mother. "I stood there when Jean said, "Well, I am just not going to worry any more about the children", and I hope she sticks to that, they are all grown." "I want to speak about the Boy who is ailing, away from home: I want to speak about George, (her son) "Be sure I am here,—Do you recall the LITTLE MAN WHO WAS A CUTTER WHO LIVED WITH US, AND HOW I USED TO LAUGH AT HIM IN A DRESS SUIT?" (I certainly Do, said Mr. Hurlburt)

After which family matters of her own children were gone into by this spirit, relating to sales, travels, ailments, etc. etc. all quite as natural as a visit with a Mother could be in a body.

"You should see the Bakers," said this spirit. "They are my sister and hers," said Mr. H.)

Evidential Proof.

Hurlburt: Wm. G.

"A short blonde who taught school is here: I frizzed my hair: I used to hold up my left hand and point to my thumb, and two fingers, and say, First, Second, Third: and that is just what I am going to do here now. I came with Mother to speak about Jean. This IS SADE. To prove that I am myself, and no other is here, I can tell you that I remember how I used to turn down the beds at night, and light the lights and turn them low, it was my work, and I had a way of turning them down in points, —those covers: when I lived at your house, and baked all those apples in that long row, when the Doctor ordered them for me (kidney trouble): and I buttoned the children's shoes, and the Girl was my especial charge,—To prove that I am SADE and

that I am here and came with you from home, I HEARD YOU AND SISTER TALKING ABOUT THE CHILDREN THE OTHER NIGHT WHEN YOU WERE TAKING OFF YOUR SHOES, AND SISTER SAID, WHAT IS THE USE OF CHILDREN IF YOU MUST LOSE THEM JUST WHEN THEY CAN COMFORT YOU IN OLD AGE?" "And I HEARD THE SPEECH THAT SISTER MADE AT THE ASSOCIATION AND I WANT TO SAY I WAS PROUD OF HER, I did not think it was in her. You know I always loved the English language: to read: books of travel: best: I longed to go to Europe: you remember? Well, I have been with Mother, your Mother in spirit who is here, BILL, with us tonight, and we have been to the Museum, and I saw all those old PHARAOH tombs, Egyptian, that I used to read about. You remember we all called you "Pa-Pa". And that I used to wear a BLACK VELVET RIBBON ON MY HAIR? A BOW OF IT BEHIND? SO: (Showing me, Sarah Shatford, just how). I want to speak of Sister's limb, and say that she has almost fallen twice, and that she must use a stick to support her, or she will fall and might break a hip: I hear her speak of the dead folks, and hear her say it is repulsive to her to think her own can speak to others and not to her: and I want you to tell her all I say here tonight, and tell her if she wants to send a Western Union Message she must go to the place where she can send it: we can't reach her yet."

All of the above was admitted true, and understood by Mr. Hurlburt, who said, "I wish I could have all that written down." Much else was given by this spirit.

A spirit Mother then described herself "without my false-front", and how she used to laugh with this Son over the old age, and her "false-front" (meaning modish hair of natural brown, which she bought to keep young, as she expressed it, laughingly)

She described her room, herself, the way she used to take him by the shoulders, so: and what she said at these times, and much else of a private nature, all sacred and of family matters, all acknowledged true, understood. "How I enjoyed a baked potato. Just have baked potatoes, I used to say. "That is true, she did," said Mr. Hurlburt.

"I wore crepe leisse ruches, and a bar pin, having small

diamonds across it." She did, said the gentleman to whom she was speaking FROM SPIRIT.

"Jack Vandervort is here," said a spirit. Recognized by Mr. H.

Much else was given of the past and present, all understood, and gratefully acknowledged.

EVIDENTIAL PROOF:

Helen Hayes, (Mrs. B. R. Hayes)

This woman, who has had hundreds of messages from spirit through me, was given her final messages last night, so the spirit tells me.

We have known each other since 1915, when I went to The Calumet Hotel to live, where her husband was Manager. It was there I first heard a spirit voice, and gave this woman her first message from her Mother, Father, Brother, etc. in spirit. We are both members of The Eastern Star (Masonic) Laurel Chapter No. 44. Carnegie Hall, having taken our degree together. (See her letter of acknowledgment in file)

Mrs. Hayes said this evening of proof was, if possible, the most wonderful of all ever given her. To begin with her Mother in spirit began to solve a problem of a lost ring: something which had occurred at place of business, which could not be solved, it seemed. As the spirits do not use me for these purposes at all, I did not understand what was being done, but she did. An employee claimed she had left her diamond engagement ring in the wash room, where she removed it to wash her hands, and returning for it a few moments later found it gone. As it could not go into the basin's pipe, it was a mystery.

Mrs. Hayes' Mother told of her (Mrs. Hayes) girlhood, her clothes, whims, play, sweetheart at the gate whom she parted this one from because of her father's wishes, how she knocked on the window pane for her to come in the house and would not permit her to stand at the gate and talk—of all the most sacred family history and traits of character and failings, and joys,—her own sufferings of body, etc. all too inviolate to set down here for my sister Helen Hayes, but told FROM spirit Father, Mother, Grandfather, and others, with names. And Grandfather said: "But you did not call me grandfather but

another name (and he called it to me, which I repeated, and which was Norwegian for grandfather, which she did call him always. This old man described everything about their country's cousins, himself, his black cape, whiskers, hat and shawl. Her Mother gave ancient history of incidents of family record, with proof each time it was Mother, by giving with it the description of something belonging to her (Mother). For instance: Her father told of his favorite music, those things he used to play on his violin: that he would rather a piece of citron than any candy: told of all his implements he used in life to make a living: bringing them in one at a time: and after all was said I cannot record, as Mrs. Hayes would have to do that were she able, and willing, this spirit Mother said to her daughter: "We have brought you a string of pearls. Tie the ends and look them over, do not lose one. It is our best, all we can do: we will tap as we have done the dresser mirror, or the plate (acknowledged) and you will know we are there and you have not lost us."

This is the third friend who has had a final message given them within a week. Why, I do not know. But I know it IS final, has been told me, "We are closing all the old doors: this will be all for this one."

Evidential Proof:
Hayes Helen Mrs.

Mrs. Hayes' family in spirit, Mother, Father, Sister, have described all they knew of themselves, leaving nothing more to be said it would seem, yet they still find new articles to bring forth. new memories, not touched upon before, each time my friend comes in to dinner. Their lives in Norway, home in New Haven, while they were children, and all together, has been recalled over and over, with their likes, and dislikes, favorite sayings, maladies, shortcomings even gone into

Last night, when Mrs. Hayes' Mother in spirit was speaking to her from spirit, she proved it was Mother by saying, before she discussed the things of the day with her own child in a body, "I SAW YOU WHEN YOU MISSPELLED THAT WORD WHEN USING YOUR TYPEWRITER, AND YOU HAD TO MAKE A NEW SHEET, *TODAY*." That is true, said Helen: I DID THE SAME THING TWICE, AND THE

WORD WAS *BUREAU.*" (Hunts Point Plant, American Bank Note Co.)

Mrs. Hayes' sister said to her, from spirit, tonight, "DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN THAT BARN BURNED DOWN, THAT WAS FULL OF HAY?" "Indeed I Do," said Mrs. Hayes. When she told of this fire in New Haven, Conn. when these were children together, she and her sister IDA, who called her name, as she brought all the folks from spirit, described all their clothes, dresses, fancy-work, dances, play-toys, HOW THESE TWO SISTERS PLAYED MARBLES TOGETHER, Her young brother passed with throat trouble, all told, and all her mother's ways, quilts, positions when ill, interest in Music, private home life all recalled by spirits.

Evidential Proof, Nov. 9th, 1923.

HAYES Helen:

Mrs. Hayes came to tell me that the Aunt, whom her Mother in spirit had told her would die, and her Uncle would come for the funeral, had passed out Friday, and the Uncle was here.

Mrs. Hayes' father in spirit discussed with Mrs. Hayes the interior of that home, the family affairs, bills, etc. as well as her own, and then said: "This is from the one your Mother said used to cause her so much trouble because he would not let HARD CIDER ALONE." "I certainly recognize that as my father," said Mrs. Hayes.

This father was Norwegian, lived in another State, passed out years ago, and has proved himself, as has Mrs. Hayes' Mother and sister IDA, for years, in my work. We often say, in fact, it is wonderful how they can think of any new proof that they are themselves. But they do. Every time they speak they must prove themselves. That is all I get for my work is absolute proof of their identity.

Jan. 31st, 1924.

Mrs. Hayes' Mother in spirit tonight described the quilt she made, its pattern, how she wrapped herself in it to sit up when ill: told how she had a habit of rubbing her hands when it was cold, and what she said then: told this daughter "I was there this morning when you put on stockings that did not match, and you

had to SEARCH IN THAT BAG FOR THE MATE TO THE HOSE" (Admitted by Mrs. Hayes) "I see you WHEN YOU COUNT THOSE BUTTONS ON A VEST AND SAY RICH-MAN? POORMAN? BEGGARMAN, THIEF"—(Admitted by Mrs. Hayes as true) This spirit Mother then told of THE CURRANT LOAF CAKE SHE BAKED, and said, "I HAD A CAKE TRAY, (and showed me this tray, so I was able to describe it to Mrs. Hayes.) Admitted true, all of it, by her daughter in the body. The Mother then gave most wonderful proof that she knew all transpiring, advising this child, showing a Mother's care and interest in all that is transpiring, still.

Evidential Proof: Sunday, Sept 16th. 1923. Modena, N. Y.

Helen Hayes' Uncle, a Norwegian, living near Newburgh, in the little hamlet of Modena, a Paradise among hills and vineyards.

Continually as we walked among the trees and vines the spirits spoke asking if I could not speak for them to this man of soul, who, it seems, is against the spirits as he has read of them. I had been asked not to give him a message, as he was nervous on this subject. As the man is over Seventy, I wondered at this, but did not break the silence for his in spirit. However, I register here, how sad it is for the "dead" as well as for those who hear these, that their one chance in their "deathtime" must be lost to them and theirs because of prejudice. At last, when we were about to take our car home, his Niece came up to my side, and I said to her, "Will you please tell your Uncle after I leave, that his own wished to speak to him today, and there is a Father here who wore a black cape, and threw the corner of it over his shoulder, he was born across the sea, has a beard, wears a brimmed black felt hat, wide brim. And his wife is here, and his sister, and your Mother is here, and has longed to prove it to you."

She took this much. When I described this spirit with the cape, and his manner of throwing the corner over his left shoulder, Helen said: "Why that is Grandfather, his own Father. He is just like you say, and he wore that cape, we all know that." Just a moment of time it took for those in spirit to PROVE themselves. An instant, truly.

(Duplicate Copy) Original on file Torch Press. (Testimonial letter of scientific, evidential proof)

New York City, Feb. 25th. 1922.

Mrs. Sarah Shatford,
Dear Mrs. Shatford:

It has been on my mind for some time to put into writing some of the wonderful proof you have given me during the last seven years that my own whom I thought of as "dead", Mother, Father, and Brother, are living, have proved so by evidence no one else but they in spirit could give. They have proved thru you they have never left me since they "died", that they know all that has happened to me since they "died", also their memory, love and personality survive.

My Father and Mother have recalled thru you scenes of my childhood, customs of our home, all their clothes, belongings, sorrows and joys of their lives. They have told you and you repeated to me what you heard. The first message you gave me from the so-called "dead" was in the year 1916. We lived at the Calumet Hotel, where my husband Mr. B. R. Hayes was manager. You had lived there two years. We were strangers: had no mutual friends. My old home was in New Haven, Conn., where you have never been, and this was described in full by both my Father and Mother in spirit with their descriptions of themselves, clothes, Father's business, violin playing, Mother's disease from which she passed out (being cancer) and my little brother who passed out with croup. You described how he died. You told me that a voice told you and you repeated it, that was all. It was so wonderful to me that I could not grasp it then; but we knew you, your life and character and I knew you must hear some voice to tell me these things. So, I asked my sister to come from New Haven and she brought Mrs. Dr. Zills with her. My aunt was present, Emma Simonson and a friend Mrs. John Fay, when you came to our apartment and gave each one present more proof than you had given me that there are no "dead", they live and are present and do prove it by speaking to you. Since then you have seen another friend in trouble, Miss Aldrich (proof reader for the American Bank Note Co. Hunts Point) giving her messages from her Mother, messages of proof from spirit such as only a spirit could give.

During these years (1916-1922) you have repeatedly given me volumes of new evidence which it would take many weeks to sum up on paper, all of which is scientific, evidential and *invariably true.* Among the things told me from spirit I will mention a few in the spirit's own words to you which you repeated to me: (from Mother) "Do you remember the maroon dress?" "Do you remember my dress with the glass buttons?" "Do you remember how I punished you for breaking the *tuberoses?*" "You have my *fringed red tablecloth.*" Which is true absolutely, and I still use it.

Father described his cutter's knife, his violin, his country (Norway) told of Andrew Anderson and unravelled a mystery about him. Told how he dropped out of sight (which he did) and every little personal trait of Father's and Mother's they have mentioned at different times you have given me messages from them, until now, I know *they are here,* I can rely on them, and they often give me evidence of their presence.

I have never heard you give a message from the dead until they (the spirits themselves) have *proved themselves living. Living* and their memory surviving. This makes your work of such value, and so true, and convincing. I write this letter of my own accord. My gratitude is unbounded: for it is all you will permit me to do in return for this work you have done for me, accepting of no pay whatever from anyone for your proof of survival "after death".

(Mrs. B. R. Hayes) (Signed Helen T. Hayes.

Mrs. Herze, of Waco, Texas, Widow,
Residing at No. 40 W 83rd St.: Mrs. Herze came to my room.

Several times at the dining room table I heard different names called. First, "There is a spirit here who says his name is Frasier." Then, "There is a spirit here for Lois." The young lady who sat opposite me, Miss Elizabeth Montieth, was asked, "Do you know anyone in spirit by the name of Frasier?" She said she did not. It passed for several days. Then one day Miss Montieth called to me from across the street to wait, and she crossed over. She said "Last night we had a circle over at the house just for fun, and do you know one of the girls from Texas who sits at the long center table has a brother in spirit and his name is Frasier."

Now, "Lois" was Mrs. Herze's little daughter who is placed in school by this mother who is lately widowed. The first spirit to come was an old woman with a shawl over her head with grey hair, very anxious to be known as this one's grandmother: not recognized by the sitter. Next, "Papa Bowers, or Papa Powers" described himself, the great age he lived to nearly 90 years, and the trouble he had with his feet. This was recognized, but the name was not quite right," she said.

Next the spirit for Lois described himself, the home she was parting with against his will and wish, the too strenuous work at college for this girl "Lois", and her musical education. He described her chubby fingers at the key-board when her feet would not touch the piano pedals: he spoke of a step-child, he gave messages for his brother re. publishing and output to sell the first off the press before the next was put on, etc. All recognized by the sitter. Names called Lide, and I cannot recall the others.

Mrs. Herze, widow, Texas, brought her sewing to spend an hour with me. As she plied her needle, I heard: "There's a spirit of an elderly lady here in a black silk dress, she loved house plants, ferns, had a home with a veranda and sat there. She had a low Phaeton, and she knitted with her own hands an afghan for it, she says with a crochet hook. She had to be helped into this conveyance, she had trouble with her limbs. This one was so kind to her, used to rub her back. She then described a young woman in a bridal costume, luxury, a stone mansion,—she told of the pride she took in canning her own fruit,—then she sent a message to her son, a Publisher in this City. All of which is exactly true, recognized as this son's Mother, and the Mother-in-law of the one sitting with the medium. An old gentleman in broadcloth, with grey whiskers, a man who inherited his wealth, sent a message to his son. "Clean hands first, Son. Duty. Father." This was for one having two children and this son was in Texas. All of which was understood by the one sitting with the medium. Names were called which I do not now recall. That evening the son of the first woman in spirit who spoke came to me and asked if he might see me,—but the woman who had received these two remarkable sittings had not told him (he is her brother-in-law) and I was the first to tell him that his Mother had made it plain she could speak with him.

(Evidential proof)
KELLY (James E.)

I have given Mr. Kelly many messages from his Mother. Her influence is a very quiet, gentle, soft, tender one,—and as few words are used in transmission as possible, I suppose for the reason that Mr. Kelly does not care to receive messages from the "dead" as it is against the teachings of his Church. At least, he gives me to understand this: but I will add that Mr. Kelly has been very grateful at times for information or words connecting him with the unseen, which he understood every word, and did not try to hide his satisfaction.

One evening as we sat together at dinner. The voice said "His Mother would like to make herself known: try." I told Kelly. He changed the subject. "She desires to plan for his future" the voice said. I told him this. He asked me not to "get on this subject" as I knew why he did not receive messages of this kind.

I was helping him with his notes for his book "When New York Bloomed," and he went over to his Studio, in the Y. M. C. A. next door, to get a paper; as the waiter changed the plates, I had a New York Sun at my elbow. I grasped this, took a pencil and wrote the following message: "Continue with your small work, and wait until a check is forthcoming on the monument."

After the meal was finished, and we were about to go in the parlor, I read him the notes on the margin of the evening paper,—His face became very grave: I asked if he understood it, he said "Perfectly." Seemed glad.

Now, this is remarkable for the following. Mr. Kelly was beginning his statue "Rodney's Ride" for the Wilmington Park, I did not know of such work at all,—neither that he was working on a companion piece for Deitrich Knickerbocker (his small bronze: this new piece is now finished.

Many other messages were given later. His Mother described her husband's only living relative: how she had lived with this relative when she was first married, etc. All understood. She always gave him advice.

But the evidential proof I wish to file here is one of great value.

Recently I have assisted Kelly with his "Life Of Lincoln"

in taking to dictation from valuable material in hand, and copying same on this machine: all a labor of joy, as Mr. Kelly has always been kind and friendly to me. As I sat waiting for Kelly to get ready one morning of late in his Studio, and several days after he had moved this studio from the 3rd to the 4th floor, this same gentle influence spoke. Knowing Kelly's attitude, I grasped some paper, and wrote for this spirit voice: (as near as I can memorize)

"Have others execute what you design; outside the studio. Go to the jungle and take out the bell, but spend your last days in reflection grave or joyous, attending to those matters others less illustrious may garble when you come here. You have an attic again, I see. More inspiration for an Artist I suppose. (a little platform and some steps up to it. THE BUST OF GENERAL HAYES IS STILL UNOBTRUSIVE I SEE."

Mother."

This is the remarkable thing which Kelly was pleased over: for I did not know he had a bust of Hayes or anything about it. He laughed, enjoyed it, said "that is great," and told me the following:

"General Hayes brought two young ladies to see the bust of himself made by Kelly. He was intoxicated. The bust was not in evidence. He resented it and Kelly had to have the help of the ladies to still his resentment. Now that Kelly had moved, this bust was in a corner with some lumber and books and saddles and boots and whatnot,—"Still unobtrusive, I see." The Mother who gave that message had been there, or known of the Hayes occurrence, and this was something no one could give but spirit.

Mr. Kelly has told me of how the spirits have bothered him. Placing their cold hands on him at night, pinching his toes, etc. He had a medal on his neck at the time blessed by the Pope. Grasping this he told them to do their worst but not to dare to come above that medal. And they did not. He has told me much regarding his own experiences on this order: Knows the truth of spirit return; avoids the subject except to settle some question for me in my own development,—and, when I could not sleep for the voice "keeping in touch" for fear of losing my hearing, Kelly procured for me a bottle of Lourdes (France) water, which I used to calm this voice and silence it. It was a miracle, no doubt; for many tried to silence it and could not;

except Dr. Robert Watson, who, when the spirit first took me "put him out," that is, compelled him, by kindness and prayer, to cease from bothering me. I cannot write more for print as mortals would not understand unless I wrote at length, taking up the occurrences in turn.

Sarah Taylor Shatford.

Oct. 16th, 1919.

Kelly's "Washington at Prayer" is on the Sub-Treasury Bldg. in Wall street. His statue of Fitz John Porter is in Portsmouth, etc., etc.

Spirit voice in Kelly's Studio: Dec. 22nd, 1921. On the eve of his departure for Florida.

"He's coming to us—not long either. We're here, but his religion interferes with his conscience and he prefers to obey his religious teachers.

"We find him in good condition considering his achievement, —a terrible strain too prolonged. When you can do so give him a little love from us and a mild reminder that he is NOT so young any more. Let us live for ourselves for awhile, James. We are conscious of your own feelings on this subject. Tell us all you care to for WE hear YOU. Live in your own environment now and rest before you start again with your life work. We live much the same as when we all spoke to one another only our speech is silent. Who cares if we do not. The element here has changed. Yours is no more. Rowdyism everywhere rampant. Now Leisure classes obliterated. I'm the Scotchman speaking. The clan you come from. You'll take a chance and give him this for us. You can't imagine what it means to speak and be heard, we SEEM not to have died then. We can never repay interest IN us. His health will improve immediately he gets air. Out DOOR air tell him. Sit in the sun and BAKE. You'll writeup the crocodiles soon. But you won't be inspired by THEM.

"Now to prove I am your namesake I will tell of Mother's worst fault. Coddling her Jamsie since he wore skirts. I used to tell her she was MAKING a girl OUT of you since you came a boy.

"Dad."

December 22nd, 1921. New York City.
Behold the great! We've lived *with* these you *see.*
They speak TO us, who saw their inner parts,
And knew THEM better than they knew THEMSELVES.
Some PLAYED WITH FIRE, some, HAD fire IN their hearts.
As great*ness* IS the great IF *IT* survive,
May we meet friend AND foe in statute NEW,
We never dream of IN their casts OF clay,
Although the man WE saw we THOUGHT we KNEW.
Great souls, AS men, as Life you're living NOW
Who "posed" FOR us, though you are "lost" to view.
My time you bought (and THOUGHT you PAID FOR, too),
Enhancéd was by things YOU thought YOU knew!
(To Kelly: from a spirit looking on in his studio at moving time.)

Evidential Proof: Kelly,
May 4th, '20.

I have given Mr. Kelly many remarkable messages (see records) but as he is a Catholic and not seeking for them I have to impose them at the request of the spirits, often have to write them and leave them in his studio.

As I have taken the notes for Mr. Kelly's Life of Lincoln, typed them and returned same (gratis) I see him very often, have known him since 1912, when I was introduced to him by a Southerner, Brownie Merwin.

On this morning he was late. As I sat waiting for him a spirit spoke to me, saying: "Tell him to get busy with the martyred one, his right hand we see powerless." After the notes were taken, this same gentle personality asked me to write a message for her:

"Ask him if he enjoyed his pancakes this morning. This is just to show we know."

"Mother."

Then followed a message from Mr. Kelly's father, in which he said: "This noble son was given to sulks and tantrums in his youth, and we tried to break him of it:" and more, of a personal nature, and this spirit signed himself "Pap."

This is all evidential proof; and is only one of many true messages given this good Catholic: as his has proved over and over, they are with him.

Kelly:
Nov. 6th, 1919.

While taking notes for Kelly this morning, for his "Lincoln," and, "When New York Bloomed," EVANS, the engraver, came into Kelly's studio. Kelly ceased dictating to talk with Evans. A spirit voice took this opportunity (see notes for other messages from this same spirit) to speak, asking that I write down a message for "my lad."

A gentle soul, mild, beautiful influence, begged him to partake of his evening meal earlier and to work as late as he cared to, but not to rise before the building was heated, as these days were dangerous: he was liable to take cold. She then told me (Sarah Shatford) that his brain was all right and clear, but that he was "old," and did not know it. (This was also written into the note for Mr. Kelly). She then told him to set about giving his time to his Lincoln modeling, *"as he has the clay here at the present time. Ask him if this is not true: he knows it is.* Tell him to get the last check on the monument and then quit. He has another panel to make for this which he hasn't started yet." Then she said: "How often I have pressed near to converse with him when you came here. Why have I not done so. Just this: He is anxious to live up to the letter of his faith. But these few words from Mother cannot harm. All must know soon that we serve eternally. We will laugh when he comes home as we used to do under the old kerosene lamp, when he had only begun what was then his (pause here) talent, at that time. He has immortalized the name, our name: and is the best of living Artists. For my lad. Mother."

I read this to Kelly after Evans departed: Kelly admitted everything to be true therein: *the clay for the statue of Lincoln was then in his studio:* he has another panel to make for his statue "Rodney's Ride" Wilmington Del. Park. which he has not begun: the old kerosene lamp was also true: his hearty meal at night true also—as well as the cold building at the Y. M. C. A. in the morning. (See Mr. Kelly's Mother's message re. Hayes statue: in this record)

Nov. 7th. 1919.

Before daylight this morning I woke at the spirit's behest, hearing: "Kelly will soon view his work from the steeps."

I said, "Yes?" "What does that mean?"

The voice said: "His Lincoln will be at the Capitol. His last work is for Uncle Sam."

The spirit was gentle: not masculine: gave no name, nor could I get more though I tried. I take it as a postscript to the message I recorded in Kelly's Studio yesterday while Evans and Kelly were talking. I have written this down for Mr. Kelly, and handed it to him. I have given Mr. Kelly many messages from his Mother: she described her only living relative, and spoke of his career, and her wishes re. the disposal of his funds, etc.

This Mother was so devoted to him in her life that Kelly gives her all the credit for his ability, and the reward of genius belongs to her and the faith and self-sacrifice she made for him during her lifetime in order that he might study and avail himself of the best teachers they could procure.

Kelly: additional:

Nov. 13th.

At dawn the spirit woke me, as usual. Voice said, "The lady under the kerosene lamp is here (Kelly's Mother: she referred to this lamp in her message to Kelly: see notes).

Yes: I said: I know you.

Voice said: "Ask him if he remembers making the cross stitches with colored threads? I made him in order to keep him off the streets: so many bad boys: sticks and stones. His little hands . . ."

(Note by S. T. S. Although I asked if the stitches were made on cardboard, and if the colored threads were of wool, no answer came. I had the message evidently. Therefore this morning, after finishing taking the Lincoln notes at Kelly's Studio, I told him the above message. In a meditative manner, very much impressed, he said, "Isn't that strange? Isn't that strange!" I said, "Do you recall making the cross stitches with colored threads?" "I do": he said.)

Friday, Nov. 14th, 1919.

Kelly: evidential proof: additional.

Early this morning I was awakened by the spirit, a gentle soul: A voice said: "the lady with the lamp." (Kelly's

Mother's reference to the kerosene lamp by which they sat, under which they laughed, in their old home.)

I said that I thought I knew who she was.

This voice continued:

"The first picture he ever painted was of a horse with a saddle. (Here, I thought I lost a word, and said saddle or bridle, I did not get that. The voice ceased but did not solve this question.) Continuing, voice said, "I used to make dresses (dressmaker) when they wore puffs, so much shirring. I made every stitch he wore as long as he wore short pants, used even his father's neckties to make his bows, and he was the best dressed boy on our block. You have never done more for him than to give him my messages. He has had such a fear of dying. Now he knows if I have gone through and am here to guard I will be with him wherever he is in the hereafter which *I* would not say AFTER."

"You would look well in buff with black velvet and a spangled fan." (To me, S. T. S.)

"I wore a cape with two tiers."

"Now I will give you a good night kiss and go."

As I had found Kelly ailing yesterday and taken him some chicken broth cubes, etc., I take it this Mother kissed me in gratitude. Note by S. T. S. Noon of same day.

I read Mr. Kelly this additional proof that his Mother came to me, and he tells me that it is all evidential. He painted the picture: she made his clothes: she wore the cape. Mr. Kelly says it has made him so homesick to get this evidence that he is almost sick.

I do not know why: but he is ailing.

This is the fourth message (one from his father) I have given Mr. Kelly within a week's time after, or during taking dictation from him for his Life of Lincoln, and his History of New York. (A work I do gratis, in return for many kind, considerate favors, and friendship, since the year 1912.)

I have told Mr. Kelly that I would not give him more unless he asked for it, unless about his health, so this may be the last. Let me say this Mother kept the ball rolling until he had accumulated such a lot of proof that he could not think she was not there in person. She died long ago, I never saw or knew anyone who knew her.

Kelly: Evidential proof: additional.
Nov. 15th. before dawn:

Awakened by the spirit: voice said: "The lady with the lamp":

Yes, I said, I know you.

"You forgot the tobacco," she said.

Sure enough, I said to her, I did. But I will tell him. (Kelly, her son.)

"He is convinced and satisfied," she said, "but overcome."

"I understand," I said.

(This Mother of Kelly who has proved over and over again that she is present, and proved it to him, acknowledged by him as proved, had told me, when she gave the early morning message for her son the following, which I failed to recall when I wrote the message down for her son, and handed it to him, when he acknowledged it all true. See notes recorded for proof of this.)

The tobacco message follows:

From Kelly's Mother in spirit:

"I exacted a promise from him that he would never smoke. And he has kept his word. I have been sorry at times that I did so, seeing the comfort others derive from use of the weed." "Tell him this."

As I forgot this in the message I repeated as from her, she came back to me to say "You forgot the tobacco." Evidently this mother reads her son's mind, and wants to establish the truth of her daily presence so strongly that she would not omit the tobacco promise. We shall get this verified, and report.

Evidential Proof: April 1923. New York City.

Plumber for ——— & Company, Real Estate, Builders. *Name, Kavanough.*

It was my misfortune to need the Plumber for the kitchen. As he worked at cutting a pipe under the kitchen sink, pounding away at cutting and melting, I was using an electric iron nearby. In these disturbances, a spirit spoke to me saying: "This is my boy, I should like to help him. He is Catholic, but you can send the Priest here, tell him."

"I will give him your message, nevertheless," said I. "What is it?"

"He dislikes his work very much. He studied to be an electrician, but got married, and could not go on with it. Now, he has two chances for business. One is with a man who has been in trouble, and he is not out of it yet, the police are looking for him. Tell him to pass up the Garage offer. Tell him I worked with my shovel and saw." All right, said I. Wait a moment."

"Are you a Catholic?" I asked the man underneath the plumbing.

"Yes, I am, Why?" Said the Plumber.

"Well, the dead speak to me, just like I am speaking to you," I told him, "and I have been speaking with your Father, who died, and he wishes me to speak to you for him. Will you confess that you took a message, if I give you one," I asked him. "For the Priests do not care to have you speak with the dead."

"I know that," he said.

Here, this man's father, in spirit, described himself as follows:

"I was a carpenter. Wore tall leather boots, blue overalls, shirt open at the throat, gray whiskers, so long, mixed yellow, bushy eyebrows, longish hair, straw hat that came to a point on top,—and he held a long handled shovel in his hands, with a round point. This spirit continued: "I chewed tobacco, and had a way of throwing it (showing me) I always took the tin pail and went after the beer for my lunch." This spirit then described the little place where this son had been reared, the stream where he waded, and said "The round face girl, with the long braids, and full red lips, with the two front teeth parted a space, who was always laughing, she is here too. Your Mother is here with me also. I want you to stop and go into some small business for yourself. Your wife does not like this dirty business, and I think you would do well with cigars, or tobacco. Try it. If you stop taking so much coffee before you go to bed you will sleep better," said this father. "And I want to say that all that talk about that one at home with the small child, is to be wiped off the slate, it is not true, not a word of it is true, it is all talk." Recognized.

"Do you recognize this as your father, sir?" "I do," said the Plumber. "That is my father, all right." And the girl with him? "Yes, I know her, too?"

"Do you understand all he said," I asked? "Sure," he said.

This man's Mother, in spirit, then stepped up to my side. She was large, fleshy, dark haired, parted in center, waved, and brought low, in a small knot at the back. Her sleeves were rolled up. She smiled, and said: "Who used to bring in all the little shells, leaves, and stones for me, and say: "Come, see what I brought You?" "And I would come in," said the spirit Mother, "and pick them up, and admire them, and say, How beautiful! This is Mother." The man nodded yes. Then, this Mother in spirit took me to the country home, the little house on a side slope, described it, and the life there, the brook where he waded, —etc. etc. Much more was given by this spirit, it is no use to write down, all of which was recognized by this man, a workman in my Apartment, whom I never saw before.

Evidential Proof: July 21st, 1923. N. Y. C. KAVANOUGH.

This plumber was called to stop with cement a corner in the kitchen where a mouse came to visit us. It is the same man who received such fine messages from his in spirit some time ago. Today, as he worked, a spirit presented himself to me wearing blue overalls, with an apron attached, a straw hat (described in full) with a "pointed crown" etc., carrying a shovel in his hand outstretched. This was the same father, same beard, same as in life, said this son, who presented himself to this boy once before, while at work in my Apartment, pleading with me to help his son.

Today, the first thing this spirit said, was: "ASK HIM IF HE REMEMBERS WHEN HE WANTED TO CHEW SOME OF MY TOBACCO?" And I, Sarah Shatford, *saw this spirit smile.*

When the man had finished his work, I told him what his father had said, and he laughed and said: "I guess I do!" All the dead want is a chance to prove they are here. Just a little moment, is sufficient. The Father in spirit then said to his son: "He never wanted to after that. What a crying and fuss there was." "That is true, too," said the plumber. This father then told him what he cared to tell him, all private, but understood by his Boy. The Mother, who had proved herself to this son, was then beside me, and described her "dressing sacque": after which she said: "Tell him I am here under the cherry-tree, with my

apron, waiting for him to come down with his tin pail full. I used to be so afraid he would fall out of THAT TREE." This Mother in spirit then showed me, Sarah Shatford, those cherries, large, white ones, with stems, which she pitted for pies.

All this was quickly done, and as quickly acknowledged by the boy in front of me. His immediate problems, were then figured out FOR him, regarding his work, his children, home, family's health discussed as the living would discuss it, all known, and proved known, by the dead. This spirit spoke of his wife's fear at night, that she did not want him to go away looking for work because she was afraid to sleep with the windows open. (All recognized.) This Mother described herself, her arms, sleeves rolled up, and said, "I USED TO SAY THE ONLY FAULT YOUR FATHER HAD WAS HIS TEMPER: WELL I WISH YOU INHERITED MORE OF IT." He understood this, said THAT is true." Then his father said, "SHE TOLD ME I WAS NOT RELIGIOUS; but I ALWAYS CARRIED A SMALL IMAGE IN MY SHIRT POCKET. ONCE THE SCAFFOLDING SLIPPED, AND IT WAS A MIRACLE I WAS NOT HURT,—I ALWAYS SAID AND THOUGHT IT WAS DUE TO THE PROTECTION OF THIS SAINT CARRIED WITH ME."

All the details of the family life, while they occupied bodies, were told. And comprehended by this Boy before me. This spirit Mother said: "HE WILL RECALL MY HABIT OF CLASPING MY HANDS TOGETHER, SO, AS I RAISED MY EYES, SAYING "GOD GRANT IT WILL NOT HAPPEN," or "PRAISE GOD IT IS NO WORSE." Which he did recognize at once, saying: "Yes: my Mother always did that."

Evidential Proof: Dec. 14th, 1923.
N. Y. C.

Kavanough: Plumber.

Sent by the Janitor to repair an electric reading lamp. (See other proof for same man, in file)

A spirit said to me, Sarah Shatford, "I would like to tell my Boy they have only postponed that job. Can you speak for me?" The man is a Catholic. So I said to him: "Some one here

is asking me to give you a message for them about a job. Are you willing to confess it?"

"Well, the priests give us the dickens for taking messages, and tell us not to do it again, and we have to do penance for it, you know."

"Then I cannot speak for this spirit to you. It is an old man in spirit speaking."

"But we always want to hear from the dead," said this young man, father of four. "I would like to know about that, too," said he.

A spirit said, then: "He knows how I liked to play cards, and how his Mother did not want me to, and the quarrels we had over it." "I do, that," said this plumber.

Then this father in spirit delivered to his son a message regarding salary and position, including promises made, etc., all of which was understood by his son. Then a woman in spirit said, "I want to tell him about his wife who needs help, servant help. He REMEMBERS MY BROKEN THUMB, AND HOW I HAD TO WEAR IT IN A SLING." "I do, that's right: said the son of this Mother in spirit. "And to prove to him that I am here, and Mother, I will tell him I came along over with him from his house, and stood by when she was saying she must HAVE NEW SHEARS, THAT SHE HAD HAD HERS SHARPENED BUT THEY WOULD NOT DO." "That is true, my wife is dressmaking, and that was said, and only today."

After this recognition, by the son, in body, of his Mother's proof that she is herself and here in spirit, this Mother went into home problems, regarding children's ailments, moving, etc. etc. all given in a few moments of time.

EVIDENTIAL PROOF: Thursday, Feb. 7th, 1924, New York City.

"KITTY": waitress.

This Girl has had many remarkable messages from her Mother and hers in spirit, all given by pleas of the spirits themselves, to speak for them, while I partook of my meal in this Café. Today, after taking my order, Kitty's Mother in spirit said to me, Sarah Shatford, "You left her a Quarter last time: that is

too much: look what you do for us." I had indeed forgotten the quarter, left on a Sunday, when this girl was given a message from her Mother who sympathized with Kitty over her aching feet, telling how she saw her with them in hot water every night, "there in that small room at the back, with the bed, there, (showing me). Spirits remember. "I want to tell you," said this spirit to me, "that I always said I NEVER DID ANY HARM IN THE WORLD, BUT I COULD DO NO GOOD" (She did: said Kitty: those were her very words) "I worried continually because I could not do more good; but I was left with children to look after, and it took all my strength. But if I deserve this blessing OF GOD'S TODAY, I DO NOT KNOW. HELP ME SAVE THE GIRL KITTY HAS RAISED FROM TAKING THE VEIL: SHE IS ABOUT TO ENTER A CONVENT, AND SHE IS NOT CALLED FOR IT AT ALL. She has not the education that would place her among the Sisters of her kind, and she would have to work so hard, I see: and I want to tell her so. I want to tell her that what has happened to Her HAPPENS TO OTHERS, AND THAT IT IS NOT SO BAD BUT IT MIGHT BE WORSE. I WANT TO TELL KIT THAT SHE IS TO TAKE THIS GIRL AWAY, STAND BY HER, AND THEN LET HER SWIM FOR HERSELF. To prove that I am Mother, tell the child how she used to make up faces, horrible faces, until I HAD TO PUNISH HER, WHEN A CHILD, TO BREAK HER OF THIS HABIT."

All of which was admitted true by Kitty, understood, and as I continued there throughout the whole meal this Mother continued to advise, and give new proof, to her child, giving the most sacred, intimate, religious advice, proved beyond doubt that she was accompanying her child in the body, knew all that was transpiring in life to her, and hers.

Evidential Proof: Oct. 25th, 1923.
Kilcullen, Mrs. My neighbor.

Mrs. Kilcullen is a Catholic. Speaking with her at the gate of our house, regarding spirits, a voice said to me, "She is a medium herself." The first thing done for her from the spirit world, then, was to verify this. She has seen her Grandmother's spirit by her side, just eight weeks after her death.

A grandmother described herself, and was recognized, even to the lines between her eyes, and the grief which caused these: a son was a wanderer from home. This Grandmother said, "You remember my gray shawl with the black striped border, with fringe so long? I sat in the kitchen with this around me and refused to go to bed, as I sat all doubled over, so? I—choked to death. You recall how I stewed figs in the little saucepan (Here the spirit took me into the kitchen where she had done this, described the stove, doors, etc.) The spirit said, "The one I mourned so is here with me. This grandfather was then described in full. The spirit continued: You recall my PANSY ENAMELLED PIN? AND YOU HAVE MY SPOOL BASKET, AND KEEP YOUR THREAD IN IT." (All admitted true by Mrs. Kilcullen). "I stand there when you pull on his hair, so—and I hear you, and see you. I would like to say the Boy is here with me, too: the one whom I used to say was too fine for this world, so the angels took him. He is here with me. And I should like to reach with a message the Aunt in the body of yours on whom I relied while in my body. (Recognized.) I want to give in symbol for yourself something else. And this was given and understood. Help was advised for the girl in trouble, etc. And affairs of a deep nature were discussed, all private, and recognized. "Who used to always have a small bag of old-fashioned round black licorice drops?" said this spirit. "Why Grandmother did," said Mrs. Kilcullen. She loved them. "You have the old brown leather album, and I will describe all those pictures for you some day," said the spirit Grandmother. (Admitted true.) "I stood outside my body, beside your Grandfather, while my body was still breathing it seemed to me: for I could not realize I was dead. I heard you wondering if I were conscious of such suffering. The last I saw of you with my body eyes you were kneeling at the head of my bed, weeping on my hand which you held." "Absolutely true," said Mrs. Kilcullen.

HURLBURT. *Evidential Proof.*

"The boy has been poisoned,—" said a spirit: the trouble is intestinal. I made you give that oil, I was able to reach you and tell you to give it: "And the Mother of Mr. Hurlburt proved

she gave this, and more, regarding an illness of a son in Niles, Ohio, when she said, "I used to call you "Billy Boy." Acknowledged true by Mr. Hurlburt. A man friend in spirit then told of new lines in the business just taken on, at Niles, and discussed the files at the Plant there, and the Mexico orders. All understood by Mr. Hurlburt.

DYMOCK: Mother and daughter. The Mother in spirit, said to prove I am here I saw that doctor bill, and I wanted to cut it in half: it was too much. And the spirit then described the medicine she used to take, and the containers, all recognized by the callers.

Evidential Proof—Friday, Saturday, Sunday: Oct. 26, 27, 28, 1923.

Mrs. Kilcullen, neighbor: Second sitting.

Miss Louise Hauschild, Mrs. Winter Garrett, Mrs. Bertha Merwin, Mrs. Helen Hayes.

Kilcullen: Oct. 30th. "This one's Grandmother said to her this evening here: "I saw you at home when you held up that coat and wondered to whom you could give it." (Acknowledged.) "Who used to like cocoanut macaroons?" "I did," said Mrs. Gullen. And the father of her husband came from spirit and sent his son a message regarding his work, a financial message, understood by this neighbor at once. This spirit said, "Tell my son he won't have to pull me up, or haul me down, to get in touch with me, that I am right here tonight." "I would sooner see him turn that opportunity down, and play a lone hand, tell him." "That extra money is for dishonest methods and he wants to keep a clean sheet, he can't tear out a single page, tell him." (Understood by his wife, Mrs. Kilcullen, as regarding a business offer.) "I see you feed medicine on lumps of sugar," said this spirit. ("I do that," said Mrs. K.)

Miss Hauschild was present when the spirits of Mrs. Garrett and Mrs. Merwin proved themselves over and over again. The Mother of Mrs. Merwin came in with her hands filled with letters, stamped letters, she said: "Postmistress." (She was, said Mrs. Merwin. In Kentucky.) Mrs. Merwin's Mother described herself, her dresses, the fashion of sleeves, etc., the manner of speak-

ing, what she said, the way she gestured when emphatic, stamping the floor with one foot,—her hands were then described, her work at her desk, and the sympathetic moods of this woman when a girl, how she used to find this Mother with her head down on her arm at her desk, when she would creep up and place an arm about this Mother and ask "Who hurt you, Mother?" (All recognized by Mrs. Merwin and acknowledged true.) The habits, then, of this woman as when a school girl, the field where she used to gather daisies and buttercups for her Mother described, and how this spirit used to say, "Run along now, run along." Recognized as true. This Mother then told this daughter in the body that she had appeared to her by her bedside, and had been recognized, and that she could reach her without help if she would make it plain she would not be astonished. This was admitted by Mrs. Merwin, that she had seen her Mother by her bedside. This Mother in spirit then described another daughter's family, life, etc., and gave proof for half an hour as fast as I could speak that she was Mother and was there, came with Bertha, and had never died. As everything is now always recognized at once, as I give it out from spirit voice, these are the last messages ever to be recorded by me.

Mrs. Kilcullen's Grandmother, who raised her, is with her, and proves it. "I see you with your arm about him, so, when you take a strand of his hair, and pull it, so, while you are talking to him. (I always do that, said Mrs. Kilcullen. "I used to hold my hand so, while I spoke," and the spirit showed me how she placed the tips of her fingers together. (She did that, said this Granddaughter.) "And you recall how I used to play with my handkerchief, and bite the corner of it. So? (Oh yes, said Mrs. Kilcullen, I do indeed.) And the motive for bringing this young woman was gone into, and she told how she had always been with her since she passed out, and always would be with her." There is much else in all the proof, but hereon we aim to write only such evidence as is not of too private a nature. Such things as are given of proof, and, as are on file with the TORCH PRESS, INC., can be seen by those owning the papers in this case.

It seems as though Mrs. Hayes' parents and sister could not recall anything new, for, like Miss Hauschild, they have lived with Helen Hayes, while she has been with me so much. But

there is ever some new proof: and this is always given, and is required by my spirits in charge, before the spirits of strangers can speak they must be identified absolutely. Proof is furnished and recalled and given until all are positive the dead live, are here, are themselves, and no other.

Sarah Shatford.

Kilcullen, Mr. Monday Evening, Nov. 5th, 1923. New York City. At the Apt. of the Kilcullens.

The first spirit came to my side showing me the little curls about her face, the natural wisps which turned into curls, she said. Passing over to where Mrs. Kilcullen sat, this spirit said: "I wish to say to Her that if she would sleep without pillows she would sleep better, as it keeps her head too hot where she was operated on. She wonders why she does not sleep, and I just wanted to tell her." This spirit was her Grandmother, who has given her many wonderful evidences that she is here, and still able to care for her. This also was acknowledged by Mrs. Kilcullen. When this spirit said, "I mean his arm, too;" they both laughed, and understood.

The spirit of a tall man stood before Mr. Kilcullen, somewhat stooped in shoulders. This spirit said to me (Sarah Shatford), "I used to mark down on paper the trifles I was told to remember. I carried this in my vest pocket on the right side. Tonight I have done the same. Here is the list of things I have recalled of the old days for my son. He used to call me Pa, sometimes Pop. I used to call him Boy. My son will recognize me at once when I mention THE OLD RED LEATHER MULES I wore with my bath robe, which tied with tassels, which I would use to go to the bathroom long after I was told to lie in bed. My beard I let go when I could no longer shave this myself. My hair grew long on top, was thin, and his Mother used to comb it and remark on its fine texture. I stood by, alive, when they thought me dead, and heard them dividing my books, and trifles. THE BOOKS BOUND IN YELLOW CALF WHICH I USED TO PICK OUT OF THEIR SHELVES WITH MY FIRST FINGER, SO: (showing me just the way he did this). My watch chain was of double links (and the spirit showed me this, as he described it to his son) saying: "I

used to take out the bar of this chain, when I was undressing for bed, and sit talking, twirling it in my hand, so: (showing me how he did this). "I was raised a Catholic, ever since I was so high (two feet or so) and I raised mine Catholic as well. My eyeglasses were of several kinds, because I had a habit of throwing them, so, on their cord, when I had finished with them, breaking many lenses because of this habit. This pair has steel frames. I attended mass regularly all my life. I wept easily. When I used to come in from mass and get a fresh handkerchief, your Mother used to say she knew who preached the sermon. There was one Priest who made us weep with his eloquence. I want to say that I know how you have helped them up State, how you have kept your feet, too, and I want to commend you, my Boy, for all you have done for me. One thing more is all I need add for him to know I am myself. The Mother who bore him was God's best blessing in my life, but I did not appreciate this until too late and I want to tell him that she has forgiven me and is with me here, and will speak for herself tonight. It is to help him decide a business venture that we were so persistent as to bring you here tonight." As Mr. Kilcullen recognized all the above, and recognized his own Father and admitted it all true, as brought out by this spirit for him, the Father who had recalled the past to prove himself then took up the life matters of this son in the body, going into his offices, describing the men there, and all the ends of the business, one by one, as the son understood, acknowledged that he did. The rest of this Father's speaking to his son was of a private nature, of material things, some of it given in symbol so that only the son could understand it, all of which was understood by the son.

Mr. Kilcullen's Mother in spirit then stepped before me, described herself and her shawl in which she sat at last, the habit of taking out her side comb and replacing it often as she was speaking. This Mother's spirit then said: "He was my impulsive son, so dear to me: he used to rush home from school hungry and beg for bread with brown sugar on it, and I would give him this, he will remember. How he used to put his arms about my neck and bury his little face in my neck, as I sat sewing on that silk quilt made of bright pieces, he will remember it. Grandmother lived with us, and is here with us. She who was so gentle, and so fine, never raising her voice, but always

soft spoken. She carved at the table, and it was delightful to look on the picture when the family was all present. The sister, up state, I am there as well as here." And the balance of this Mother's speech was for her son's help, and was given as fast as I could talk, and all acknowledged and understood by Mr. Kilcullen. Then, a spirit made a cross on my forehead. A nun stepped to my side in spirit. As I described her, her spectacles, her size, round face, cheerful nature, she said, "The boy, about fourteen, is here with me. We are all here together. The two children of your Mother's who passed out, they are here with us, too. You need rest, nerves need rest. Try more sleep. Spine needs attention. Electric battery is good for you. I want to say this: Let that smoke go up the chimney in that home, where, if they had built the fires properly, it would not have had to go out the windows. And do not worry about that, for there will be a Christmas wreath there, and here too." This was all understood by both Mr. and Mrs. Kilcullen. It took about two hours to give all that was given, and this is only a remnant of proof, filed for the purpose of proving that all the dead (spirits) want, or need, is just a chance to prove themselves alive, able to recall the past in every detail, and make themselves known. "That was all right," said this young business man. "That is the first time I ever saw anything like that done."

Some principal messages which are proof absolute which I recall of the evidence given the attached sitters, all strangers to me:

(1) Linsley: Foreign born: shown Alpine stick, climbing costume: shown the family album, which leaves were turned one at a time describing the relatives in spirit, their appearances and clothes. A Military gentleman (Austrian): Mother in velvet with point-lace collar, sealskin dolman with wide sleeves: the family carriage and coachman described: a tall blonde young lady having a wee baby in long clothes (name called also) relevant message understood. This man's trade, tools described: his affiliation with a selfish partner, etc.

(6) Hraba: First her Grandfather, father of her Mother, who had been in spirit only eleven weeks, described himself, his ailment, her home, called "Lena" her Mother's name, his child,

clothes he wore from a slouch hat and crook cane to his overalls and red calico handkerchief,—messages for the family re. property, describing his own home, his wife, his two daughters, his son "Frank," and actual conditions prevailing therein.

(1) Fister: Mother of the above woman. This same old man came to his daughter with all kinds of proof. Told her how he had seen her weep over his photograph only the other day, which she took from a bookcase, was a photo of himself when he was younger. Said he saw her wipe her eyes on her gingham apron and had stood by all that time alive. He described "a glass" he carried in his vest pocket. (I put my hand to my left side and this spirit said, "You have the wrong side." I saw this round glass, thought it was a mirror: The spirit said, No: it had a handle." This was true: it was a magnifying glass which he always carried in the right pocket of his vest. He told of her gift of a dressing-gown "with a cord and tassels" "to wear when he sat on the porch." He described his land: his occupation, wagons, and finally showed me a thumb of the left hand, the end of which was missing, and a machine with a cleaver which fell on it. All of which was acknowledged true. He told Mrs. Hraba, his granddaughter, of the place where she had lunched that noon, the spaghetti she wound about her fork, the "tin spoons" which set the table. All of which was true, showing he had been with her at that hour and place. Sister of Mr. F.—Josephine—told she choked to death. Described herself. Mr. F. would not take a message and this was given volens-nolens to him and sent through his wife. Correct. His name was called, too, by this sister FRANK.

(1) "Louise": Servant in the Fister home, Beechhurst, L. I.

After giving several hours of the above messages I was requested to permit the servant to come in as she was in great trouble. I missed my nine o'clock train into the City in order to see this one "Louise." Her Mother was first to describe herself perfectly, alluding to the one who absconded, leaving her with a child to support. Gave a Mother's advice re. this, her work, her religion, etc. Aunt May gave her name and told that she had short curls. Told that she was this one's Mother's sister. Next a Priest in robes, also shown in clerical collar and black cravat, iron gray hair. This one advised her as to how she should tell the Priest of the parish her trouble he would

make her husband return and support her. Not to go to law as advised by her Mother in spirit, but remain faithful to her religion, and her difficulties would be settled: to give her husband another chance. All true and recognized. The Priest was the brother of her husband, in spirit only Two months.

Evidential Proof: Friday evening, Dec. 14th, 1923.
LARSEN, MRS. Lottie: (see other messages on file)

Mrs. Larsen and Helen Hayes, Norwegians, friends, were here to dinner. After dinner I said to Mrs. Larsen: "As I was serving the chicken dumplings a spirit said to me: 'There is a Mother here whose favorite dish was chicken dumplings.' Later, this same spirit said, 'Tell her Papa and I want her to know we approve of her plan re. the business, and speak for us, please.'" "THAT WAS MY MOTHER'S FAVORITE DINNER," said Mrs. Larsen.

This spirit Mother said: "Do you girls remember HOW YOU USED TO LAUGH AND CARRY ON IN THE DINING ROOM WHILE AT MEALS IN OUR HOUSE?" "Didn't we: I guess": said both. "My girl will remember Mother's DOUGH BAKED IN ROUND RINGS: SO LARGE." "I do, yes, indeed," said Mrs. Larsen. This spirit Mother then described herself, and was recognized as the Mother of Mrs. Larsen. Affairs were gone into of another home, of relations I have not seen, and do not know of their affairs, which were all told and recognized by Mrs. Larsen, and Mrs. Hayes.

"Father is with Mother here tonight," said a spirit. "She knows how I used to try and help and would take the broom and sweep off the verandah." "Yes, I know you did that," said his daughter before me. "And she knows my old carpet slippers I USED TO WEAR, AND HOW SHE WANTED TO BUY ME BETTER ONES AND HOW I FUSSED BECAUSE I WANTED CARPET SLIPPERS JUST LIKE I ALWAYS WORE." "That is great," said Mrs. Larsen: we couldn't make him wear anything else, and we tried hard enough." Continuing, this same spirit said: "She knows HOW I USED TO PUT MY HAND UP TO EMPHASIZE MY WORDS, so: over my head: when I would say: "AS SURE AS THERE'S A GOD IN HEAVEN." "I certainly do," said his daughter before me.

After this proof that Mrs. Larsen's father was with her, he gave instructions re. matters at law, and her health, etc.

HAYES: Helen (See other papers of proof for this same).

"There is a Mother here who suffered so WITH AN EYE TOOTH ON THE LEFT SIDE: AND HAD TO HAVE HOT SALT BAGS ON TO EASE THE PAIN." "I RECALL THE TIME SHE AND HER SISTER WORE MAY WREATHS AND DANCED": "That is my Mother," said Mrs. Hayes.

The Spirit said, "I only want her to know I am here, and HOW SHE HAS BEEN TAKING TOO MANY LATE SUPPERS, AND I WANT HER TO RETIRE EARLIER TONIGHT." "That is true, I haven't BEEN IN BED A SINGLE NIGHT UNTIL ONE O'CLOCK SINCE Thanksgiving Day," said Mrs. Hayes. These parents, alive, WITH their children, were so happy, so jovial, helpful, proving by their advice given that they are present with them both at business and at home, and know all that is transpiring with other members of their families, mentioned in these interviews, described, etc.

"Which brother does she mean, I wonder," said Mrs. Hayes tonight once. Immediately this spirit Mother said: "The one with the PALE FACE: THERE IS SOON TO BE SICKNESS IN HIS HOME." ("They are expecting the stork there," said Helen.

Evidential Proof: Larsen, Mrs. Lottie. (Friend of Helen Hayes.) Sunday, July 15th, 1923.

LARSEN: Mrs. Larsen has been given several sittings and was taught by her religion that spirits if they are good cannot communicate. So, while she had absolute proof, personalities, from her own Mother in spirit, she was still able to think that some mind reading must be the process. Therefore, this evening, as these two women were visiting me, while at dinner table, a spirit said to me, Sarah Shatford, "There is a man here who used to hold out his boot to this girl and ask her to pull it off." Described the boots he wore, the collar, himself, the black bow tie with a rubber loop on it which fastened it to the collar button (all recognized). "This is Father," said the spirit, "and I was looking on WHEN YOUR ADDING MACHINE HAD SOME-

THING WRONG WITH IT AND IT PUT YOU BACK WITH YOUR WORK". (acknowledged) The man with the pencil back of his ear (described) at the office (recognized), etc., all private information regarding her position. All admitted, understood. The spirit of this father then said, "I used to sit and read the evening paper and scratch my head," showing me how, which I duplicated for Mrs. Larsen. This was recognized with a laugh, so true of him.

The Mother in spirit then said, "Ask her if she remembers the terrible finger, first finger on my right hand, all in bandages?" "Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Larsen. This spirit Mother then presented the sleeve of her favorite dress, a black sleeve, made full and gathered into a band at the wrist, this black being studded with a small white polka dot. "This, too, was recognized at once by Mrs. Larsen. This spirit Mother then said, "I used to wear white aprons when I dressed up." And, showing me these aprons, I described them to her daughter, Mrs. Larsen, and they were recognized also. The Mother then described herself, her person, her manner, her habits, all recognized by this daughter in the body. When much private advice was given her, all comprehended by this fine woman, staunch and true.

Some others presented themselves from spirit, recognized by Mrs. Larsen this same evening. As well as Mrs. Hayes, who knew her Father and Mother, as some of the others, while they were in the body. Both these fine women are Norwegians. Both hold fine positions in the business world. Mrs. Larsen has just bought her own Dodge sedan. Mrs. Hayes has just filled her employer's place, when she went to France, of the Dev. Com. for the American Bank Note Co.

The trouble is, while notes are made here of a few proofs only the "dead" themselves could give, the best evidence is lost to the public, owing to the private nature of such, which could not be passed on. The trite proofs are in themselves miracles. Who could know except these of all here acknowledged as true. But I must lose for the spirit work, as the spirits themselves, the best, which cannot be given out, but which convinced for all time this woman against her will, that her own Mother and Father are here, are not far off, nor dead at all.

Evidential Proof: Wednesday evening: Sept. 11th, 1923. New York City.

Mrs. Lottie Larsen: Friend of Mrs. Hayes.

Mrs. Larsen has been given many messages of proof from hers in spirit, but is a Lutheran and cannot accept the truth, evidently. Just the same hers kept on trying to reach her. This evening a spirit said to me, "There is a Mother here who just loved a fur sleeve, she stroked it, always said, "Oh, I do so love fur. And I always had a dress with velvet ribbons in three widths on it, so wide (showing me) and then narrower, then, so narrow. ("That must be Mother,") said Mrs. Larsen. "I recognize both of these." "Father is here, too," said this spirit. "He used to stand so (with his thumbs in his vest armholes." ("He said," said Mrs. Larsen.) These gave abundant proof further, as well as messages of helpfulness. I record this only to show how persistent the "dead" are if they are doubted. Throwing a kiss to Helen Hayes, this spirit Mother said, "Who used to hold out her arms to you, SO, and Say COME KISS ME, NELLIE." Why that is your Mother, Lottie, for I never went in your house that she did not do that and say that, exactly. And you know she always called me NELLIE." I continued to give messages for those two spirits for an hour to their daughter in body, all recognized by her, her own legal matters being described, etc., etc., all plain to her, and her friend, Mrs. Hayes. So, whether folks "want" theirs who have "died" to speak and prove themselves alive, some have this miracle performed for them, being worthy of it, I believe, even though doubters.

Sarah Shatford.

Evidential Proof: April 20th, 1922. New York City.

Miss Florence Mayers: Secy. for David Bispham.

On my way to the Library a few days ago this woman walked in front of me. I never saw her before and did not know her name,—but called to her "Your sash is dragging on the ground." She turned about and smiled, said that was the way it was made. Oh, said I, that suits me if it suits you. When we both laughed, and walking to the corner together we spoke of the books I carried in my arm. While I spoke of the wonderful sermons in Fabre's Books (Henri Fabre)—I mentioned I was

a spiritualist. She replied, "I am interested in it, myself. Do you know of a good medium? Yes, said I,—and I gave her Mr. John Hill's address. I told her of my experience. She said she was a Catholic. She followed me into the Library and asked me to talk to her for awhile. Being busy, I did not offer to give her messages, and I got none for her: I have been overworked, and was given a time to rest up, and read awhile. She went on, and I did too, as we do in New York, never meeting the same folks often.

Four nights after this conversation I was on my way home from supper, and near the Hotel entrance, when this same young woman greeted me and I could not recall her. She said, "Why don't you remember we talked of Spiritualism in the Library?" "Oh, yes," said I. When she said, "It seems funny that I should see you, for I came around here hoping I would run into you again. I went to Mr. Hills this afternoon." "Did you find him all I said?" I asked her. "I got some things there, but went over to Vivian Clarks, and she gave me a very good public message, said she. "Well," said I, if you came hunting me, I guess you must need me: I never go out late like this for food, eat very early, but was busy and could not get out. So come along if you like."

This woman sat down in my room, and we knew no more than we say here. She said, "I am very greatly worried just now." "Don't tell me," said I: "for they will tell you."

The spirit of a man stood forth at my side, described himself, his florid face, hair, clothes, hands, and then took me into a Studio, describing it in full, showing it to me, in fact, the grand piano, the bench before it, the black fur rug underneath the bench, the Music Cabinet, the two windows, filing cabinet in the corner, the typewriter between the windows, and he then picked up the ink-well and flung it through the door. He then got out from a shelf two large books, tied them up, showed me the engraving covering whole pages therein,—and put them under her arm.

He began with his left hand to run the base scales, continuing for some time, then he sang (and I heard him) "Rocked In The Cradle Of The Deep." D-e-e- P (said he, over again, D-e-e—P). This spirit then told he was accompanied by his Son who was a soldier who passed out across the sea, and referred to this son as his "crutch." He said, " I cannot stand up with-

out him here. I want you to help me, I want you to write this to her, every word. I came out here to find every scale must balance true to duty. I find the hand must tremble which holds the scale, for every scale is unsteady in its true balance here. Now help me, as you did, when you heard me recite my parts: (and he showed me himself standing before this young woman reciting while she held a book). He told her how he had bent his head down on his hand on his desk in that room showed me, and how she had come over to his shoulder and offered him sympathy. He showed me how he put on his slouch hat and paused before going out the door throwing this woman a kiss on two fingers of his right hand. He went into the affairs of his life: told how he wanted to reach the one he had wronged, the one he called "Mama": who wore the wedding ring: tall: he told how he left home, said this woman wanted everything "painted in moonlight" while he had to get out in the Sun and turn things out with his hands. He described the blue hangings and furniture in this wife's room, where she could be found, told how he went away from her, and that both were artists, and temperamental. That another had offered him sympathy which he accepted. Said what I signed my name to on those papers I shall have to work out here. But the rest you can help me to do, by writing her every word of this and taking her to a wire where I can reach her. She will read it all with her lorgnon," he said, and made the gesture. He said "She wants the piano, and she should have it: there is one of her songs set to music in my rack, give that too, I sang it. Tell her I will not be content until she joins us, the small link here of ours and me."

Miss Mayers said: "Why do you know what he asks me to do? That will be dreadfully hard for me to do." This spirit then said: "You kneel down and ask for help: that is what you always did, and I wish I had. Then don't fail to tell her, write her. She uses a quill. (I don't know, said Miss Mayers, but all the rest is exactly true. He gave me those books, and after he died I did not like to take them away, thinking I might be accused of taking them. That ink-well I wanted: it is only a common one, but I just wanted it because it was his. But is there not a message for the other woman, she said? The spirit said, "She is quite capable of taking care of herself: she is coming to spirit

soon." "Why, that is what I was given at Mrs. Clark's this afternoon," said Miss Mayer. Then,—she asked, "Why I can't understand how you can describe all those things, and that Studio,—did you ever see me in that studio? Do you know who this is? No, said I: and do not tell me, for if you care to come back I do not care to know. And she did not tell me who this man was, and went without. She did say, there is a court case to be called in a day or so——"

(Newspaper clippings, *New York Evening Journal,* April 26 and 27, 1922, on file.) The spirit was so powerful, and had been so anxious to get those across before this case was called at court, that he nearly took my senses, I had to stop, or go into a trance,—my head felt like an empty cocoanut shell. Once he said, "You keep still and let me talk." "You are not very much a gentleman," said I. But he had taken this girl to two and then had only been given a mite, and—after they left, "De Ko, De Ko, brought him." Musicians, said I, are clannish there, too, I suppose." DeKoven. This is Bispham. BISPHAM." Bispham told of his Class of Young men who sang, and how he loved to teach these,—— All of this testimony admitted true by Miss Mayer, every single thing. From half past Seven until Eleven-ten: and then Miss Mayers said, but I do not want to go, and I cannot understand it, it is the most wonderful thing. Do you know my Mother and I can send messages to each other? If she is in San Francisco and wants me to send her something I get it: or down town, or anywhere."——

The attitude of mortals, and scientists towards mediumship, and miracles, is making me too disgusted to go on with messages much longer. The idea of helping the dead to rise, and getting nothing but defamation, will cause my mediumship to be lost, I fear, for immediately this fine young woman began to search for fraud, even to my face. When I did not know for whom I was speaking until she left and I was told. She did not tell me. I would not permit her to after she asked if I had not seen her inside this man's Studio? It is so useless, miracles seem not for this age.

Friday, May 5th, 1922, New York City.

EVIDENTIAL PROOF:

Miss Florence Mayers, Secy, of the late David Bispham, brought her Mother a few evenings since, and made an appointment for me to call at their home, 135 West 81st. St. on Friday A. M. at Ten, when her sister and her sister's husband (Mr. Huffling, Composer) would be waiting. These are good Catholics, and the proof given through me for David Bispham for this young woman was so overpowering as to be beyond their belief that I had not seen her, or been in the Studio of Bispham. I therefore consented to go to their home, which I never do. First, the Composer husband of a daughter of Mrs. Mayers. A young, talented, successful, rising Artist. His material problems were solved for him by a dear woman who described herself, with her black fan, and described this man when a boy with his brother, their clothes, and playthings, and their Sunday school habits. All his problems, of music and travel, contracts, friendships, private drawbacks, etc., explained by this spirit, and advice given. All understood, and acknowledged by him. The spirit referred to a daughter in body she wished to reach, this also understood, as she referred to her problem.

The wife of this Composer was next: all the intimate things of life, too sacred to record here, were gone into and explained: all understood.

Miss Florence, then was warned, advised, instructed and her own problems adjusted. All understood.

Mrs. Mayers was last. First a Priest stood at my side, described himself minutely. Told how he had taken Mrs. Mayers to another Church and why, and that he went along. Her friends in spirit, women described themselves, clothes, habits, gave names, told of peculiarities,—some used to live with Mrs. Mayers and were of a different religion,—etc. All recognized.

Then Mrs. Mayers' husband in spirit described himself, his keepsakes, watch and chain, how he had a brother in flesh who carried a grip and went out and in and was with him, told how he had been present since he died, proved it by description of papers, finances, and then referred to the fun-making things of life when he was in body, recalling much that caused both tears and laughter from this wife in body.

Mrs. Mayers' mother in spirit then proved she was present

and gave as proof the following: "Do you recall how opposed your father was to your marrying your first suitor? How he did put his foot down, so!" And she made me stamp my own foot. "Indeed, I do," said Mrs. Mayers.

This entire half day was spent for these. When leaving, Mrs. Mayers said, "I was always skeptical, but never could be now. So much you said no one else could know but the dead themselves."

Evidential Proof: Good-Friday, 1923.
MAYNARD, Mrs. G. V. N. Y. C.

Sitting in Mrs. Maynard's home, on this day, a spirit said to me: "There is one here who walked WITH God. Wore a stole. Marched after the procession of choir boys. (This spirit then described himself, in full.) He told of the part she took in Sunday School teaching: her different classes. He spoke very reverently of the past, and said, "Your Mother is with me, today, and Charlotte," "And the tall one WE CALLED 'SANDY,' who WORE A COWL, WAS A STRAWBERRY BLONDE, ALWAYS WITH ME, HE IS HERE WITH ME ALSO."

Mrs. Maynard said, dramatically, "IT'S Pa-Pa! That's Pa-Pa!" Mrs. Maynard was Mary Ewar, and this Father was Cannon Ewar, of New York City. She said, "That Sandy was one who studied for the Priesthood, and gave it up: he was always with my Father."

Mrs. Maynard's Mother, in spirit, described herself, gave evidence most sacred, and confidential, that it was Mother by describing her home, the past, her trinkets, etc. After which the sister of Mrs. Maynard, in spirit, described a box of hers, now in the possession of Mrs. Maynard, told of how she went away, married and went to a foreign shore, and passed out there, —and gave most remarkable proof that she was living, and able. She came in with an Artist's palette and brushes: told how she loved to paint certain things, describing them,—she told how her dimpled shoulders and elbows were admired, she spoke of sacred things of the past. All recognized by the sister in a body before me.

When I had finished, Mrs. Maynard said, "Why I can get

you that box she described and show it you." "Never mind," I said. "I know it is all true: You need not. I saw your Sister, and her dimples, and her work, her canvases, and all she spoke about."

Mrs. Maynard said: "This is Good-Friday, Mrs. Shatford. Is it not strange that you should call today and find me home: I invariably spend the whole day in Church, but I have been so ill I could not accompany Mr. Maynard today, and he went alone, and is there now, while I am here, not alone, but getting this wonderful message."

As Mrs. Maynard had refused to take messages from the so-called dead, always, I had no thought of pressing one upon her this day, but called having heard she was ill.

MacGregor.

First, in a sitting of four, including Mrs. Bingham, Mrs. Zollner, Mrs. Griffin and Mr. MacGregor, the father of this man described himself, and spoke re. business, land, investments, finances. All of which was understood. Then a woman in white stood with her arm around his shoulder (they told me this, I did not see) and wished to speak regarding the children. As I never saw or heard of this man until he was brought into the room it is good evidence. He is a widower, and the children are his, two little girls. He was given a name I do not recall, which he understood.

Second: A sitting was requested for Sunday evening and I went to the house of Mrs. Elliot for this. His father spoke first re. his wife, the Mother of this man: told where she was living, described his land he had provided. Recognized. "But tell me where this land is that is shaped like Texas and raises everything but oranges?" (the spirit's words) I heard "Albany, but NOT Albany, then they gave me a signal, a moving hand. I said, "It is either this side or the other side of Albany." That is correct said Mr. MacGregor. Then the wife in spirit came with great emotion, told how she passed out, lungs, throat choked up (pneumonia) described how she had been alone, he was not with her at the time, described herself, described her children, one of them afflicted, and this affliction described (a blind eye, and speech impediment). She gave advice as to the tutelage of this

child, the care, the person described she wished to give this care, (an English governess) how she wished them to be dressed, the small luxuries provided when small and her keepsakes saved until they should be older,—The nature of the second girl was described, and she told that this one took after her father, told how she should be guarded, helped, etc. ALL of which was true and perfectly understood by this man.

Next, his brother, six feet two, with a brown mustache, described their boyhood home, their father's farm, from the horse stalls and lambs which followed them, to the potato bugs and the Paris green which was mixed in an old kettle. He called the names of living people connected with that farm, Susan was one, and old ——— (can't recall, but the sitter knew) then he asked him if he recalled the skating on ice, you slipped and there was a gash which should have been sewed up, it left a scar," that is true, said Mr. MacGregor, that is my brother. The harness on pegs was shown to me, also the copper rims of farm wagons, true they were there, said this man.

Then he described the City house of a man called Harold. Also the conditions therein. The stairs and the red velvet carpet were described, and his finances. This was recognized by the description, and the name was correct. There was much more I do not recall, but all of which was great fun for the sitter as this one joked about their boyhood days, and proved that he was there in person.

Evidential Proof: Mrs. Jennie McClatchey. N. Y. C. Feb. 1923. and her two guests, all given in the presence of Miss Alta Baumgardner, of Toledo, Ohio.

Mrs. McClatchey's Mother, Father, Husband, friends, described themselves, clothes, gifts, homes, personalities, troubles in the family alluded to, trinkets brought to prove they were themselves, all recognized. This is the fourth proof we have given Mrs. McClatchey.

Her guest, Elizabeth, and her foster daughter, Elsa, all were given messages, helpful and recognized, the dead proving they gave the advice each time by describing either themselves or their past lives, trinkets, etc.

To Elizabeth, they said: "But you can't put money in the

Bank by staying at home and talking about it." Why that is what was said to me, said Elizabeth. Then this spirit described the room, its contents, the lamp, etc., where the spirit heard her talk of a position, and had heard this said.

A spirit described Elsa's father in body, a cloud hanging over him, told that he was blamed for something he was not to blame for, and tried to clear up this, which was done to Mrs. McC's satisfaction.

All were acknowledged, as they spoke, and this took all evening, after dinner. All given willingly, and so gratefully received.

Evidential Proof: Thomas J. McGaffney & Louis Haubrich, N. Y. C. Representing the Metropolitan Life Ins. Co., New York.

As this is some of the remarkable work done for strangers, I list it. These two young men rang my bell one day in December, 1922, just before Xmas, to ask if I would insure my life. I invited them in, and as we talked I said I knew I could not last much longer, and that I could never die. We laughed over replies, etc., and I told them I could prove to them there was no death. Only you, Mr. McGaffney, are Catholic, are you not? Yes. Then you will have to get permission from your Father Confessor to receive a message, for they have made it a sin to take a message from the dead, which you must confess and do penance for. Well, said he, I have lots over there and should like to hear from them if it were possible." "Go ask permission," I said, "and come back a week from today." Just a week passed, when these two men returned.

First the Catholic was given messages. His Father in spirit stood before him in Policeman's uniform, with a medal on his coat which he said he received for protecting the Clergy. (True, said he). "Do you remember the Collie Dog you used to have which would jump so high for a morsel? Yes. Well, this father told everything of the past, how his mustache used to have icicles on it, and he made all the children kiss him good-by before he left, how he came in at Twelve A. M. for coffee, when he always found Mother up. How Mother (in body) missed the old Church where they went together to mass: this

Mother in body described by this spirit father, how she suffered with her back because of her venous trouble: the dining room described: how he heard the sister say she would never marry: how the young brother desired to become a civil engineer, advice on this, his own position, etc. the little daughter in spirit with him described too, messages sent to his wife, at home, and so much more I do not recall.

After finishing the spirit's request, this young man said, I would like my father to explain how I can help a certain situation. At once the spirit said, "If you hold a wax flower to the fire it will melt: there is dissatisfaction there." This boy said "I understand, that explains it."

Mr. Haubrich: First, an old man in skull cap and frock, who had MSS. under his arm "translating in three languages" he said. Yes, but that is far back, said the living in body. But he is here all the same. Then the father in spirit described himself, his fine white hand, which played a violin, said American Tobacco"—understood (for he worked for this while in body) after which this father laid out a business plan for this Boy of his, who had a trade. (Printer plate printer) Next, his Soldier brother, who passed out over there, described himself, his tastes, wrist watch, his pride in going away for his country, how he passed out, was still over there and desired to remain over there, etc. Told of a woman here, described her, her habits, wished her to take that chance and marry again,—all sorts of intimate brotherly messages came from this one.

Mr. Haubrich called in a week again, and the spirit of his father told him he came because he worried that his Mother was not with his father in spirit. This Mother then described herself, person, clothes, rings, cooking, home, inherited wealth, this boy and his talents when small, his present home and its difficulties, gave advice,—then told how she had stood near when, after her demise this boy suffered from headaches because of grief for this Mother who had passed out, told how she saw his head tied up, etc. His father told him, You are back to see if Mother is with me. What God gives He never takes away. Become accustomed to the fact that she too is here, see this is her slipper, her dress, her pin (brush-work, said the spirit, (all recognized) her heavy ring she would wear even in the dough, for she

was superstitious, and would not remove it, etc. This Mother, in spirit told of a mole on her cheek, having hairs this boy pulled, and wished to pull out, which she refused to permit. Recognized by Mr. Haubrich. All recognized, and spoken highly of to Miss Hauschild and Mr. Wm. Schilling, by Mr. Haubrich.

Evidential Proof: Nov. 13th, 1923.

Mrs. Horace Merwin, Miss Hurd, and Miss ———

Miss ——— was chosen first. A father in spirit told her of her wish to develop along spiritual lines, counseling her wisely of rushing into a state of mind while so youthful which would bar her from her own kind in the body. This was done as a father would speak to his daughter, the methods which she had followed being gone into and criticized, after which this father in spirit told why he gave this advice to leave spirits alone: she was too young to meddle with seances, dark circles, etc. This spirit told this child (about seventeen or so) how she had prayed to see him, and wept so while she prayed, and he had stood by the bedside, heard her pray thus, describing the bed, its position in the room, and the ROW OF SHOES UNDER THE FOOT OF THE BED, telling which way the foot pointed. He told how he came to her twice from spirit, presenting himself to her for a moment, and that she saw him, and he was satisfied she knew it was not a dream.

All the above was understood by the young woman, and acknowledged by her as true. This father in spirit then described himself, whiskers, mannerisms, especially in holding a cigar, and how he fondled it, twisting it whilst talking,—(acknowledged at once by this daughter) This spirit then said: "I heard you wonder if I was still conscious, when they thought I was dead. That was when they said I was gone, the bed was here, so, and the left part of my face rested, so, on the pillow. I STOOD OUT OF MY BODY THERE WHEN YOU THOUGHT I WAS GONE." (Admitted all true by his daughter before me.)

He gave advice regarding her approaching marriage, home, her brother in the body, describing the life of the latter, who lived away from this City,—sending a message to him by this daughter.

The Grandmother of this girl in spirit then stood before me, Sarah Shatford, describing herself, the old home, its porch, bay window with the vines over it, the yard, etc. Told how she had taught this girl to walk: how she used to say DON'T DO IT, IT IS NOT NICE: and said, DO YOU REMEMBER THE BOATS' WHISTLES, THE TUGS?" All was quickly acknowledged by the girl. When a spirit described himself, his coat with its otter collar, and his fedora hat, and, taking a ring worn by this girl spoke of the past, how he had dreamed of the future, and had come quickly over into spirit. This man in spirit, and his clothes, were also recognized. As well as his words to her. A woman in black silk, wearing a trained gown, carrying a coaching parasol, told of her dislike to the water view from their home, and said, I ALWAYS WANTED A CHANGE, TO GO AWAY FOR A CHANGE OF VIEW, and I suffered so with my head, having cold cloths on the top of it, as you recall." All of this was acknowledged, and the spirit gave two names, Katherine, and Florence. After which the spirit went into the problem, and conditions of this girl's life, its tempters, offers, refusals, telling what she had seen and heard. All acknowledged true, by the daughter before me. The rest was all private: her own affairs, too sacred to print. But well understood, in the presence of the two other ladies, who heard all said, and acknowledged.

This Grandmother said: "SHE HAS MY ROUND SPOOL BASKET: I WEPT EASILY, AND USED MY KERCHIEF SO: (showing me how) acknowledged at once as true. The spirit who came in black silk wearing a train, and holding it, so, said: "She recalls my tiny biscuits, so large, and THE TARTS I MADE FOR HER WITH JELLY." "I do indeed," said this girl before me.

Miss Hurd:

"This one has a father in spirit," said a voice. "I held her so, (showing me) and pinched her cheeks so. I came home with my arms filled with papers, and a box of those favorite candies wrapped in tissue, so long, in my arm with the papers. She knows the dial OF MY TIMEPIECE WAS DIFFERENT FROM OTHERS, AN OPEN FACE WATCH WHICH I HELD SO? AND REMARKED UPON THE WORKS

OFTEN." All recognized by the daughter. "She called me Papa. SHE REMEMBERS WHEN ONE OF THE SMALL GIRLS DRESSED UP AS A BOY WITH A DRUM? (Yes, said the girl) "THAT WAS IN THE PLACE WHERE THE OLD PUMP WAS," said the spirit. "Yes," said this spirit's daughter. "And the swing under the tree, rope, with a board seat." Yes, remembered. After this, this spirit father went into detail regarding debts, property sales, money owed him, two properties in New Jersey, the engagement of this daughter, what had been said of the man, and the advice given was all understood by the girl. Messages were sent to the wife, the Mother of this girl, in body, at home. Who would not believe that he could speak to anyone and be heard if she could not hear him speak to her. The house, its steps, white front, where he still resided, described by the spirit. Told how to manage the foreclosure and not to permit the sale. All understood perfectly by this girl I do not know, never saw until today when she came in my home.

The spirit of this father said to me, Sarah Shatford, "TELL HER IF SHE MUST HAVE CHURCH WEDDING TO MAKE HOME SWEET FIRST WITH HER MONEY. I CAME IN ONE DAY AND THREW DOWN A PACKET OF BONDS AND SAID TO HER THESE ARE FOR YOUR FUTURE: IT IS A GOOD THING I DID JUST THAT." Acknowledged as true by Miss Hurd.

This spirit then said, "Most of that talk is gossip regarding this young man: don't take any stock in it, he is just as good as others who are blaming him." (Acknowledged understood) This father told this child he lived at home. He came here to help her today, and would come back here if she needed help. That he had heard the talk of the monument, and to cut it out, it made no difference to him whatever, he was here and not there anyway. Understood, and admitted true. Much else of a private nature came from this spirit, who said there are young folks in spirit who could not come in today, but are here with me." Acknowledged by the young woman.

MERWIN:

A Mother is here who wore a black straw hat with a band, having wide brim, falling over eyes. She used to take it off and

fling it up, so,—and set to work at correcting a pile of papers, in front of her. My daughter here, said this spirit to me, Sarah Shatford, remembers MY CARVED IVORY BREAST-PIN." "I do," said Bertha Merwin. "She remembers how I made blackberry jam, too." Bertha laughed, and said, "I do indeed." "I sorted letters. That was in KENTUCKY." Acknowledged by Mrs. Merwin, all of the above. Her Mother was Postmistress. After this, this Mother in spirit went into detail regarding the private life of a sister who was not present (of Mrs. Merwin), her home, child, etc. etc., all private and of a family nature, all understood.

All of this woman's message was gratefully received, comprehended, and willingly acknowledged before the two young ladies who came with her. It is too sacred to write, but is a Mother's visit to her children, two daughters, with whom she spends much of her time, discussing the loans made a young man by the husband of one, and the way that was repudiated, showing she was familiar with the things which made up their lives.

EVIDENTIAL PROOF: July 2nd, 1923.

Mrs. SZYDLOWSKI: widow. Sent by Paula Allen. (Catholic)

Early in the afternoon the bell rang, and I was dressed for the street, going out, but opened the door, saw a woman in deepest widow's weeds, very long veil, and she asked if I were Mrs. Shatford. She said, "Mrs. Allen sent me. She told me to say that, and it would be all right, you would see me." I asked her in.

We sat a moment, as I was refusing to give her messages, when I heard a spirit say: "This one IS a medium herself: she has seen a spirit: she is a widow, and her husband is with her here: she has trouble with the neighbors, they call her names, etc. etc."

Her husband, in spirit, then described himself: told how he had shown her his spirit form while she was at prayer, told how she was alarmed so that he never came to her in form again. (She acknowledged all the above readily.)

This spirit Husband, then, brought every proof a human

being could bring to identify him. He told her, "Give away my opera hat, and silk hat and clothes, to some STRUGGLING ARTIST. HE TOLD HOW HE WROTE ON HIS CUFF. HOW HE ATE STEWED FIGS, AND CONCORD GRAPES, BOTH ORDERED BY THE DOCTOR, HE DESCRIBED HOW HE USED TO TWIST HIS CIGAR WHILE SMOKING IT, HIS HAND WAS SHOWN TO ME, HIS WALKING STICK, CLOTHES, HAT, APPEARANCE,—after which he told her WHAT SHE CAME FOR: TO LEARN ABOUT HER FINANCES. All was recognized, and acknowledged, by this woman, whose "spirit work" was commented upon by this Husband in spirit. He gave her advice what to do, and what not to do. When she had smilingly recognized him again and again, and he had finished, she told me the most remarkable happenings, which are recorded in the File, but I must not record them here.

After learning she was a medium, made Mediums of young girls, offering to bring these to me,—discussed their wonderful work, as clairvoyants,—I presented her with a Copy of "JESUS' TEACHINGS By Shakespeare's Spirit, for the Priest she told me about who sees the dead, holds communion with spirits, brings forth the spirits for others, and has the finest Library of Spiritualism in the country, having known this truth, in association with spirits for THE LAST THIRTY YEARS.

Sarah T. Shatford

Miss Nancy ———? (Texas) Residing at same number. Roommate of Miss Monteith. Miss Monteith present in their room.

The father of this one in spirit described himself. You look like me, he said (true) He described the other two in the family at home which she should either join or they join her. Stick together, work together, plan together, live together," he said (Very like him, she remarked.) A mother and sister are in Texas.

Then a young Boy said "sister". A boy in overalls, a small skull cap on his head. A broncho, a lasso, a two-wheel cart with vegetables and crates of ducks and geese, their heads all sticking

out the tops of crates loaded on this cart was shown me,—He showed me long rows of plants which he separated and planted and kept watered with a long hose. (All recognized) He asked "What has become of your ambition to be an actress, a singer?" She laughed. You bought that diamond solitaire with your father's money," he said. (True) More which I fail to recall.

Evidential Proof: Schilling. Mrs. Schilling (J. H.) Wednesday, June 6th, 1923.

Mrs. Schilling's Mother, in spirit, described herself, her clothes, her pocket in her skirt, her spectacles, her shawl, black wool, knitted shell pattern, her bobbinet neckpieces with lace on them, and the black enameled leaf pin, round, outlined with gold, which "you have kept and have", (all recognized, as we went along)

This spirit Mother said, "I could hold a fish by the tail, and tell you its exact weight." (Correct, said Mrs. Schilling.) This spirit then told how she wished to know if she were really here, and said, "Why I want to make you laugh: Do you remember the boy who wanted you, a nice, fine boy, and you would not look at him because he could not dance?" "Oh, of course I do," said Mrs. Schilling, to her Mother, able to recall this.

This spirit said, I see the platter with the Emperor's flower on it, loaded with fried chicken, your favorite, and you only like the white meat, and you take two helpings always, and that is why you have so much rheumatism, as you cannot walk and help it to digest. (Correct, said Mrs. S.) This Mother in spirit then told how she knitted blue yarn sox, and stuck the knitting needles in her hair, knitting so fast while she did not need to look at the needles, but looked out the window instead. (All true) She then described the long windows in the front room at their home, Mrs. S.'s girlhood home, and the "WALNUT CORNICES WITH THE GILT LINES ON THEM" in this room. (Recognized)

The spirit of a young girl carrying her music roll was recognized. A young woman in spirit presented a pansy pin, holding it very close to my face. She was not recognized. This spirit then said, "Well, you remember *my raspberry delaine dress with the gourd in it,* don't you?" "Yes,—I know now who you are,"

said Mrs. Schilling. This spirit told how they would not wear hoop skirts, but many petticoats. Said, "Your Mother used to count the petticoats on the line,—and say 'Look at the line of petticoats!'" (Recognized) The spirit of Mr. Schilling's father, this woman's husband's father, then described himself, told of the former sayings of his in the family, all of which were recognized by Mrs. Schilling at once. He told of the way the young son used to ask him questions he could not answer, and how he used to say, "God knows" to this boy. (Recognized) This father then gave advice to the son, for her to carry to him, regarding his health and so forth. A spirit who "drowned so near the shore he wondered since he came over to spirit how he ever managed to drown so near land" (was recognized at once by Mrs. Schilling) and another spirit, Jacob, told how far the peas were up on the Schilling place in New Jersey, and said, "You water the vegetables too much, it makes them fragile. So high the peas are," said this spirit. (That is true, said Mrs. Schilling.) Well, he said, I'm there all right, and we saw how nice you fixed our graves Decoration Day, and we thank you, but we are not there any more. (She understood) He said, this same spirit, "I STAND BESIDE YOU WHEN THE LONG HORNED COW WITH THE BLACK AND WHITE FACE TURNS AROUND HER HEAD AND LOOKS AT YOU"— (That is remarkable, said Mrs. Schilling, we have that cow) Then, this same spirit told of her husband's health, and what he was to avoid. He repeated conversations of her husband to her, exactly, which she said "Mr. Schilling did say that, just like he says he did."

Many others in spirit were here, and much else was given, all acknowledged. But this is all I need to write down. We could only keep on for the rest of our life, and fill volumes of this proof from the so-called "dead" themselves. But what is the use? They are here: prove it themselves, and no one can keep them from proving it, either. Over and over and over, as they went along with news of life itself, they would prove themselves giving it, stopping in their talks from spirit to once more give out something only the "dead" knew about, or could furnish.

This Evidential proof took from Two o'clock until 3:30 P. M. as I had to break the line, get off the wire, stop receiving from the spirits, to explain their meaning, often, as they go so

fast a stranger to their methods cannot get all that is given, often, unless we hold them back for the purpose, asking the spirits to be more explicit, and not to speak so fast, show us pictures so rapidly, that the mind for which they are given cannot absorb it all, a certain shock always going with such wonderful proof and knowledge that their own have not died, and are present, proving memory, and helpfulness, always, when given the opportunity to do so by those called "living".

Sarah T. Shatford.

Note:

The spirit said, at Quarter past Three o'clock, "She promised her husband she would be back with the Car, so she must go." "I did," said Mrs. Schilling: "I told him I would be there at Half past Three. What time is it now?" I add this merely to show incredulous mortals that the dead know everything, (S. T. S.) come to tell you, if you will make it possible for them to.

This spirit was Mrs. Schilling's own Mother. The only thing not understood at this sitting was a large pink shell, which a spirit showed to me after speaking of the graves on Decoration Day.

Evidential Proof, March 7th. 1922. New York City

Schilling, Mr. Wm.

Accompanied by Miss Hauschild, Mr. Schilling came for proof of survival after death of his own in spirit.

First, a loving Grandmother in spirit, proved she was present, by recalling the several ways she petted this young man when he was a child. Unusual proof, only this very woman could give. Recognized at once. Spirit then told how she dressed him for Sunday School, put the little leaflet in his hand, and heard him repeat his verse he had committed to memory for the day. Described herself, her clothes, habits, market basket, the large pocket in her petticoat, shape of same, its contents, her shoes and how she kept her green bills in her shoes,—brought in her Delft plates from Germany, size explained,—told of the habits of the household while she lived, etc.

Next a spirit Grandfather, described himself, his whiskers of gray, glasses, clothes, hat, fondness for this Boy,—told how

he crept up to see him under the patch work quilt after he had gone to bed with a fever from overplay, at baseball, described this room, and how he (Grandfather) put some little moneys in his little pockets while he (as a lad) was sleeping, and the surprise of this boy at same when he found them. Told how this boy rolled snow and made snow men, putting pipes in their mouths, and ONCE HE PUT ON A PLUG HAT AND A COAT on one. (Mr. Schilling laughed at all these true memories, which took him back to his childhood) This Grandfather's spirit then SHOWED TO ME, this medium writing here, a large head of the Poet DANTE with its wreath—telling me this boy had drawn this, (Which was admitted and recognized as true by sitter) A spirit said, "there is one here for your Mother, a young woman." This man's Mother has a young sister in spirit. Business messages were given from this Grandfather to this man, messages sent to his son (the sitter's father in the body) all of which were recognized and understood.

Then a young athlete in spirit appeared. He was described fully, his swimming suit, his habits, his closeness to this one while in body, their lives, and habits, the borrowing of money between them brought in as fun, but true, told how he died, gave Mr. Schilling help with a problem of his, described his clothes, especially a red-brown suit, and his patent leather dancing pumps, flecked the dust from his sleeve and his boot, his white kid gloves, the way he tipped his hat from the front with outstanding elbow,—Madison Square Garden alluded to where they used to go,—the beer they used to get in STEINS AFTER THE DANCE AND THEY HAD TAKEN HOME THE GIRLS, all referred to understood, recognized. This spirit did not give his name, but said, IF I SHOULD TELL YOU JUST ONE THING ABOUT ME TONIGHT THAT WE BOTH KNOW YOU WOULD SOON SAY I WAS HERE: it referred to a question of health, and was understood by sitter.

Ada was called: Two in spirit wished to speak with her. The one living with the fur coat, and this was described,—recognized as Mr. Schilling's wife in the body, and the new fur coat is hers. The name I got as Ida, it was now half past eleven o'clock. There were other spirits present also, and described, one who had a Fraternity Funeral, buried out of the city.

Evidential Proof: Saturday, Oct. 13th, 1923. Teaneck, N. J.

As we sat at luncheon in Miss Hauschild's new home in Teaneck, a spirit spoke saying, "Dodo is here. Tell this one on the right." "Yes, said "Louise" (the dear friend of Miss Hauschild's Mother while in a body) "That is what I always called her." And many miracles of proof, recalling the old days were given, all acknowledged, readily, and much that was private, of the old days, recalling confidences of old, while in the body.

To "Josie" the friend of Miss Hauschild, hers in spirit proved again they are with her and anxious to speak when they can do so. Over and over the Mother of this girl, in spirit, proved herself, and her favorite Uncle, with her Mother in spirit said, "Who used to gather bunches of "cat-o'-nine tails"? and tie them to take along?" And her Mother finally said, "One more proof for me, "What did I use to do with the cocoanuts, after I bored out the eyes?" Yes indeed, said "Josie." Mother put flowers in the shells!" This young woman was given detailed descriptions of her office, the people who work there, etc. etc. and all was comprehended by the young woman, self-supporting, and a Catholic of splendid worth.

To Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Schilling, at their beautiful home, near Miss Hauschild's home, we gave for over an hour Sat. P. M., and all of Sunday morning, intimate proof from the "dead" to theirs there in body, that all are living, present, unforgetting, able still to advise, know all the turns of the road of life. I do not register here these intimate experiences, as they are like others, but I must register here the last proof for them. A maid served refreshments, late Sat. evening. When she had left the room, a spirit spoke to me asking me to please speak for him to the one who carried the tray. "I am her husband," said this spirit. "I did not treat her right. I am here, and I am trying to help her now. Tell her I heard her worrying because she could not put flowers on my grave, and markers there. Why I am not there, I am here. Tell her, will you speak for me?" All this was told at once to the Schillings and Miss Hauschild and they were interested saying that is all true, for she was worrying to me about those things just the other day. Call her, said I. Mr. Schilling left the room to call her, and she wept, saying "I could not sleep, maybe, if I heard." They left her outside. The spirit continued with his proof as follows: "Tell her our baby

did not live to be born, but we named it anyway. Tell her I left her and never wrote but once a short line. I was led away by bad companions. She will recall how I used to dance a clog dance with my hands in my pockets, so (showing me, Sarah Shatford) how this had been done.

The maid came in of her own accord. Walked up to the sofa where I sat. Asking her to sit down by my side, I put my arm around her neck, whispered to her all I have recorded, and more, while she wept, and then smiled, then thanked me. This husband in spirit described the working man who wanted to marry her, his business, and advised that she accept the offer, and have another home of her own. Promising he would help her as he failed to help while here in a body. But before leaving this man in spirit said to his wife in body: "Never drink that, so you can come and be with me, do you understand. I know how you have thought you would take your life by drinking poison. Never do that. Promise me you will not do that, ever." "I promise," said she. "Yes," she said, "I have been trying to do it: that is all true."

One detail: Mr. Schilling's father in spirit first described the box-toed shoes he wore, then himself, his clothes, the first printing shop of this son, and gave, in German, the toast he always gave: "To live, to love, etc."

Evidential Proof: July 21st, 1923.

HAUSCHILD: Miss Louise.

"There is a spirit here who wore a velvet basque, pointed front and back, piped with gros-grain silk, and she holds up in her right hand a German silver purse, fish-scale pattern, three inches wide and six inches long." She says her favorite Opera was "The Barber of Seville". "That is Mother," said Miss Hauschild. The spirit then said, "I was present when you said you would not part with the brocaded sateen comforter because it was Mother's. I see the side-board with its two inlays of wood. And the syringas planted in the yard,—(All recognized)

The balance then was, after this proof that this spirit came with Miss Hauschild, of a personal nature, too private to print. Miss H—'s step-father explained all about the Taxes, machinery (new) and the different problems of the plant,—showing that he

was in daily touch with the business world,—he proved himself over and over, telling of his violin, the part he played in the orchestra, some of his personal sayings when in the body, his peculiar tastes, regarding food, and the way he held his rosin to prepare his bow,—joked regarding his dislike of certain things while in the body,—and all was like a visit with this spirit. As he has often described himself this is no longer done, they must find something new each time for evidence, before they are allowed to proceed with their visits. As we went to California, and they were all in close touch with Miss H— for two months, every day, they must find more evidence that has not been used previously. Proof that they are here, and are themselves, knowing, explaining, describing, that which none other could. They seem never to run short of memories, or descriptions, however.

Messages were sent to Miss H—'s co-workers, relatives, as well as those living in her house, and the Firm for which she works.

This is only to record that spirits are themselves alert: She was to take a train, at a certain hour. Her watch was on the table from both our visions, so we could not see the time. But she was told, "it is time now to get ready," which it was: 5:29, and she just made the train at Melrose Station.

Her Grandmother described herself, told how she used to make "milk bread," and said: "Do you remember the pink oleander in the front yard? Why don't you plant one in your new place?" (All recognized at once.)

These few things I write, there was much else as true, and as interesting from an evidential standpoint.

I hear "Minnie Mum is here" "Yes?" said I. "Maxie is with her!" said the spirit. (Maxie Mum)

Evidential Proof: Sat. P. M. Dec. 1st, 1923.

Miss Louise Hauschild:

A spirit voice said: "There is a Mother here who remembers that sweet little home where she had such sorrow and so much joy later. The front room, with its two front windows, with Nottingham lace curtains,—the brussels carpet with roses in it,—the small, marble-top table with the large lamp, with shade, on it,—and a foot-stool WITH WORKED ZEPHYR TOP on

which you sat, with a small white long-haired dog, while I KNITTED STOCKINGS in the evenings. (All readily acknowledged by Miss Hauschild) This spirit continued, "Do you remember how I used to say to you WHEN SOMEONE WAS PLAYING ON A VIOLIN, GO TELL HIM TO PLAY HOME SWEET HOME?" "I do—certainly, I do,"—said Miss Hauschild,—"that is Mother!" "Do you remember who used to scold because I did so much for one who did not appreciate it? Frank? How I kept my money in my stocking, and would give it, and be scolded for it?" "Yes, I do: and that is all recognized, Frank was his name: that was MOTHER'S brother," said Miss H—. The spirit then continued: "Well, you have had a real offer, a professional man,—why not say YES this time?" "It is true," said Miss H—. And the balance from this Mother in spirit to hers in body is too sacred to print here, but it was proved by her that she knew all, never left her daughter, as she went into all private matters concerning her home, funds, business, etc. All acknowledged true, and gratefully so, by Miss Hauschild, who, it seems, could get no more from spirit, since for years all hers in spirit have given her new and acceptable proof each time —that they remembered the old life in bodies, and all the affairs of family, etc.

Three others in spirit recalled the past today for Louise. Intimately, fondly, joyously, Father, Grandmother and Grandfather,—describing their hats, clothes, deaths, fun in the family, etc., as Miss Hauschild laughed WITH them, saying, "Oh, it is just like visiting with them! I go home so happy and satisfied, from here always."

Her Father said from spirit: "Do you recall how the chorus girls made dates with me, and they would wait at a certain spot? And I would come home and tell Mother and you, and we would say, Wonder if she's waiting yet?" "Yes, yes," said Miss Louise.

And this Father in spirit then said: "I see Bill has an offer for the TORCH. Tell him to take hold, and nail that up, and it will never come down, that cross for the Master. It is our work: we have all helped from this side."

(And I heard of this offer for the first time through a spirit. S. T. S.)

Evidential Proof: Schilling: N. Y. C.

In December, in the night, I was awakened by a spirit who said: "There is a paper lost at Schilling Press. In old Schilling's office. Those they take out and lay on top of the iron safe. A paper is lost. Out, out with the other papers: Lost."

I shall tell this? I asked, of the spirit. Phone it, they said.

This I did. Getting Miss Hauschild on the phone.

A week later Miss Hauschild came out, and told me that it was quite right, the paper IS lost still, and that it is the deed to the Schilling former Brooklyn home which was missing, not known until I told them by phone.

For the above, Mr. J. H. Schilling gave me the privilege of using their address for my TORCH PRESS, Inc., mail.

This is only a small thing, but a miracle none the less. There are so many like it I could not even recall them.

Sarah T. Shatford

Evidential Proof: August 24th, 1923.

Saleswoman at Macy's Book Dept.

This woman had called at the Hotel once and found me out. She has handled all three of the Books of this spirit. As she spoke to me today saying she should like so much to hear from hers but had no time to call her own as she gave lessons in the evenings, a spirit said, "Tell her I am here, AND I HEARD THEM ALL TALKING ABOUT MY CRUST AND BLACKBERRY PIES, the other day." "I used to wear blue glasses to protect my eyes, and tied a large straw hat down over my ears, so, showing me how, which I described and all was recognized. This Mother in spirit then said, "Show her this daguerreotype picture, small round in a brown frame, and say there is another of me and a man standing by my side. (Recognized at once) Tell her how I wept when she had to go to work: I said I would rather sew buttons on than to have her go outside to earn her bread." (True, said this woman) Show her that I had trouble with my finger on my right hand, the index finger. (Recognized at once)

"What about those blackberries?" said the saleswoman, "I should like to hear more regarding that."

The spirit then said, "There was a tragedy she has never

forgotten and from which she has never recovered." (Acknowledged by this woman)

After the above, this Mother said, "The Uncle on whom I relied is here with me." This was also acknowledged at once. "And the two children, so high, and so high, the largest one a Boy with a fine shaped head." Yes, said the woman in front of me whose Mother in spirit was speaking to her through my hearing, and psychic sight.

Then this spirit told her child what she desired her most to know, which I do not need to record, all acknowledged as she went along from spirit.

Evidential Proof: Nov. 18th, 1919. New York. 2:30 P. M.

Mrs. Slocum:

Mrs. Slocum, a woman of about 50 years: a widow. The first spirit to describe himself was her father. Then her mother, then her husband, and a child. All these spirits were concerned only in proving that they were present. Over and over they told of incidents, and gave descriptions, which none could give but they. Those things which were of most value I repeat:

The father was a Captain: said so: showed his uniform. He was a Mason, and described his charm ring and watch. He used to clasp his hands and bend them in when discussing any matter of importance, it was a peculiarity of his, and he showed me this. He spoke of his will which he failed to draw, "even on a piece of paper."

Her mother described their farm or country home. She had an old fashioned garden and took care of it herself and described the larkspur, petunias and asters, also the fragrant vine over the porch planted by the step, not jasmine, but another very fragrant vine (honeysuckle). She told that they had no gas there but in the parlor had kerosene chandeliers, lamps setting in brackets. She asked if sitter recalled how the birds built in the cupula of father's barn where the slats were, and that father said they used to steal his grain? (Acknowledged all of the above as true) Then sitter wished to know how she "combed" her hair. So this mother began: "Crimpers, two: a part in the center: a shoe-

string in my mouth, tied at back of head and rolled about on the crown. You girls often fussed with it and bought me a false piece but I always went back to my own way." (True) This spirit told this daughter that she had her spectacles in a case and kept them in her work basket. (True) Her favorite dress was a black and white small check (all true). Told how her girls had kept her supplied with knitted capes with bows of ribbon in front (true). Her throat was rubbed, she passed in spring of pneumonia. The husband then described himself: told how he had smoked until he had a rough throat. (True) His white vest, top hat, stick, gray mustache, all described. Told how she always slept on his arm: that he had breakfasted downtown so she could sleep in the mornings, and now he had to see her attend on boarders. (True) Described his picture which hangs in the front room copied from a photograph, but a good likeness of me. (True) (Note: I have never been in her house. S. T. S.) Advised her not at all: all she came for was material things: all she got was proof that the dead survive and are able to prove it. She was disappointed. This is why I do not like to give messages. Read over the above proof that her own were here, and then do you blame me?

She asked to come back another day, and I have given her permission to do so. She wanted their names at the close of a sitting that covered two hours and a half. But the spirits were not obeying orders evidently for they gave no names this time.

Evidential Proof: Feb. 7th, 1922. Evening. Accompanied by Miss Jeannette Clenen.

Mrs. Susan Slocum.

The first spirit to describe himself was an uncle on her Mother's side of the family, who was a fine old gentleman, in black broadcloth, tall, with broad, full forehead, gray hair and beard with mustache. He was pouring out a clear liquid from a small bottle into a silver teaspoon, standing beside a library table on which was a lamp. He was accompanied by a beautiful child, whom he said reached his elbow in height, had curls, was dressed in white full skirted dress, short sleeves,—"That is

my Uncle who used to give me castor oil, and my little daughter," said Mrs. Slocum.

The next spirit to describe herself was an old lady of short build, fleshy, gray hair parted in center and waved, dressed low in the back, in a coil. She was dressed as she dressed in the morning at home, and described a bedspread she knitted out of thread, told of its pattern "points, and holes in the points" she said. Then this spirit said to Mrs. Slocum, "You have a brown work basket of mine." That is my Mother, said Mrs. Slocum. This Mother gave a symbolic message understood by this daughter regarding her household problem which was worrying her. When refreshments were served and Mrs. Slocum said "This plate was Mother's", the spirit said: "Where is the square tea pot and sugar bowl which matched?" Gone, said Mrs. Slocum: That is right, said Mrs. Slocum, there was a square pot and sugar bowl like it."

The next spirit was a man in evening dress, who was bald but not entirely, the little hair he had he combed straight back, he said: he told how he got very red in the face when excited and walked the floor, described his cigar cutter worn by him on his watch chain, his shoes, carnation, and the trouble and sickness in his wife's home at the present time, her malady, what was contemplated in operations, etc. Said his wife had his life insurances and that was all he left but these would carry her through. This spirit referred to the lady in whose home we sat (in the light) told how he used to take her out to dinner, and loved to tell risque stories, also the tall glasses which were filled at the side of their plates (wine) but that his favorite meal was at her home when he always took two pieces of thick pumpkin pie." All of which was correct, acknowledged by Mrs. Slocum to be so. (John Dutcher) Friend. The next spirit was an old gentleman who was full of fun, liked to play pranks on the women-folks of the household, and he turned his back and lifted his coat tails and showed me the shiny seat of his trousers, broad and wrinkled, that he used to wear outside the house when the women were not on their guard. This was recognized as her own father, and was his joke when in the body.

Mrs. Slocum wished to "hear from" her sister recently deceased, but she was not presented on this occasion nor referred to by hers in spirit.

This is the third time we have proved to Mrs. Slocum that the dead are present and survive with memories and personalities.

Miss Clenen's Mother referred to a lavender surah silk dress, and brought a lovely young woman in white voile over silk, slender, hair brown, brown eyes, hair parted on the side, having a curl falling on the left shoulder, wore a cross on a velvet ribbon about her neck. This spirit was recognized by Miss Clenen.

The name of Luke was also recognized by her, this one being in spirit. Miss Clenen's spirit relations have gone back three generations for her, bringing in every one of their families, all their homes, pasts, clothes, fun, etc., all described at various times during the past three years.

Miss Storey: Nov. 7th, 1919. 4 P. M.
Sitting No. 2.

Miss Storey is a student of the Occult—following the theosophists' creed, eating no meat for several years. She "gets" things, does not know how, but can tell when spirits are present: often gives others messages she gets in this way. She is a very hard sitter. In searching for this one, it is like digging for gold, or listening to faintest music far distant. I know whenever this condition prevails that these do not need to come to a medium, but can get their own messages. But I demanded that I should have a full measure and not be a failure in this case. She had had one remarkable sitting, and the spirits back of me do not aim to give more than one to any individual. It was therefore hard for me at first.

Her father, Mother, and a school friend (woman), all proved that they were here. She denied them all: they came out with all her family proof: her father described his bible: the house she wished to buy, the man she is engaged to marry, his tastes, etc. Her father at last told that he played a violin: they showed me this. He described himself: told how the spirits managed her life: her difficulties, making room for her when there was no room, etc. Her business friends were described too: their characteristics (which she acknowledged).

After the sitting she said, "I am too lazy to use my brain: they wanted me to, but I wouldn't." Meaning, I suppose, "If

you can get anything for me, it won't come from MY mind, for I will block that by thinking not at all." This must have been realized by the spirits for they were not inclined to give me anything. And I think would not have except I demanded that I should not be recorded a failure in any case whatever.

Sarah T. Shatford

Storey: Miss:

Sent by Mrs. Elliot: asked me to give this woman as a favor any evidence possible, as she had a problem.

In my room immediately after dinner.

Much confusion of spirits: A spirit for Amelia (This must be for Mrs. Bingham) Also others I know have been here called their names. It took some fifteen minutes to separate the spirits and cull this one's from the throng present. She was a very patient sitter. But did not help me with a yes or no. Finally a spirit by the name of Ida came. Described her aristocratic bearing, large brown eyes, long black lashes, her tapered fingers, her beautiful garments, etc. She took me to a head stone of gray rough granite, and she saw the sitter place a wreath on the grave which was covered with myrtle. She gave the entire message in symbols. Dead leaves falling never can flower, she said. A barrier was shown such as on the race tracks, you will scale it, but you must run and jump, and don't wait. Pack up, a suitcase, and go. She shows me a man with curly hair under a lamp writing a letter. Two children are mentioned. He posts this letter at the train. Pick up your pen and answer YES, and she underscores the word. "Why not?" she says. She spoke of a woman with a bitter tongue. Gave advice. All understood and all the message for which she came, and was asked to come to me.

EVIDENTIAL PROOF: April 6th, 1922. New York City: Miss Dorothy Sawyer: Toledo, Ohio.

Miss Dorothy's Mother calls me her "Post Office." Tells her daughter in the body "you must come to the Post Office to get Mother's letter." Another time this girl's Mother in spirit said: "It is a miracle that I found an eye for my hook at last. I was always looking for an eye: I had the hook in my hand,

but never never an eye." Meaning a medium, a wire, over which she could pass her message. This spirit mother has brought forth all that is family history (See File for letter from Dorothy) for a girl who was a stranger, beginning with her point lace, jewel box and contents, family furniture, the cradle with its hood that is used at present by the sister of Dorothy (true) and all the family stresses as well, helping, advising, imploring, and proving with each single message that it IS Mother by giving some new description, always true, and recognized as true by the sitter.

I write this to say, at the last, when this girl had to return to her home city and leave the "Post Office" she was told by her spirit Mother, "Get that Roman gold cross, so long, from your Aunt, and wear it on a velvet ribbon around your neck: it was Mother's." True, said the young lady, and Auntie will give it to me, I know.

This Mother, still as human as we, sent her two sons valuable advice regarding business and character. "The one who is almost bald," said she once. Yes, said the sister of this brother. The other brother was described in detail, and his business (Stock broker) and the summer home she loved, where we used to get "all sewed up", (the summer sewing done) true—and every private matter of the father's, all referred to, the baking done by the girl, her cakes described, the place where the phone is, all her family described sitting at the dining room table, their accustomed places,—the curtains "which were mine and you had them mended and they put in a leaf just like the other worn out," (explained by the girl, they were Irish Point curtains of her Mother's and they sent them to an expert to be laundered and mended up because they were Mother's) all, and more than this, of the same nature, all of comfort, and worth, gave this girl courage, and made her glad to know a Mother had seen all her efforts on behalf of brothers and father, and had actually been in the same home, and helped and was now with her daughter in New York, and able to prove to her by her own manner, even, that she was Mother.

While waiting for these Girls one afternoon, at Mrs. Whiting's home, 350 West End avenue, in the parlor, alone, a voice said to me: "I wish you could play the piano while you wait." "Indeed I would if I could," I replied. I told Mrs. Whiting, who

said: "Isn't that strange: Mr. Whiting (her husband who passed a year ago) was so devoted to music." When I invited Mrs. Whiting to call on us, which she said she would do. Here is a case where there was no time to take my time, yet this spirit man, living there with the wife in his same home, was able to "get across" enough to warn that he was not "dead", at least.

Names I hear of late have been: John Burroughs. Roosevelt had importuned me to write, look up his folks: often. Mayor Mitchel, Vernon Castle: GLORIA, was called twice: (Caruso's daughter) the poet laureate, Sir Alfred: Phillips Brooks: Elwell: (the murdered man) "There's a spirit here for Elsie French:" "There's a spirit who went down on a ship: Maudie" (Frohman) "Charles Becker: "Merlin" (Tennyson?) "There's a spirit here for Mrs. Dick." (Astor?) Clara Louise Burnham: "HOLLYWOOD" (Taylor?)

Dr. Peebles came to me the 18th of Feb. I saw him: he gave me a message, which I sent to Dr. Austin: Mrs. Girvin also saw him and he was there. (90 W St.. 149) Dr. Peebles said he would come, and he kept his word. See his letters to me in TORCH PRESS File. Desire to say, all spirits return to help me for what I do for them, and all have their own way of proving who they are by some evidence which has passed through. "The lady with the two-tiered cape is here": James Kelly's Mother. There are NO dead: none.

EVIDENTIAL PROOF:

April 2nd, 1922.

"Marcia", (from Toledo, Ohio,) friend of Miss Alta Baumgardner, and Miss Dorothy Sawyer, of Toledo. (This young woman had two communions with hers in spirit)

"Marcia", a young lady in deep mourning. A friend of the above Girls, to whom I have given many dozens of messages and hours with theirs in spirit. This is all I knew about the girl: her name.

A soldier, in spirit, his uniform described, with the cap, his person described, his long white hands, how he threw away his cigarette, his cigarette case described and "those bed socks with a seam up the front you sent me": her letters, the tint of paper, how many sheets written both sides,—first this soldier spirit told

how this girl had longed to know if he suffered much at the close, and how he passed out. The spirit then told HIS RIGHT LEG WAS AMPUTATED JUST BELOW THE HIP—that he died of septicemia (all of which is true) and how glad he was to be where he is instead of walking like the other fellows with a crutch WHICH HE FEARED ALWAYS (true) MIGHT BE HIS LOT. He described the hospital attendant, man in white coat,—how he read her letters by candle light under ground (true), how much he wished to send a message of this truth to his father, a small man who had his insurance, but who had to work for his living, and he is too old to be a motorman (true) how he desired she should marry and have children, and advised her to go back home and take less money, there was no chance for promotion where she was, (true) that he was "where she went to hear from him and was disappointed", and referred to that which she should like to discuss with her alone (understood) told he wore spurs,—(true) and much else I cannot recall.

This is one of the few soldiers I have been allowed to speak for, as they have conditions, (not understood by me) which one takes on and suffers from, and as I am not a bearer of messages but a taker of a message I have not been allowed to speak for soldiers for this reason. After giving this message I was so completely worn out that I had to bathe my face and eyes. I saw (not with my eye but brain (?) (I do not know) this soldier, could paint him if I could paint, saw him in Hospital too, and all that he mentioned, including his father who is still in a body,—

The first night "Marcia" came with the Girls she received a long line of proof I do not mention, regarding spirits passed over: she was engaged to this soldier, who told her his body was in France and he was content to have it remain there too,—how she followed him across, and how they felt when he left her weeping on that ship (all understood)

This young woman has been twice to consult a Medium at the Waldorf-Astoria, at Five Dollars each time, and she said she had not received absolute proof until this time; that no one could have given her all that but the boy himself. She wrung my hand in gratitude, and with tears in her eyes, saying how thankful she was, and how much better she felt. I mention this to show that all human beings are not thankless.

Evidential Proof, Saturday, Sept. 15th, 1923. Given at Gimbel's Restaurant, New York City.

Mrs. Harriet Smith, Cleveland, Ohio.

Having waited for some time in line at S———'s, we walked to G———'s for luncheon, and was seated with a woman near a window. She spoke to me saying the waitress had taken her order but had been gone some time. Every place was filled, and this was the only seat vacant, opposite Mrs. Smith.

A spirit spoke to me thus: "There is a Union Baptist here: tell her." "Tell her her sweetheart is here: he called her by this name." Please say the Boy should not be discouraged by her regarding marriage, and that his frailty might not be passed on."

Speaking to this spirit, I (Sarah Shatford) said: "Make it possible for me to give your message." Again the woman spoke to me, saying, "Do you live here?" This made it possible to open a way to tell her that those called "dead" spoke to me everywhere, that they were here with us even now, that a spirit had asked me to tell her that a "Union Baptist" was present, etc." All of which was understood by her at once.

Asking Mrs. Smith if she would take further proof that her own were here, from them, and receiving an affirmative answer, the following was passed on from the spirit world from her own family.

A spirit said: "I was beside you, standing right there when they sang "JESUS LOVER OF MY SOUL", which was my favorite hymn. Also, when you nursed the child who "died" (showing me its short white dress, in arms): I never left. You have a daguerreotype picture of two people, in a brown frame, with its round oval copper setting,—and the small house with its front porch will do for you, and let him marry, but not the short girl, the other one (showing me a dark girl, tall with a smile) This spirit said AKRON. Which she understood. Going into the Boy's business offers, this spirit said, It would not do for him to come here, let him stay there, live separate, and later you can visit them, but you live by yourself. And please make a present to the one who would visit you and repay her, and don't wait upon her later, then. Your father is here, he preached. Stands here with a hymn book (spirit described in full) Names called here.

The health condition of this Boy was discussed much as a father would. Told of the chance that he could overcome conditions if outside at all times. Her Mother in spirit described herself, told how she was "Against this spirit work while she was in a body (acknowledged true) and took the corner of her apron and tucked it in her belt, a way she had, she said (recognized) and said, "You know I wept so easily I had to carry a handkerchief to wipe my eyes, and I took this so (showing me, Sarah Shatford, how she shook out the kerchief and took the very center of it for her eye) recognized as a trait, and acknowledged just as described. Further description then followed of this Mother's person, and her quilts, "the one laid in a point at the foot of the bed, log-cabin variety, said this spirit (acknowledged) while all the old days were spoken of so familiarly that the eyes were moist, and once Mrs. Smith said, "I have fought this thing, and you see what is for us is given to us: it is just a miracle, that is all, that you, a perfect stranger, should prove to me that my own folks live and are with me. Over and over, in gratitude, and with astonishment, and rapture, this little woman took me to the elevator, grasped my hand, and smiled a good by to me, as I extended an invitation to bring someone else to me, giving her my home address, that she might see another profit as had she, and receive more herself.

Evidential Proof: Thursday, Feb. 21st, 1924. New York City. *SWAN, Miss.*

Waiting for the theatre to open at the Garrick for "SAINT JOAN", with a Balcony seat, behind a post, in my hand (at a cost of $1.10) a lady walked over to me, across the rotunda, and addressing me, said: "Pardon me, but haven't I met you somewhere? Your face is so familiar, I must know you," she said. Saying that I could not recall having met her, but, that we might be just congenial spirits, I told her my name, and where I had lived, and was living. Then, as she was not able to recall having met me, I told her why she had taken pains to speak, that I never spoke to people but let them speak to me, led by the UNseen. I told her the dead spoke to me, and, I had found everything a miracle in life. That I should be glad to have her come to see me and bring the woman mentioned, who was interested in hear-

ing from those called dead. Then I said, hearing a spirit speak at my side, "You have a Mother in spirit who is beside you, and she says she would like to raise up the corners of the leaves of the past for you REGARDING THE SEMI-TRAGEDY IN YOUR LIFE. ALSO, TO HELP YOU WITH THE INVESTMENTS WORRYING YOU." "I would understand all of that," said the lady.

After which, as the doors had opened, I invited Miss Swan to bring her friend, and speak with her Mother, who is with her, and NOT "dead".

Evidential Proof: *Important:*

For Lillian Whiting, Author, Brunswick Hotel, Boston, Mass.

On March 7th, 1919, as near as I can place the date, after having had four sittings with the medium "Chenoweth" (Mrs. Minnie Soule), having been requested by Dr. James H. Hyslop to go to Boston and "their" Scientific medium for the purpose of discovering if the spirit writing through me was that of the immortal Shakespeare as it claimed, (and I was met at Springfield by Dr. Hyslop and taken to the Brunswick Hotel, where Miss Whiting stops, and I paid Five Dollars each sitting with "Chenoweth" and all my own expenses to and from Boston) and, after the medium "Chenoweth" had given little for the money (See Hyslop's notes herewith)—but had gotten that S. w—wrote the papers in my MMS. case,—a big S, a little w, please note. Also that they were VERY important, and should be published and given to the world (See notes of Hyslop for this). After all this, on the last evening of my stay in Boston, I was requested through the phone by Dr. Hyslop to "please go to Miss Whiting's room No. 302—she would be waiting for me at Seven o'clock—that evening."

Miss Whiting, Author of The World Beautiful, The Life of the Brownings, etc., met me at the door. Dr. Hyslop told me NOT to take my papers (W. S. Spirit Writings, and NOT to allude to them. I took them all the same. Placing my MMS. case on the table they were not referred to until after I had finished with message bearing.

As we spoke of New Orleans, a virile personality in spirit, spoke to me. This was a woman, but her personality was

brusque, and I could not pause, she was so strong, and able to give advice on Miss Whiting's Literary work, publishing, books, small articles, syndicates, money affairs, etc. She said "I have closed the door to keep out the rabble, you understand. (Yes, I do, said Miss Whiting) Continuing, this voice said "for this reason I cannot get my midnight messages through as before". She assured her that she was with her however as she had been. She gave much personal advice. All plain to Miss Whiting apparently. Then, this spirit said: *"As proof that I am here present, I mention A CHARM UNDER GLASS ON A LONG CHAIN: I mention this because it belonged to me and you, and to one across the sea where you left it. You have many other trinkets of mine hereabout." "This is KATE".* Miss Whiting said: "That is the most remarkable proof that Kate Field is present. I will tell you why. The charm under glass she mentions *is A LOCK OF MRS. BROWNING'S HAIR, which belonged to Kate Field, was given to me by the family after Kate died,* and taken by me to Italy *when I went to get the Browning data for my Life of the Brownings.* While there I gave it to the Browning's son for his daughter, as I thought Kate would like them to have it, and that it should be theirs. But I have never missed anything more in my life, for I wore it night and day, it was never off my neck, in fact."

Miss Whiting's Mother called Niagara Falls, described their home front yard there, said she wore hoop-skirts, (true) all said to be fact. Then Miss Whiting placed a photograph frame in my hand upside down, and asked what I could tell her of it. Kate's voice said: "Oh yes, *the daughter of your friend, the young girl who passed in the early spring a few years back."* It was true also.

Miss Whiting then accompanied me to the door of my room in the same Hotel, after she had glanced over the W. S. papers, saying these are remarkable and should be published.

She spoke to me about "The Holy Spirit" to be guided by it, etc. I recall this only to let you know that those who know the truth of spirit return (Miss Whiting is a psychic herself) all warn against spirit service.

I told her it was through service of the Holy Spirit that I attracted the one who was now serving through me: told her of my own book, Birds Of Passage, with God on every leaf,—and

that I had only come to Boston to learn and satisfy Priests and Scientists if the spirit was Shakespeare's. She need have no fear for me: I would not give up to "trance" mediumship: and I was protected I was told and should not be required to do so unwillingly.

We parted at my room door, with the hope that I might someday see her in New York and give more from her friend Kate Field. (Former correspondent for Congress) who passed out while Miss Whiting was on the sea, whom Miss Whiting, *saw in the spirit in her cabin on the steamer,*—when she reached the other side there was a cable saying Kate Field had died.

Evidential Proof: Wed., Feb. 13th, 1924.
WILDMAN, Mrs. Marianna: N. Y. C.

As we sat conversing in Mrs. Wildman's boudoir today, a spirit spoke to me, Sarah Shatford, saying: "Just say *I* am here. *T. B.*" (Yes, said Mrs. W.: I know who that is.) "My PROOF that I AM here," said this spirit voice, "I am required to give, or I cannot tell you what I came to tell." "So I say that she (Mrs. Wildman) will remember MY GRAY KID RUSSIAN LEATHER BOOK IN WHICH I KEPT THOSE VERY SMALL FIGURES, FOR WHICH I WAS COMMENDED MANY A TIME. And she recalls how I did like a primrose, it was my favorite plant, and I kept them: she knows that road TOWARDS HOME AND THE SUNSET, DIRECTLY WEST, ON WHICH I DROVE AT NIGHT, THROUGH THOSE FIELDS OF GRAIN, WHICH I DID LOVE TO SEE WAVE (showing me these, also). She knows the trouble I had with my head: she recalls the long incisors of the lower jaw, ESPECIALLY ON THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE MOUTH." All of this was admitted by Mrs. Wildman, known of her, as representing the man who was telling it from spirit.

This spirit then went into business affairs in Canada, property, Lawyer, etc.—all of which was understood as applying to a contemplated journey to Toronto, at once. ALL understood, and though NOT understood by me, Sarah Shatford, was a complete solving of a financial problem recently developed by the passing of her lawyer in Toronto.

The spirit of a woman stood out on the screen of my brain,

then, as though I were in fact looking AT a picture on a screen. I was able to describe this beautiful creature, as she called my attention to "my real lace veil, my mitts of lace, see, my jet bracelet strung on rubber, WHICH I WORE ON THE LEFT WRIST, and, she added, "she recalls how I used my HALF-OPENED FAN, in my right hand, so: (showing me, Sarah Shatford, just how she smiled as she used this, while conversing. This spirit said, "I had a habit of saying: "THAT IS QUITE A MATTER OF OPINION." All of which was recognized as the Aunt of Mrs. Wildman, Aunt Annie, whose portrait is an heirloom in the family. This spirit began to advise regarding matters of interest to Mrs. W. only. Before she began she wished to stamp it so true that she was present, and she said, "I stood by here in this room when you said, "A profession must be chosen by the one whose life work it is to become." I did that, said Mrs. Wildman, in speaking of Cyril."

Evidential Proof: Monday, Feb. 11th, 1924. N. Y. C. Wildman; Girvin; Syms:

While paying a party call at Mrs. Wildman's this afternoon, a spirit spoke to me, Sarah Shatford, saying: "I am here, folks. We used to gather around my dining room table. I stood HERE WHEN WISPELL WAS TALKING ABOUT ME IN THIS ROOM AND HEARD HER SAY THAT SHE HAD NEVER APPRECIATED WHAT I WAS OR HAD DONE UNTIL I CAME OUT. I HEARD HER SAY THAT SHE MISSED ME, TOO. Now, this is to prove that I am here. I ask a favor of you two friends. That you GO NOW TO MY DAUGHTER'S, AND SPEAK FOR ME." "You remember my fingers I could not open straight? I am here. I must speak to the girls." (Meaning her daughters, Grace Girvin, and Mrs. Syms.)

Mrs. Wildman consented to go, as she said, "That is perfectly true: Mrs. Wispell of Brooklyn, said those very things the last time she was here, in this room, some weeks ago. Let us go, then, as the spirit asks. It certainly is Mrs. Girvin."

We took the car to 83rd St. where one of these daughters lives, at No. 111. Welcomed by the married daughter of Mrs. Girvin, who met us at the door, she said, "Grace is here. She was just going." And Grace came in, having her hat and cloak

on. The Doctor (husband of Rose Girvin, came in, spoke, and left down the hall).

After speaking of several things, Mrs. Wildman told the girls that we came after THEIR MOTHER IN SPIRIT HAD PROVED HERSELF PRESENT, AND REQUESTED US TO COME. The spirit of Mrs. Girvin spoke, saying, "I must prove I am here before I am allowed to tell anything for myself. So, I say, you CAN'T FORGET THE NOODLES I MADE. AND THE TARTS FOR THIS ONE (Grace) SMALL? TURNEDOVER? SO? GOOEY INSIDE: this one brought the grape jelly,—(Grace) You know how I sat at the desk in the dining room and figured the bills, and folded them, so, when I paid them: you know how you paid me so much, and the other so much, and I DIVIDED THESE SUMS, PLACING THE MILK-MAN'S MONEY UNDER THE GLASS FINGER-BOWL ON THE SIDEBOARD. You KNOW HOW I KEPT TAB AND PRESENTED MY ACCOUNTS TO HER WHO SAT THERE AT *THAT* SEAT AT THE DINING ROOM TABLE: YOU KNOW HOW I USED TO RUB YOU (Grace) AND HOW I PUT VASELINE ON MY HANDS BEFORE I BEGAN BECAUSE THEY WERE SO ROUGH: SHE KNOWS (Rose) how I used to make the girl's dresses over, how she brought me my share wrapped up of pie, and cake, when she came; She (Grace) has my little book I read and turned down the leaves in it."

All the above was recognized by these two daughters, Mrs. Wildman present. This spirit, Mrs. Emma Girvin, who was our dear friend, a noble, selfless woman, a public speaker at the Church of Divine Inspiration, of New York City, and later at Carnegie Hall, every Sunday evening. This spirit continued: "Now, I am here, I shall speak my mind, just as I used to do when I stamped my foot, so: or when I placed the cards on the table, and put my palm on them, so: (showing me) "I want to say to You (Rose) I have stood by and HEARD YOU SAY YOU WOULD NOT GO TO ANY MEDIUM TO HEAR FROM YOUR MOTHER: IF SHE COULD NOT SPEAK TO YOU, YOU WOULD WAIT UNTIL SHE COULD. AFTER THAT I KNOCKED ON THE WALL TWICE, AND I PUT A LIGHT ON YOUR BED COVER, AND I TELL YOU WHEN YOU ARE ASLEEP WHAT I

WISH TO SAY AT TIMES: I want you to know that I heard you, that I am here, and that I LIVE RIGHT HERE. I CAN ONLY DO WHAT I CAN DO: I brought them here to you." (This spirit then advised the collection of money due her when she passed by two friends of the circle she aided with her cash: told them how to collect it. This spirit described the granddaughter's nasal trouble, and that it must be operated upon. This girl was not present. "The one who is spindling up: I said she would never be good looking, but I take that back, she is, and will be. The girl who uses the bulb, and cannot cure conditions with this"— "I want to say that I have heard the Doctor, who does not believe in spirits, say since I passed out, "that if Mother G. said she heard and saw spirits, she did, for there was not a better woman: I thank him for this, I heard him say just that, as I stood by. And I heard him tell you that he was worn out, and predict his failing health. I want to say for him that he is like a wire: he will never break, but rust out. Pay no heed to this, he is like a wire, a useful wire. The girl who suffers with her back, will be worse and not better (on the coast, out by the sea) San Francisco: the one who is to have gas injected in her lung: I want to say NEVER THAT: NO AIR IN THAT LUNG BUT THE CREATOR'S AIR. I want to say that my right hand will clasp one girl's hand, then my left will clasp another's, and we will watch for the other one, we three. The Doctor should send out those uncollected bills by a collector, and he would have them paid. This is from a Mother who loved an orchid better than any other flower. This is all I can give now." Turning to the girl Grace, this spirit then said, "SHE SHOULD NOT CLIMB UP SO HIGH BUT MOVE BACK IN THE ROOM WITH THE HEAD OF THE BED TOWARDS THE STAIRS." "That is just where I am going to move," said Grace. Who told us she had been on the third floor, and was coming down to the second, formerly her room.

The daughter, Mrs. Syms would have been able to speak much longer with her Mother had she been willing to receive what her Mother was able to bring. She objected, denied, argued, hesitated to acknowledge unless made to do so, each time, until finally she sat weeping before us all. That her Mother, a medium who never took money for her services during a selfless life, lived for her own as well as the public, should have to

bring her two friends into the family circle, and then, against the will of this child of a medium be made to acknowledge that her Mother was there in the room and living, and that she was able to tell of what had been said in that home, and since passing knew all that was transpiring.

Feb. 12th, 1924.

During the night I was awakened by a spirit who said: "You did not record for me what I said, yesterday, to my children, that OTHERS WIPED THEIR FEET ON ME WHILE I WAS IN A BODY, BUT WHEN I CAME HERE I HAD TO CLEAN MY OWN SHOES I FOUND." "Emma Girvin," said the voice.

"That was a Mother's best, today. So scant a measure. Yet proof absolute that she was there with her children."

I hear now, "This finishes your message work entire. This is the last message I will allow given to a human ear from my pen-point."

Another time, when told I should give a few more messages for the spirits, and I said I hoped to give as long as I lived, the voice said: "BECAUSE I SWEEP CHIMNEYS MUST I SWEEP ALL LONDON?"

Evidential Proof: Evening, Feb. 10th, 1922.

Mrs. (Dr.) H. Valentine Wildman Sr. brought two friends whom I had never met. Smith and ————, Women.

These were given three hours of messages. One came for material gain only, and hers was cut short. Her Grandmother who had lived with them described herself, clothes jewelry, baking, cane she made at home, rheumatism,—and gave her what she came to know, regarding a step ahead, which concerned a man. Then an aunt, sister of Mother's described her smile and that she had longed to show her spirit to this ones Mother who was about to pass over, to let her know that all those family troubles were forgotten,—her watch and chain and jet and gold bracelets described. The past of this one gone into and discussed in symbol, all understood and acknowledged by her.

The other (Smith) was accompanied by a politician in evening dress in spirit, whose signature was demanded often, and

who marched in parades, etc.—the home and receptions at this time in her house described, the inside of the home, smilax trimmed chandeliers, etc., crash covered brussels carpets, and her Mother described herself and clothes, and Mrs. Smith's bedroom with its dotted swiss bed cover, and how she had lost her first love, and how this Mother came to the side of her bed and they wept together there when she was a young lady. A beautiful young girl, a princess, was described as she curtsied, holding the side of a white frock, when she played before an audience, her beautiful arm and hand shown and remarked,—all of these acknowledged. The latter being her young daughter in spirit. Who was musical.

Mrs. Smith was accompanied by a rector in spirit, perfectly described and recognized. All her finances were discussed, and advice given, and all done in symbol, so that not one of the others understood her private affairs.

Mrs. Wildman received a short message regarding her daughter in the body.

Evidential Proof: Feb. 26th, '20. 3 P. M.

Mrs. Dr. Valentine Wildman Sr. brought a Mrs. Horton, a friend of their family, whom I had never seen, or heard mentioned.

Mrs. Horton's Father, who was an invalid, was the first spirit to describe himself. He was tall, angular, white hair, broad prominent brow, white mustache, was in a wheel chair, wrapped in a steamer rug having fringe which had been a gift from this good daughter whose care was appreciated and described. She had also given him an umbrella with a square ivory handle: this he used as a cane much of the time. Their mountain home was shown to me: a small house in the heart of hills, a valley view from this porch on which this old man sat. All correct, acknowledged. Her work, present and desired, was then discussed and advice given, all apropos. Her sister was described (living) and her belongings. Also correct.

The next spirit to describe themselves was her own Mother who passed out with cancer (Correct). This spirit showed me a picture of herself in old-fashioned clothes: panniers: large full sleeves, low round neck lace collar, hair brown and parted in

center and held in place with a pin, loose curls down the back. She told this daughter that she never knew her as she was but had the picture of her in this costume and likeness. Admitted true. She described the surgeons, two, one large and one short, that they had done their best: her time had come. This Mother was anxious to prove her identity. She showed me an Army tent, with a cot made up all white, and the lap of the tent held back. (She said *Army tent*) Acknowledged. Her Mother was an Army nurse in '69. This Mother in spirit described her daughter's belongings, her trunks, what was in them, etc. An uncle also was described and acknowledged: then Aunt Maggie: all true, as given. And much more beside.

Sunday, March 1, '20.

Dr. Valentine Wildman, Expert Psychologist, City employee: Skeptic and husband of Mrs. Wildman. Sitting given in Dr. Wildman's home office, Sunday evening at Seven o'clock. An uncle, a sea Captain in uniform, old style, and his name (correct) his mother's father (correct). Then his Mother, Charlotte, and his boyhood home, his school, games, description of his clothes, his mother described, in all the English costumes, and the thorn tree which smelled so sweet in the yard by his window: the little narrow winding stair without railing which led to the second story, the gooseberry jam she used to make and put up in stone jars, he used to help pick the berries, their dog, the spit which roasted the meat, the red tile floor, the "settee with rockers under the window where the geraniums were on the ledge (here she stopped for acknowledgment, which was given "Yes, yes, indeed") and his brother's name Tom, Thomas, called twice over. Then a spiritual message. She had a straightforward glance a way of holding her head down as she spoke looking into the eyes of her son with a direct gaze. Brown eyes, hair brown, hat with ribbon around tied under the chin, a hat with a wide brim, etc.

When I reached home found two friends of the landlady and herself trying a ouija board. Mrs. Dutcher, Mrs. Slocum, and Miss Nettie, cousin of Mrs. Dutcher. I put the board aside, and gave to all evidential proof of the spirits' presence: all describing their homes, persons, customs, trinkets, and gave each

their own advice. All acknowledged true, and all happy to give their assent that theirs were there.

All my work is free. Never been paid, never expect to be paid for messages from the spirits. I find that no one gets all they wish: all wish for more at the close.

Mrs. Perkins: Christian Scientist Practitioner: Friend of Mrs. Dutcher. Monday, March 2nd, '20.

Mrs. Perkins' Mother, in lavender, thread lace, proved over and over that she was present. Her family silver described: herself: this daughter's home, conditions therein, remedy for same, etc. Private. Her father also, and a sister. The crib of the lost child described, this woman's powers too: she was told she could lie in bed and send her spirit out to find what she wanted to know (Admitted). She called this "visualizing". As the C. S. do not believe in spirits, it was somewhat a surprise for me to be giving such a medium a sitting of proof.

After she had received and acknowledged many spirits they described the cemetery lot and its graves and shaft and markers there. Two long graves with markers: one three fourths length: and at the end a little grave covered with myrtle. All of which was correct and acknowledged correct.

Evidential Proof. Friday evening, Jan. 9th, 1920. 7:30.

Mrs. (Dr.) Valentine Wildman Sr. (N. Y. C.) brought her friends, Mrs. Jackman and daughter. Mrs. Jackman's relatives, the old stock, New Englanders, were all described as well as their homes, spinning wheels, etc. Aunt Susan, Mother, Father, an Uncle who did not give his name, but showed me that he stood back of a large Bible, while he spoke rested his left hand in his coat,—he was described as having gray whiskers and silver hair, broad white brow, said he was a minister of the gospel. Her friend Laura described herself, her property, a law-suit pending, etc. Another male relative having suffered melancholia, being comforted by Mrs. Jackman during this time, showed his great distress of mind, was described as tall, with a gray mustache, high forehead, iron gray hair, Prince Albert coat, double breasted,—he took a position sitting, at first, and I saw him holding his head, bent over, head in right palm,—he then rose and lifted his

face to the heavens, raised his right arm pointed up, said: "I wish I could have done better than I did." He wore a broad brimmed hat, a flower in his coat lapel,—gentlemanly bearing.

All the above correct, and understood by Mrs. Jackman. This last spirit kept his secret: but sitter understood his distress. The impression I gleaned was that he had been a suicide, and wanted to impress her that he had not been responsible at the time: this is only impression, as I did not press this spirit to reveal his sorrow, as he was recognized at once, and this mind distress understood. The spirit, Laura, was a friend who had willed Mrs. Jackman Three Thousand Dollars. She was worth over a million: Mrs. J. always surmised, owing to their intimate friendship, that she had willed her more than this sum: this spirit intimated as much: advice as to law courts, etc. Her nephew, and the one who inherited all this spirit's wealth were described as selfish and their home described, the boy was also described, and as living where she had passed out. All admitted as true. A spirit called Aunt Jemima, was not recognized: this is the only one in two hours' work unable to place themselves. Her Mother and Aunt Susan came together, and these were sisters. Names very plain.

The daughter, Miss Jackman, was given her sitting in symbols. Some fires take kindling to start: some are started with a match. Well, you can never travel very far on the means of this one: better wait for a fire you can light with a match. (Understood) Around the corner they showed me a motor, square top, waiting for this girl. That is the one, said the voice. (Understood) Then I was shown Spring, the leaves just beginning to burst from the trees: two birds sitting close, close together on a branch, asleep. Their heads were bowed: their feathers were puffy: I saw night settling down. This was all understood by both Mother and daughter. Then they asked for the date to be set: when, when, they questioned. The voice said "when the birds mate: be saving: so many things to buy." Understood by both sitters.

Then my friend Mrs. Wildman wanted to know if her spirit friends had forsaken her: had she to go without a message? So, after a whole evening of much more than I state here, digging, and answering questions, Mrs. Wildman was given two messages: one regarding Dr. her husband, one re-the household, and the

other, after describing her Mother, was re-Canadian property which was about to be sold, advising not to do it now but wait until later, times would bring better prices there later on. This was not for Mrs. Wildman but for a friend in distress who had come to her for advice re-same, and this showed that this Mother was present in spirit at that visit and took this chance to give the advice for Mrs. Wildman's friend. Good evidence that she was here, n'est ce pas?

Evidential Proof: Dec. 8th, '19.

Mrs. (Dr.) Valentine Wildman, N. Y. C.

New spirits came through this day, describing themselves, and proving they had been with her since last I saw Mrs. Wildman, almost one year ago, by describing her home conditions, her family in turn, etc. There was a set of china shown to me by a friend of this one's Mother who came with her Mother on this day in spirit, —it was shown in this way: first, a tureen, oblong shape, having blue rims, and moss rose buds on the side. The spirit wished to emphasize that she had an entire set of this by showing me a platter, a pitcher, a plate, all with the moss rose buds on them. Then she said: "Plate". Showing me an old fashioned silver cake basket, of which there are no more, having round base and basket shape top: she said: "You have this in your home, but it was mine formerly." Correct. Then she said "Jeanette." Correct. Her Mother had a chum, they were inseparable, this one was Jeanette and it is the first time she has ever been mentioned from the spirit side.

Evidential Proof: Feb. 4th, 1924. Given at the Wildman residence, N. Y. C.

Four guests at luncheon at Mrs. Wildman's home. After much discussion regarding spirit experiences of Mrs. Phillips, who is 80 years of age, who was for eighteen years the Matron of the Home for the Aged at Albany, and who wrote up her experiences psychic, for the YALE Review,—a spirit said to me, Sarah Shatford, "We should like to give a message to the only one here who has never had a word from hers in spirit: the lady right over there (pointing to Mrs. Eton, of N. Y. C.). "That

is quite true," said she, "I have not, but I should like very much to have."

The Mother of Mrs. Eton, in spirit, then described herself, her home, her fancy work, her chair by the window, the croquet set down on the lawn under her window, her patch work, its design (as she turned this inside out to show me the seams thereof) and she said, "it was down in that yard that I used to watch those LARGE BLACK ROOSTERS WE HAD. I only need to say to her that I was noted for my LARGE GINGER COOKIES, and tell her this is only a small piece I am able to break off here and hand to her today. Continuing, this spirit Mother said: "I heard you speaking of clergymen at lunch table, we had one in our family who is here today, with that young girl who made her communion, the girl with those two broad blonde braids of hair,—But this one's sister is in spirit, and longs to speak to her."

All of which, and more, was recognized at once by Mrs. Eton. And before all present. To Mrs. Phillips, a man who is in spirit described himself, his walking stick, its monogram, his watch and chain, the CLOCK HE WAS SO FOND OF HE WOULD NOT PERMIT ANYONE TO WIND BUT HIMSELF,—And a daughter-in-law in spirit dressed in pink, who had a habit of raising her right hand to her hair, (as she showed how she used to do this) spoke of family affairs, much as she would have in the flesh, discussing the different members, their private home life in fact,—All of which was readily acknowledged by Mrs. Phillips, before all present.

To the woman beside me, who had been twice to Egypt, Mrs. Sprague, her own in spirit described themselves, the pictures on the wall, in the albums, her finances, desire to travel and take a companion along,—and the rest was of a private interview, which I cannot write down, but all told, and gratefully received, and understood.

Mrs. Paula Allen's Mother came in, from spirit, wearing her garden hat which "flops at the sides" as she said,—her apron full of peas from the garden, while she described, and showed to me, the arbor COVERED WITH GRAPE VINES WHERE SHE SAT TO SHELL THESE PEAS DRESSED AS DESCRIBED. Recognized by Mrs. Allen. As Mrs. Allen is her-

self a very good psychic, sees those out of the body, this was all given to her by my effort this afternoon.

Mrs. Wildman's Mother in spirit said to me, IF you could give more, please say to her for me that I see she must go to Canada soon, and I do so wish she would stop in the hotel until she is rested after her journey before she attempts to fathom conditions there, across the line." All of which was comprehended by Mrs. Wildman, who is certainly waiting to be called to Toronto, where her Lawyer has recently passed out, and to adjust her affairs.

Evidential Proof, May 24th. 1920. New York City.

Mrs. (Dr. H. Valentine) Wildman, Sr., whose guest I am at the above number, took me to the 81st St. theatre this afternoon. Our seats were fourth row front. On my left sat a large, handsome brunette type of matron, exquisitely gowned. She laughed heartily, and so did we. Marie Cahill was on the bill. Something unusual happened at this stage of the performance. The spirit voice spoke to me saying: "There is a man here in a cape overcoat, wearing a square top derby, has a close cropped beard, smoked a cigar half and chewed the stub in the left corner of his mouth, has a roll of MSS. in his hand and a musical instrument. He was her husband. There is a lovely daughter in spirit with him."

At this stage I turned to my friend Mrs. Wildman and said, "I am getting a remarkable message for the woman on my left: shall I give it to her?" Mrs. Wildman said "No." The voice of the spirit said, "Have mercy." At this, I leaned over to the party on the left, apologized for addressing her, told her all the above, which was ALL RECOGNIZED by this stranger. Continuing, the spirit voice said: "I was so glad when you took off that mourning veil. I see the conditions in the home: curses, furniture thrown around: names called. Throw your things in a box and take the ship and be off. Matters legal there are easily adjusted: go to (here I was shown a chalet a red tile roof, light walls, trees and shrubs,—(she recognized this house) He then said his partner had cheated him out of money and she should collect it. This she did not understand. Then I

was at fault. For the spirit made it clear this was due him (when in life) and she should collect it. This was understood, then. (This was the only error on my part in the entire sitting, and I make note of it just as it came to me). The band was jazzing, and programs fluttering, people talking, but the spirit continued: "Cora: Fred: Zella. Recognized by the woman. He then spoke as follows, the spirit spoke on: I carried a black walking stick having a gold knob, PRESENTED TO ME BY MY COMPATRIOTS, "Yes: said the woman." She has my ink well," said the spirit. "Yes: said the woman." Then the spirit said, "Reach over and take her left hand, tell her that first ring was mine." She offered her hand, and I saw two wedding rings on the third finger: one a yellow band, and one a platinum chased ring. She acknowledged this also. Then the advice given her was regarding her second husband, evidently.

"She would have been a grand-dame" said the spirit. "True" said the woman. I was then shown a wedding: royal attendants in red with gold braid: herself in a long white satin square trained gown, veil over her face and orange blossoms in a wreath on the head over the veil. Correct, she said.

Now I have to record a strange thing. This woman, who had come to the theatre to be amused, was enjoying the performance up to the time I spoke to her, never laughed again. She did not thank me, ask me any questions, but smiled at me in parting, as I did to her. She left by one exit, while we left by another to go our separate ways, never to meet again, unknown to one another. Mrs. Wildman heard and witnessed this sitting.

Evidential Proof: May 26th. 1920. New York City.

Dr. H. V. Wildman, Sr. to whom I proved that his own "dead" were here and able to prove their own identity, who is a New York Alienist, now Major, serving the U. S. in this capacity: whose son is also an alienist (Lieut.) and I have proved to him also that the spirits do speak to some and are heard. Requested to go to a patient of Dr. Wildman's Sr. Mrs. Matlock, The Cathillion, Cor Riverside Drive and 94th. St. Patient dying

with cancer. Had proved to her sister Mrs. Holden that all hers and theirs are here in spirit.

Many remarkable proofs were vouchsafed to this dying woman. I was very happy to be asked to go to her as a Wildman patient also. She was told that an old gentleman, whose spirit she had seen twice was there. This spirit described himself: said I am the one who came and advised you to leave Kansas and come to N. Y. Admitted she had seen this spirit twice. He described her mining property: the condition of her estate: lands: finances, etc.

The father and mother described themselves. Aunt Nancy too, with her peculiar personality, proved that she was none other, called her name, described her foolish life and the sorrow it brought her in spirit to see "that she had only unravelled and never knit up anything." Correct. This one described her jewelry correctly, also costume. She was short. Traveled much, etc.

Then a man in spirit cleared his throat several times, throat trouble. He had a beard, because they had told him he might be cured if he wore whiskers to protect his throat. He had been clean shaven, that was as she liked him best. (True, she said) He spoke of a trunk filled with papers. The invalid would not recognize it. "In the attic" spirit said. "Yes: I have such a trunk, she said then" Well, the spirit said: "Tear them all up. They are no account?" this woman asked. "No," said this spirit, who used a gavel in life and wore a long black robe. "J—," he said. "J—," he said again. "Yes, Judge, I know you," said the woman.

Aunt Caroline gave advice regarding an ailing son: the Mother in spirit managed her vault papers, and told her this regarding her health. "Do not tamper with the tank: let it alone. There is nothing wrong with the wick: turn the light low, and it will last until the dawn." This was understood. She was to be tapped, but it was forbidden by this mother in spirit.

Then the family album was put on my lap by the spirits, and I was shown the family as she knew it. First the grandfather, then the father in a military uniform, all minutely described: a woman with two children, one across the lap and a small one standing by her side, hair in a net, low on the neck, hoop skirts, dress trimmed with velvet ribbon in rows, a narrow

collar and a family pin (cameo) and a watch chain with a slide—all recognized.

Her Aunt Caroline described her farm: the young girls bringing their beaux there, and all the rest which took me two hours, at sunset time. This woman sent for me a second time, and I went gladly: She was comforted to hear that they are waiting for her, life would flow gently as before, and many things regarding her own private affairs.

All this is gratis to every sitter, as I have never been paid by anyone for anything done.

Mrs. Wildman:

Mrs. Wildman's Mother in spirit described the back parlor of their home when she was living in body, and just where she sat, her sewing basket, herself and spectacles, which she USED TO LOOK OVER THE TOPS OF WHEN SPOKEN TO, and she said, "I saw you handling that old lace collar of mine recently, I stood by and saw you," Admitted true by Mrs. Wildman.

The message of this Mother in spirit was private.

Another spirit, a man, said: "She recalls how I used to slap my right leg with an exclamation, when I was in earnest, when I used that expression peculiar to me, which I do not use now, here." Smilingly admitted understood by Mrs. Wildman. "I wore a Scotchman's cap: I played dominoes, those white ones, with her when I was sick: I wore fur lined gloves, and drove a cutter with sleighbells, had a black horse then. My fame rests with bridges, I was a builder of cantilevers." All true, and admitted true. Then, this spirit said to me, Sarah Shatford, "I AM ABLE TO REACH HER NIGHTS, AND GET MY MESSAGES ACROSS FOR MYSELF IF THERE IS DANGER AHEAD I DO THIS, AND SHE KNOWS I HAVE BEEN THERE." Admitted by Mrs. Wildman as true.

"I HAD A GOLD TOOTH PICK. I WORE SMALL CHECK TROUSERS AT THAT TIME. I CALLED HER MARIE. *THIS IS T. B.*" Recognized as Tom Belcher, Canadian, the first husband of Mrs. Wildman.

The balance of this message was private, of matters comprehended by Mrs. Wildman.

Evidential Proof:

Dr. H. Valentine Wildman, Sr., Aug. 10th, 1923, New York City.

The spirit of a man stood before me. Describing for him, as he pointed to each feature he wished described, he said: "I was tall and lanky when we were young men, especially before I grew a beard. This beard I parted in the center and brushed out each side: my eyes were pale blue, and direct of gaze, these eyes, with clean, thin lips from which my moustache was trained so they would show, caused women to compliment me. You know this to be true. (Recognized, all the above). This spirit continued: "I was known as "The Judge" to you, I called you "Val". (Acknowledged true by Dr. Wildman) The spirit then said: "In my day we wore white vests with pearl buttons: I wore a Prince Albert coat, high hat, which I stroked with my sleeve, so, (showing me how he had done this), and my grey trousers with a black line in them, and my white carnation in my lapel were a part of me. I used to lift the flower, so, and inhale its perfume (and I imitated the spirit, as he asked me to do) (All recognized by Dr. Wildman as being true) The spirit then said: "You recall my devotion to my Mother, and that I maintained her." (I do, said Dr. Wildman) "You also recall the important case at Law which took my vitality, sleep being impossible, and that it was at this time I began to seek drink as an alleviation." (That is true, said Dr. Wildman.) "This Law case," said the spirit, "was renowned, was in all the news-print of the day." (Yes, said the Doctor, it was) "Now," said this spirit, "I wish to feel my way here today with you, until you are convinced forever that I am here in person. So I continue to bring forth those things you are sure to remember of me. You remember that METAL CASE FOR MEMORANDUM WHICH I CARRIED IN MY VEST POCKET ON THE LEFT SIDE? THIS LONG? AND SO WIDE? THE TOP COVER SLIDING, SO?" (I certainly do remember it, said Dr. Wildman.) "Well," said the Judge, "I have marked down other things on that today for you, so you will not wonder if it is true any longer. For I stand beside you when you read those books at night wondering if the dead are here. My signature: I had a way of circling the whole name AFTER I HAD FINISHED THE H: do you recall this?" "I do:" said Dr. Wildman: "I recall it well." This friend, Judge Hatch, then

went into his own private affairs, too sacred to write down or publish, asking a favor of his friend before him in a body, which he comprehended, and promised to execute for him. All applied to the living known of Dr. Wildman. This spirit then went into Dr. Wildman's business office, described the men there.

A fine, tall spirit of a man in uniform, having an English sea captain's uniform, stood before me then. This spirit told of his commissions to foreign ports. Then he gave a message in symbol to his son in a body, all of which was comprehended by him to whom it was given, after which this spirit said, "Your Mother is with me today, see her hand in mine": And a large muscular hand HAVING AUBURN HAIR ON THE BACK, held A SHORT, PLUMP, WHITE HAND ON WHICH RESTED ON THE RING FINGER A DIAMOND CLUSTER RING. This was at once recognized as his father's and Mother's hands. Dr. Wildman said: "I know that ring well, and her hand was just like that, as well as my father's tallied with that description you gave. And the epaulettes were his, and that square hat without sides, was his ship visor."

Evidential Proof: Dr. Wildman, Nov. 1923.

A spirit said "Here is a man who was fond of the sea. A Captain. A saying of mine he will recollect was: I AM what I make MYSELF, I own WHATSOEVER I make." (Recognized by Dr. Wildman) "This is Father," said this spirit, then.— "He recalls how I used to mix up the sulphur in that small cup, sending him for the jug of syrup: and how I made him take it, too. He remembers my silver watch I used to handle, fondle as it were while speaking. The case became thin. His Mother said I rubbed it so it wore off." (Recognized willingly by Dr. Wildman) "His Mother is here, and a young man," said the spirit. "I need only say to him tonight that whilst he partook of that dried fig at table how I recalled the many small boxes of those figs he bought for me. This is Mother. Do you remember the little yellow boxes with the green leaves pressed on the top layer of figs?" "I do," said Dr. Wildman, "and I did buy them for her." This spirit continued: "You remember how I wept at one time, taking your head on my breast, telling you that if you had made such a decision I would give

in to you." Yes, I remember this, also," said Dr. Wildman. "You inherit your love for time pieces from your Father, he too was a connoisseur of old dials." "True," said Dr. Wildman.

Mr. & Mrs. Kilcullen, neighbors, came in here. And Dr. Wildman discussed her malady, and told her just exactly what her Grandmother in spirit had told her last week regarding same, verifying the advice, for this spirit, that she gave her grandchild. We spoke of this together, and how miraculous it seemed.

A friend of the Doctor's in spirit said to him, "I used to part my hair in the middle until the ladies told me it was too feminine with my mouth and made me too much of a ladylike man, when I changed and parted it on the side again. I used to match coins with him. I wore a white carnation, and was fond of taking my lapel, so, and smelling the flower when talking. (Recognized by Dr. Wildman) "I want to say that I saw you write that letter and mail it, and the reply will be O.K. to it." And the balance of the spirit's talk was private, as he described the room, changes there, etc. (All of which was recognized as true, and understood by the Doctor.)

Evidential Proof: Thanksgiving Evening, 1923.
Dr. H. V. Wildman, Sr.

"There is a Father here whose entire trouble was intestinal," said a spirit. "Yes," said Dr. Wildman. "This is my Boy," said this spirit, then: "AND HE WILL RECALL HOW ADVERSE I WAS TO ALL RED HEADS." Dr. Wildman laughed, and said, "Yes, I do." Then this spirit Father went into the Doctor's affairs, describing his business office, where his desk is placed, those yellow papers on which he must place his approval mark (all recognized as true) and then described those working in that office today. All of which was understood. "Your Mother is here," said this Father, then.

A spirit of a Lady in pale yellow, having a comb in her hair, then showed herself to me asking that I describe her costume, which I did, her hair, how it was mixed with gray, how dressed, etc. This spirit then said, "My Boy will remember MY FRENCH BASKET FOR THE DINING ROOM TABLE, HE HAS SEEN ME FILL IT OFTEN WITH BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES." "Yes indeed I have," said Dr. Wild-

man at once. "And he will recall how I disliked to see his vest unbuttoned, and would go up to him and button those two or three buttons in the centre, there, where he would leave them open. (Acknowledged recalled) "AND THIS BOY USED TO SET MY MOUSE TRAPS FOR ME, he remembers that, I know," said this spirit Mother. "I do, indeed," said Dr. Wildman.

After this proof, this Mother chatted over affairs past and present, giving more proof as she spoke, each time, that no one but his own could give, that could only come from the dead themselves, much of it family secrets, or jokes.

For I desire to say that souls are humans too, and love fun: oh yes, as much, and more than those in bodies.

Evidential Proof: Evening, Feb. 14th, 1922. N. Y. C.

"BELLE"—(Colored) Maid of Mrs. Dr. H. V. Wildman, Sr. sent with some rheumatism pills for me. I did not ask her in. So she said, Mrs. Wildman has said so much about you, and she said she did not know if you could spare the time to give me something, but that if you could—— "Come in," said I. Be seated. She sat at my left, holding a prayer book, which she had brought with her. I asked no questions. The voice said: "Granny is here. The little old lady who raised you. She earned her living with her needle. Do you remember how she taught you to forgive? When you came to her and said someone had injured you, she sent you to ask THEIR forgiveness, because Jesus had taught that was the way?" "Yes, indeed, I do," said "Belle". "Do you recall how you used to come running in and put your little face on my shoulder, in my neck?" "Yes, indeed," said "Belle". Then, this spirit showed me herself (in the film of my brain, NOT in front of my eyes at all) and she had a hand full of geranium slips in one hand and a trowel in the other, "going out to plant them beside the tall, broad picket fence, where the cow was eating on the other side of the fence"—"Yes, indeed," said Belle, now.

This Granny in spirit then went into all this girl's affairs of work-a-day for her. All understood.

Next, a negro soldier, having a bronze medal on his left side, told how this girl had fixed him up like the white boys to

go to war, earned his fixings herself. How glad he was to greet her. He said: "YOU TOOK ME TO THE RIVERFRONT AND MADE ME TO MAKE YOU A PROMISE, before I went across the water to fight. And I KEPT THAT PROMISE I MADE YOU, SISTER. And that is why I am able to speak to you tonight. YOU MADE ME PROMISE YOU THAT I WOULD NEVER PULL THAT TRIGGER ON A HUMAN BEING." "It is true," said Belle. "It is true: All of it is true."

Then, this brother, whose body lies IN France today, told more of all he took along from this sister, how SHE STOOD AND WATCHED HIM MARCH DOWN THE WIDE STREET, and how proud he was to do it, etc. etc. Told of the trust placed in him by the white soldiers, because of his honor, and how she had made him religious, and kept him out of one scrape he almost got into through this very religion of hers. "That is true, too," said Belle. Then, this brother proved to this sister in her body still, how he passed out: did not linger, was killed outright at the first shot and fell. And he described the man in the body who refused to "empty the ash cans any longer, because you support him" (worked for the City in this capacity, she told me later) but he COULD use a broom, and let him. Then, told how to manage her problem—where to go, what to do after she PACKED THAT BLACK BAG,—take the train BACK WHERE THEY TOOK THAT SQUARE BASKET HOME WITH CLEAN CLOTHES IN IT, WHERE THE SWING WAS HAVING A BOARD IN IT, WHERE THEY RODE IN OLD FARM WAGONS, WITH BARE LEGS AND CHILDREN, AND SPREAD THEIR PICNIC STUFF BY THE LITTLE STREAM—(all acknowledged true) and that he was with her to repay her for what she had done for him, and would do so. The little brother who was old for his age and said such wise things, about so high (ten or so) well he is here too—

And when this girl rose to go, her chum in the spirit world, who longed to play the piano but could only get a jews harp and mouth organ, but used to play and go to school with their slates together,—they were inseparable as girls, she is here too. And Mother's sister, who WAS NOT ON GOOD TERMS WITH MOTHER WHEN SHE DIED, WHOSE HUSBAND

CUT HIS THROAT, AND WHO LEFT SEVERAL SMALL CHILDREN—WHO HAD PASSED OUT WITH AN OPERATION, well she too is here,—and she sent a message of pardon to the sister still in her body. All of which was recognized by Mrs. Wildman, as well as this servant, as true, and astonishingly correct in every detail.

(Note) I wish I could give for "White folks" as pure and Christian a communion, as fine and true delineations of characters, as this colored maid's. And she told me how she LIVED her religion, saying, I have been to the hospital with Two lbs. of candy today for the crippled soldiers, and distributed it among them. The money for this she EARNED at HARD LABOR: and this was why she had her Bible with her, she said, sometimes the boys asked her to pray with them or read to them.

Evidential Proof: April, 1920.

Miss Wolfe: Sent by Mr. Henry Elenboggen

After Mr. Elenboggen's sitting, Miss Wolfe asked if she might not have a sitting. I do not know Miss Wolfe—never saw her, or knew anyone who knew her. The first spirit to describe himself was her grandfather. His appearance, his smoking coat (checkered) his chair among the ferns at the window,—how he had shown her the rudiments of music, placing her hands, etc. Told how she found him sewing on his own buttons and took the garment away from him and sewed them on for him, then he had taken out a purse and given her a bill. This spirit told how he had taken the place of a father to this one: the close and dear relationship, described a three-legged piano toy she had: and her doll carriage. Told her of two positions, describing one as where she took her own paper, and the other where she would write in a book, and chose the one where she would write in a book for her. This spirit told of his sums saved which had helped over for a time. He spoke of another's home life describing the one he meant, with a child in her arms, weeping, told it was lack of money, and why: he sometimes went there, he said. Her religious pictures were described, and the lights she burned near these. He told of approaching marriage, how she was to economize and help, etc. Gave fatherly advice regarding her

part of this union. He described his malady which had taken him out of the body.

I cannot recall the names that were called. It was a long sitting, and Miss Wolfe admitted all was true as described. A more delighted girl I have never seen. This was her father (grand) who had been a father to her, and it was from this one alone she came to hear. I do not recall the rest of the sitting. (Admitted by sitter as evidential proof)

Miss Elenboggen: Who came with Miss Wolfe:

A very young girl. The voice said: "She does not care so much if the spirits are here as to have one single question answered." She laughed. Then the spirit showed me a diamond ring on her third finger, saying "If you put it on, you will take it off and give it back." The whole sitting was a warning, in fact. All told in symbols, and perfectly understood by the young lady. There was an old horse which one desired to swap for a new one, a younger one: was it right? Why should she not desire a new harness as well? To build with white stones a beautiful house: even if she could only lay the foundation, it was to be of white, pure, enduring marble. Then, a most interesting thing happened. A young girl is here in spirit. One who wore such beautiful clothes. She passed out with lung trouble, suddenly, pneumonia, she was there without knowing she might die even, she said. Said she was always fussing with her hair, which was red. All recognized by Miss E. The reference to fine clothes was comedy, as the girl had not had these, in fact had not all she needed, was minus something to wear. The one in the body to whom she spoke was well supplied, and extravagant—in this way I do not recall if she gave her name, or if I could get it: the hour was late and this was all I was allowed to give for this time. It was nearly twelve.

Mrs. Jackson: friend of Mrs. Dr. Wildman Sr.:
N. Y. C.

Mrs. Jackson had two sittings. The first one was remarkable in that her Mother described combs, sealskin coat, jet cape, brocaded satin with a long square train, the sitter's domestic tragedy, her part in getting her a sum, etc. Her problems too,

and the album of her ancestors, a group picture fully described. An Army man, a home, the exact status of the wife's people, and a full description of the wedding and the home where it occurred. Mrs. Jackson said, at the close, that she knew her Mother was walking hand in hand with her Saviour, and while she knew I could not know this from her own mind or mine, she was not satisfied that it was her Mother's spirit. Mrs. Wildman therefore had me to dinner and Mrs. Jackson also. When we were having dessert, the voices began. Her sister in spirit was described. Her creamy skin, her beautiful hands, her needlework, the patterns of same (strawberries) her handmade petticoats made by herself. She was fond of caramels, not the kind wrapped in papers but the kind you beat, she said (fudge). She was an adept in making this confection: had many recipes, and collected same (good). Then she showed me a pair of high bronze, perforated boots, and said: "Do you remember the GOLD FILIGREE BEADS? DO YOU REMEMBER HOW WE USED TO ROB PETER TO PAY PAUL?" At this, Mrs. Jackson placed her head on her arm, bowed her head and wept aloud. It was her own sister: these were all remarkable tests. There was much more, along the same lines, over and over. When I thought I had finished a long sitting (three hours) we sat listening to the Victrola. A picture was shown me of a soft, fine haired mustache. One is here who wore pearl studs, and diamond cuff-links, had brown hair, and a soft, fine silky brown mustache. He walked with this one, his sister, smoked a cigar, and looked up to the stars, while he made her a proposition, which she turned down (And they showed me a playing card turned down) He showed me a large wallet filled with greenbacks. (Admitted by Mrs. Jackson that it was her brother who had tried to spare her marital misery, but she would not heed him. The description was all perfect of this brother.

He wanted "to speak to her alone regarding No. 2." This I did not understand, but they did. A young daughter he described; her tastes (sport) and alluded to a sportsman, which was all understood.

NOTE: I did not and do not know Mrs. Jackson, other than this sitting reveals.

Mrs. Howell, Mrs. Matlock's Sister: At Mrs. Wildman's house Sunday, April 26th, 1920.

The bell rang and Mrs. Wildman went down to the drawing-room, and did not return to her room, where I was. Deciding I would not wait for the caller to leave I put on my wrap and was about to go downstairs when Mrs. Wildman came in with a stranger I had not seen before. She asked me to wait, and if I would see what I could get for this friend, who had come to see the Doctor who was out. It was a most satisfactory sitting.

A woman, having no faith in spirits: perhaps little in a hereafter. A father and mother were together in spirit who stood with arms lovingly linked, and side by side. A child (six) was with them: her sister's life in the body who has several cancers was described and the condition shown me. Also the fleeting time she would be here in the body. This sister's husband stood before the one I saw: he described his mansion in the west he had loved: its vines, its round porch, its mountains at the back, its approach by a winding white road: the dissatisfaction there which had made him unhappy: he described his lands ore fields (gold) shown me, for the development of which he had taken money and given no return: his "simple" son was then described, and his prospects: this one must take care of him after his mother came to spirit, etc.

A College Professor was in spirit, and recognized. Then a beautiful currant bush was shown me, and a woman in a white sun-bonnet standing beside it on a gravel road leading into a clap-board barn having a cupola: and AUNT CADDIE—was given. Yes, said the sitter, it is all recognized: then a milk pail foaming with milk, and she in spirit said "You know how I helped with the interest." Yes, said this woman in the body before me. UNCLE NED, said the voice. Yes, said the woman, it is her husband. That is right. Then this spirit gave messages for the one dying of cancers, to the effect that the pattern she had made was the best she could possibly do WITH THAT THREAD SHE HAD." Would she tell her this, as she worries, and is afraid to die? (True)

I cannot recall the rest. All the above was recognized as true before Mrs. Wildman, who witnessed the sitting.

Others: Miss Nettie Clenen: Mrs. Wispel: Mrs. Girvin: Mrs. Hand: (2) Mrs. Slocum (second sitting) Amelia Bingham (Apr. 27th, '20) (5) The Russian Girl at the Dye Shop (wonderful results, tests (two) given over the counter) A woman who sat at table in a cafe, who was in trouble: Dr. H. Valentine Wildman, Sr. and Dr. Valentine Wildman, Jr. (both alienists) N. Y. C. (All recognized and admitted)

(Miss Clenen has had twenty sittings; they have gone back two generations for her; called names, described clothes, antiques, horses, games, food, farms, and have used favorite expressions, such as *"it will be a cold, wet day,"* etc., an expression of her Mother's: Lide, Fanny, Carrie, Uncle John, etc., called.

Evidential Proof: Sunday, Feb. 22nd, 1920.

The servant in this house, mother of a family of children of three, a Catholic who takes Holy Communion every morning, and who does not believe in spirits, has been importuned by one to allow of a message. "This one has a father in spirit who would like to speak to her." At last she permitted me to descend into her quarters on a Sunday afternoon when the children were out, and this is the result:

"There is a spirit here from County Clare. (Laughter: acknowledgment.) This spirit described himself: their Ireland home, the roof, the windows, the trellis in front by front door, red roses on it, the one flag stone walk, crooked, to the front, the spotted cow, the lamb with a bell on its neck which used to follow her around the house and pluck at her dress from behind to be noticed, the donkey cart which carried them to school, the old lady with a cap having a ruffle on it behind, a black alpaca apron, shape described with a button at the back, Ellie was her name, she used to sew, they stopped at her house for "curds and whey" from school, she sent a square basket, square handle covered with a white cloth home with them,—her house described, its window, curtains, plants. All true and acknowledged as true. The old man with a red beard was next. Cork, he said. (True.) Proud of the swine he raised. True. He came near being a strawberry blonde he said. True. All and more, given free, to this one, and advice about returning to the old

country: her mother in the body described her ailment, etc. His land described.

The dressmaker's name was Nellie, and these children called her ELLIE. Correct.

Anna now asks me each morning if there "were any spirits in for her last night?"

The following clipping from the Eve. Sun, Jan. 19th, '20. Given a most conspicuous place. And yet some of the Churches do not, and will not allow their flocks to believe in spirits.

Then how was this "cure" effected?

RELIC OF ST. ANN CURES CROSSEYES

Girl One of Many Relieved of Afflictions at 12th Street Church

The miraculous and instantaneous straightening of the crossed eyes of little Rosa Cusack, five years old, after the bone of St. Ann had been applied first to one and then to the other of her infected eyes was only another of the many cures which have taken place in the same way in St. Ann's Church, 110 East Twelfth street, says the Rev. J. Hammersley Southwick, a curate of this Roman Catholic church.

"The child, the daughter of an evidently poor woman of Brooklyn, went into the church shortly after 12 o'clock on Friday last with one of the worst cases of crossed eyes that I have ever seen," Father Southwick explained. "After the cure had been applied by the Rev. Dr. William Sinnott, pastor, her eyes became perfectly normal. The mother was overcome and had to be assisted to the rear of the church. She was too happy to talk then and promised to return and tell me more of the details connected with the child's former condition.

"But this is not an unusual case with us. Old and young, crippled, blind, deaf, dumb—in fact, persons suffering from every kind of affliction—have come to this altar during the semi-annual novena period and have gone away whole. It is all very simple to us. The bone of St. Ann, relic of the Blessed Virgin's mother, is the medium through which the individual reaches God, and through it there is a cure for everyone who has sufficient faith

in the Almighty. Of course, everyone who comes in isn't cured of his defect, because it is not everyone who has sufficient trust and belief.

"The relic has belonged to this church for twenty-five years. It was brought from Rome by Mgr. Preston, but it was only five years ago that we began to have these novenas to St. Ann, when the bone was exposed for veneration. Every January and every July since that time this custom has been observed."

THE SUN DIAL

"I like the city," says Sir Oliver Lodge, "but I don't like your telephones. They are too active, much more active than in England and much better, too, I imagine. People complain about the service? Well, it's better than in England, where the papers are filled with jokes about the telephone service."

We hope and pray that the telephone service will try to live up to this praise, at least while Sir Oliver is in the country. Some of us have found it harder to get in touch with a friend a mile away, by telephone, than it is for Sir Oliver to establish communication with the spirit land.

EVIDENTIAL PROOF: March 15th, 1922. New York City, Endicott Hotel.

"Alice", ——— RESTAURANT, New York City.

This morning a young woman with bobbed hair waited on me, and as she left my side a spirit spoke to me saying: "This girl has a Mother and Sister in spirit. Tell her Cousins should not marry, their offspring may be mentally queer. Tell her." I asked this spirit, "Who are you? Prove who *you* are and I will give her your message." The voice said: "Sister: I wore a short gold chain twisted like a rope, of two strands, with a cross on it—so long." (Showing me an inch and a half) "Very well," said I. When "Alice" came back I gave her this message, which she acknowledged was all true, and understood by her. Her Mother in spirit then told her how she watched over her, with this young sister, also in spirit, how they knew of this one's

engagement, to the man who put her off, giving her no engagement ring, borrowing her money which she lent him, how he had wrung one woman dry and thrown her aside, how she wanted to save her from the same fate, and never to permit a marriage ring to go on her finger from that one but to drop him at once, that he played cards with her money she earned and loaned him, (all of which she knew to be true and she recognized as true and acknowledged) and, I must write it down that you mortals who read this may know how spirits try to help theirs in the body, as well as how they see and know all, this spirit Sister told this young woman, "I was there when he pulled up your dress, to feel your stockings, and I wanted to give him a black eye."—(Understood and acknowledged by "Alice") Then these spirits told theirs in a body to go back to Petersburg VA. VA. VA. they said three times (Understood by Alice)

Last night this spirit Mother came in to me to say, "You were right I am in spirit with the Sister,—this girl ran away from home, and I worried for her so it broke my heart, and her sister came after me for the same reason. Tell her this, for she cannot understand how you spoke for us." When this spirit came in to me in the night, she said: "Bobbed hair." Yes, said I, for the little girl at ————. This is told that mortals can see how spirits label themselves always, in every case, not with their names, but something belonging to them or theirs, or their professions—anything but their names, usually, although some give these as plain and true as any human voice could.

The next morning (March 16th) I told Alice what her mother had wished me to, and she said: "That is true." "But I knew that was my Mother and sister when you gave me that message, for no one else could tell me those things but spirits. And I did not know, when you spoke to me, if either my Mother or sister were living. I have not heard from them for three years."

Evidential Proof: March 4th, 1922. New York.

During this last week, with my own work of writing, etc., I have been used to give messages of proof for the following people:

Miss Adah Conner, Miss Jeanette Clenen, Miss Louise

Hauschild, Mrs. Marion Hraba, Mrs. H. V. Wildman, Sr., Mrs. Wildman's Maid "Belle" (second reading), Miss Marguerite ———— for her sister, and "Kate"; (recognized) and Mrs. Kate M. Healy, now Housekeeper of the ———— And two days of messages for Helen Hayes (Mrs. B. R.)

I mention these, as I only see those who force me to see them, or my friends who send their friends or those in trouble to me.

Many remarkable things happened in these sittings. Miss Conner's Father in spirit, and her brother, proved themselves alive by giving descriptions of their belongings, house, tastes, etc. and the father opened a bureau drawer of his bedroom (used to be) describing the bureau, and its contents to his daughter. Her work, and her co-workers were described, and recognized. And her difficulty known, proved it was known, and advice given on same. It was for this Miss Conner came to see me this week. All messages free.

The negro-Indian maid of Mrs. Wildman Sr. was given tests which in themselves should prove for all time spirit return. Her Grandfather was a full-blooded Choctaw Chief. He was here, described a sacred small pointed stone, keep-sake revered to his tribe and belonging to him which, if he could bring her wealth or this stone he would choose to bring the stone. This was recognized as true. The maid asked where it was. And she was told where it was buried. This Indian brought all hers from spirit here to my side. Her Mother's brother, her young sister who gave her name "NIG"— told of all that had occurred to them as growing girls, described the cabin and the Indian rug on the floor in front of the cot, where the pictures cut from the newspapers were on the walls. Told how she hated to wash the dishes and let the soap melt in the water so her Mother would not make her wash them. Told of her sweethearts, what had happened to her and them, described herself, and said: "You know the man in the gray flannel shirt in the basement?" NO, said the maid. "The one with the narrow shoulders and the thick neck, and the gray flannel shirt with the white buttons, he has gray hair at the sides?" "Yes," said the maid. "Well, (said this sister's spirit) if you don't want trouble stay away from where trouble's at." It was understood all right. The Indian Chief told of all his family,

and their customs,—his error in driving away from home this brother of her Mother's whom he brought with him in spirit—then he told of this girl's Mother's physical condition, her operation impending, what it was for, and gave advice to both Mother and girl regarding life. Again let me say, if the "white folks" were as white as this tribe, showed souls to be half so clean, religion half so true, I would be benefited through mediumship messages instead of depleted when the "white"? folks leave me to recover after searching records for the dead-living ones to prove themselves alive, and to help them on and out of difficulties, pain, woes.

A letter from a stranger acknowledging evidential proof given through S. T. S.

This woman was at the counter (News, Cigars, etc.) in the ——— Hotel, where I stopped to get a passport to England. One day she looked ill, and I asked how she was. She replied with tears in her eyes that she was "tired of living, anyhow." I then asked her to come to my room if she had time, I might be able to help in some way.

She was a refined, dainty sort—a woman of perhaps 38. I knew no one in the hotel, no one knew me.

She came to my room that day, and as we conversed on her problems a spirit broke in with "tell her Budd is here." She did not know I was a medium: we had not yet spoken of spirits. But I asked her if she knew anyone in the spirit who had that name. Her face broke into smiles like the sun breaks through a cloud. Well she should say she DID.

Then keep still, I said, don't tell me anything, but I will see what I can get for you, telling her that spirits spoke to me. She had been twice married: first one she divorced was the father of two grown children, one a boy in France, one a girl married to a soldier "Arizona" said the voice (true) etc.

This "Budd" told how he had been given a chance by this girl and how he had always loved her children as his. "Nuts", he said. How she laughed at this. This had been a word between the children and him: they had it as a by-word: He even described the rugs on their floor in the California bungalow. Her father, and as she tells in this letter, but only partially, she came

many times and got much proof as no mortal could furnish.

I asked her for this letter. While I have filed many remarkable letters in the archives of the American P. R. S. and Torch Press Inc. files, this is one I have not filed, and so include it here.

Sarah T. Shatford.
———— Hotel,
New York City, August 9th, 1919.

In appreciation of remarkable evidential proof that my own loved ones survive and are present, in spirit, received through Mrs. Sarah T. Shatford, who was a perfect stranger to me, and I a stranger in this city.

The first time I saw Mrs. Shatford she gave me a message from my husband, in spirit, described him, called his name and he told of incidents of our lives together, describing our home on the coast of Washington, used expressions peculiar to himself and gave me advice regarding property and finances he only could have known I possessed.

This spirit called the names of my two children, Florence and Esther (and Florence is a boy and that was brought out)—described their lives also.

My father, in spirit, described himself perfectly, even his hunting coat. The names also called by her and given by the spirit truthfully were as follows and messages from each one of these: Jim, a very old friend; Rex, my own daughter's husband; my uncle, my mother's brother, each one figuring out their own identity. Uncle, sweetheart, husband, father and called my father's name "Will," etc. A servant named Polly, of my mother's in our old home described herself and told her occupation—my grandmother told of her spinning and gave a description of herself.

As this is my first experience in hearing through mortals of the spirits of my loved ones, and I want to say here how grateful I am, I accept this opportunity to repay Mrs. Shatford for her kindness as she accepts no fee and makes no charge.

Very truly yours,
Anne E. Sandmeyer.
(Mrs. A. L. Sandmeyer)

March 28th, 1920.

Evidential Proof: Sittings given to friends, and their friends, and not registered:

Updike (Mrs.) Friend of Mrs. H. Valentine Wildman.

Wispell (Mrs.) Brooklyn Friend of Mrs. Wildman.

Miss Nettie Clenen, Mrs. May Hutchinson, relatives of Mrs. C. L. Dutcher.

Anna Keenan (Mrs.) the maid in this house.

Dr. H. Valentine Wildman, Sr. alienist—whose spirit friend's home of boyhood, clothes of his relatives, house in England described in detail, his pastimes, picking the gooseberries for jam, the sea Captain, grandfather, his aunt, and Mother. The thorn tree in the yard, the "settee with rockers under the window where the geraniums were"; the narrow, winding stairs, his room at the head, the bell on the school house, the cricket games there, hedge tall, spit in old fireplace, large square red tiles on room floor, round woven mat, etc. Uniform of the Captain, his fortune, his Mother's gown, hat, throat-ribbon of black velvet; face, hair, eyes, all described correctly. Stone jars in which she used to put down the jam—much other evidential proof beside.

Updike: Her Soldier son: his rank, uniform, passing, personal description all correctly described. The last talk between these two described, when they each had their arms about one another, on the cushions by the green lamp, when her promise asked of him was recalled, told it had been given, and kept. I heard the word "purple" several times: as it meant nothing I did not give it out: it was one of the best proofs given: she had had a spirit vision, had seen this son's spirit face, in a purple sunset near her own face. Mrs. Updike's Mother, a young woman, her child with dimples all described and proved.

Wispell: Her father, his farm, the gipsy tent on it, what the gipsies had told her, the whitewashed rocks in the driveway, the duck pond, all correctly given. Ellen, red-headed Ellen, then said a spirit (recognized) but it was not red, it was auburn, said Ellen in spirit. This had been her way of denying she had red hair. A friend of the family. Many perfect proofs not now recalled except that it was a remarkable sitting.

Hutchinson: After Mrs. Hutchinson's husband described his person, ailments, clothes, her gifts to him, the trinkets he wore, his demise, their home life, her inability to carry her babies to

maturity, the conditions at home, her health, etc. Her Mother, and a Mother of a boy whom she is raising made this a remarkable sitting also. This Mother ended her talk by saying: "I see they killed a deer up at your place this winter." Which was true. This is one who lives in the hills, never heard of her or hers.

Clenen: Uncle John (Mr. Dutcher) gave wonderful tests proving he was here. For this woman war worker, the spirits went back three generations. I cannot recall the remarkable facts, they are too many. Her aunt who wore a thimble without a top: Her mother's pink sunbonnet with buttons on it: their family lives: food: a golden wedding held in a school house where "they brought the whole outside inside." An old man who said "EASTON: bully"—which was a reference to Easton Farms, and "bully" was the woman who lived there and used this word. Lide, Jake, Matty, a broncho buster, all recognized.

Evidential Proof:

A Collector: at my door. (Bill on file.)

Nov. 11th, 1923.

A collector for the ———— Company, presented this bill at my door. While I spoke to this undersized young man, with small black eyes, wearing a cap, and a white jacket, about a bill he held in his hand, a spirit spoke to me, Sarah Shatford, saying: "He is my Boy: I want to help him: tell him to beat it quick: I wore a RED BEARD, AND A TICKING APRON AND SHINGLED THE ROOFS OUT WEST: tell him, for I want to help him."

Meanwhile I said to this spirit Father, "Go on, and tell me what you wish to say and I will hold him until I get it, and try to help you." This spirit then said, "I can prove I heard him say only the other day that no one ever made apple pies like his Mother." "He was only so high (showing me, Sarah Shatford, how tall) when I passed out, had YELLOW CURLS, which his Mother curled over her finger—so—(showing me), but he remembers how I USED TO PUT MY HAND ON HIS HEAD AND SMOOTH HIS HAIR, so"—(Showing me).

I spoke to the man I had never seen but this time, and said to him: "Young man, would it disturb you if you could get a real message from your Father who is dead? For the dead speak to me, just as I do to you now: and your Father wants to help you

out of a difficulty." "It would not disturb me, only I always thought of that as uncanny, and never took any stock in it myself." "Will you step in the hall, as I am standing in a draught here?" He stepped inside, took off his cap, and stood in the corner of the hall.

"Your Father tells me that he wore a red beard in his lifetime, and that he wore a ticking apron, and shingled roofs. He says he passed over when you were so high, wore yellow curls which your Mother curled over her finger, so. He says you remember how he used to smooth your hair back from your forehead. He says that he heard you say only the other day that no one could make apple pies like your Mother. He tells me this Mother is still in the body, living, you understand, OUT WHERE THE SUN SETS": and here was shown me this Mother's picture, which I was able to describe thus to her Boy standing before me, Sarah Shatford, whom I had never seen, and who was being spoken to by his Father whom he thought was "dead", and it was "uncanny" to think of as living.

The spirit then said: "I went with you over there where you carried a gun: I pulled you out of many a hole there. Now I want to help you. You know those two men who shaved OFF THE LONG GREEN BILLS AS YOUR SHARE AND HANDED THEM TO YOU? (The boy nodded, Yes) Well, they are your enemies, they will turn you over to the Police if you don't watch out: they will get you in trouble you can't get out of. BEAT IT, do you hear? BEAT IT. PUT YOUR DUDS IN THAT OLD SUIT CASE AND WALK HOME BUT GO AND GO AT ONCE. And tell your Mother for me that that ring can come off her finger as easy as it went on. (Showing me the marriage finger) Which was all understood by the Boy before me, and admitted as understood. He said, I would like to get something more about those two men if I can. But I replied that I never held up anyone for this, and that his Father had worked for him a miracle, and he must know if he were deserving of a miracle or not. That, just by touching my bell this morning, he was put in touch with his Father whom he called dead, who knew all that had been given him, and to know that he was never alone, but guided, and helped, by his own, in spirit, who were NOT dead, as his Father had proved to him this morning."

I felt pity for the Boy, he was so young, small, white faced, and earnest. He never winked as I spoke to him, and he realized his Father was there in my hall where he stood for a few moments to go out again and part from that Father's voice unless he chose to go where others could "hear" him for this boy.

His Mother in body was a large blonde, described hair mixed with gray, wearing spectacles, was laughing and jolly, and shook when she laughed,—and she was seated paring apples in a kitchen near a stove, and making fun of the great number she must pare because of pies.

"That *is* my mother," said he. "She is living *out* west."

FRANK: (Danish) waiter.

His spirit Mother showed me necklace, told me how she loved Wagner's operas, and could trill them: necklace described as medallions connected by links: This was recognized, both of these.

"This one has a talent for painting and drawing, which he should cultivate. He used to take prizes there, instantaneous eye work, very good. We always humored him when we were here, this boy who is so like me, I could stand in his shoes almost. His father was impertinent to me often over this, said I coddled the boy and would spoil him for usefulness in the world—But I see he is useful, only at the grindstone he is not at home, never was, and should have some freedom and leisure hours. Being an artist he feels like them also, never has been understood entirely. He uses tobacco and should quit if he wants his throat to get well. This should have a doctor's treatment once a week sprayed and cauterized at the sides."

"The child has never had the vitality to make up for the loss of nourishment it would have received in the womb, and this was fatal to the air processes (lungs). The Mother is truly ailing from anxiety prolonged for its life and welfare."

"When he was a little fellow he used to button my shoes. Now I would button his if I could. My hair was gray; and teeth very soft, and troubled me some;—his father is alive but very grave conditions there I will not mention now. He could give lessons to beginners or sell his works at Yuletide and make a

sum sufficient to keep him there. His ideas have changed so here, where he sees all so fabulously rich, yet he sees these have nothing truly that counts, like the rich of his own native land do have for their money."

"They cannot do much for the lung affected. To keep it from spreading is all that can be done and the fever in tow. When suffering cannot be relieved it is better if it should come to us. We can love it just as much as you can here. Better off here. I always thought it a mistake for this boy to marry so young, he took on a burden and little dreamed how it would turn out, poor boy. My mother love goes with this message (and thank you too)."

"All the blame he takes for this accident is quite unnecessary, he was not to blame. They have had such a sorrowful time of it, two young folks who should be so happy, I wish I could have been here in body to help with the nursing and all."

"Lung-fever would be the name our doctors would give to it. Never doubt we live. You will go across and stay. Canada is a better place for you than U. S. Sail from there too, cheaper. (Olivia I hear called) There are three of us in spirit from your family here. Yours can afford to send for you and you can pay them back. The coast is a working place for summer, big hotels, big money each night." All the above was admitted true.

The above regards a pre-natal child which is in hospital. (7 months)

Evidential Proof: SCHRAFFT'S, Friday, Dec. 7th, 1923.

The only seat vacant I was shown. A lady left on the right, and one sat on my left. A spirit spoke to me while I was waiting to be served, saying: "I want to help her, on your left. Speak for me." I was so fatigued from long standing and shopping I said to this spirit, "I am so tired I wonder if I can enter into conversation here." "Try," said this spirit. I then spoke to the lady, and we conversed for some time. She was a writer. "So am I," said I. In this way I was able to tell her that the dead spoke to me now, and I did not create anything myself, etc. As we spoke of this truth, a spirit said, "SHE has investigated and found it must be true that we are here and are not dead." I told the woman this and she said "That is true." The spirit then referred to a matter they would like to advise regarding, de-

scribed the circumstances, described the spirits who accompanied this woman, their home, much personality included,—all required of my own accompanying spirits BEFORE anyone is ever given any material help or advice from theirs in spirit. In other words the one in a body, before me, Sarah Shatford, must recognize, by the recalled past, and evidence only the dead could give that they are present with their memories, before those souls without bodies can give material help to those in bodies. When the "dead" are recognized over and over again, BY THIS PROOF WHICH THEY BRING IN WORDS, AND PICTURES ON MY BRAIN, the words (their own) repeated, the pictures described by me, conditions known only to the ones before me in bodies are gone into, this of itself being proof that the UNSEEN ACCOMPANY the living and are not dead, but know all that is transpiring in homes, offices, as well as hearts and minds. Fears, longings, ambitions, all are included in this knowledge brought forth by the so-called "dead" themselves to theirs in bodies whom they accompany, guide, work with and for.

We each paid our checks and passed out. Standing on the corner in the bustle of traffic, noise of motors, we stopped in the arcade of a store where I could hear the dead who had pled with me to pass on a word for them.

As I repeated for the spirit voice what I was told to say, and it was all recognized, two spirits describing themselves, a man and a woman, and going into detail regarding the private matter they had asked to help solve through my hearing this day, and the woman in spirit said, "This girl liked caramels, done up in little papers, they were her favorites,—I had a way of pulling out my kerchief, so—and flapping it before I used it,—she will recall the trouble with my LOWER JAW, THE SWELLING ON IT,—AND ON MY RIGHT FOOT THE BANDAGE ON THE JOINT, ON THE RIGHT FOOT (over and over this was said)—and that picture I described of me is in an old fashioned album, BROWN WITH A BRASS CLASP,—AND I HEARD HER SAY JUST THE OTHER DAY 'That was Mother's',—and I am able to reach her at dawn, and impress her, and she knows those dreams mean something: SHE HAS MY MINIATURE." "I have," said this stranger, and I am able to place all those things you gave, and understand it all. What a wonderful thing that I could get this message. I cannot

tell you how much I thank you. My name is Mrs. Bruce." "And mine is Sarah Shatford," said I. "Take my address, and if you would like to speak to yours further, do come out, and I can do much better than this today."

"Why, there's my husband," said this woman. And she called to a gentleman who was turning a corner, and he came back, and I was able to include him in the invitation to my home. A sort of miracle even was this, in the big city of New York.

Note: As I sat down with my evening paper a spirit said, "You forgot the fried chicken. She didn't use butter but bacon fat, Schrafft's, that one." This belongs to the above testimony. The woman who spoke of the past to Mrs. Bruce said: "I was known for my fried chicken, did not use butter, but bacon fat." And, as this was at once recognized by Mrs. Bruce, and as being a part of this spirit's life, I was reminded of it BY A SPIRIT IN MY HOME THIS EVENING.

Let me say every spirit comes in and speaks to me whom I have helped, or, spoken for, to theirs in bodies. Some are here often, others seldom, but souls call, and are callers, just as well as mortals.

Note: In the night I was awakened and a spirit said: "I told about the stoop of our house, and how I locked that BROWN DOOR AND PLACED THE KEY UNDER THE RUSH MAT AND WALKED DOWN THOSE STEPS LEADING FROM THE STOOP: THEY HAD RAILINGS ON EACH SIDE." Also mentioned by this spirit "My point d'esprit fichu: my SMALL THICK BIBLE from which I read every night." (Bruce)

Evidential Proof: Thursday P. M. On top the Grand Concourse Bus, from Fordham Road. Dec. 6th, 1923. New York.

A young woman with a six months' old infant sat in front of me. The child was healthy, but the woman very frail. I was wondering how she could lift such a fat baby, and come up on top the bus. A spirit said,—"O say, if you could tell her the one who called her Goo-Goo is here still, and I'm not dead a bit,—could you? Tell her to turn down that offer, he would only take her money, that is all. Tell her she MADE ME SHAVE OFF MY MUSTACHE. SHE HELPED ME OUT OF A HOLE, AND I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN IT EITHER. HER

MOTHER NEVER APPROVED OF ME, AND SHE HASN'T CHANGED HER MIND YET, I SEE. Tell her."

Leaning over the seat, I spoke. She turned around, smiled, acknowledged all was true, that she had often wondered if it could be that he was here: she JUST FELT THAT HE WAS SOMETIMES.

Continuing, this spirit (husband, father of this infant on her lap) said: "She remembers when we had no money to buy food, and we bought a box of NOODLES WITH OUR LAST FEW CENTS, and she fed me on those." "I certainly do," said this young Mother in front of me. "That is absolutely true, every word of it."

The spirit said, then: "Try and pull through here until after the bad weather, WHEN I WANT YOU TO BREAK AWAY AND GO BACK TO THE LITTLE PLACE WHERE YOUR MONEY WILL PULL YOU FURTHER." "Do you understand this?" I asked her. "Oh, yes, perfectly," she answered. The spirit said, "GO TO A DOOR WHERE I CAN SPEAK TO YOU SOMETIMES, AND PAY, FOR I AM LONELY WITHOUT YOU, AND I SO WANT TO HELP. EDUCATE THE GIRL (I had thought it a boy) and never mind fine things to wear, education is the only thing that counts."

I gave her the name of two honest workers in New York City, where she could go and get messages from this husband in spirit who had been able at this Christmas season to reach his bride in body with absolute proof that he was still with her. Reaching my street, I descended, and looking back this woman waved to me from the bus top. I do not know her name. I DO know more than I write down here, too. For this spirit walked with me towards home this day, and told me WHAT THE TROUBLE WAS SHE HAD HELPED HIM OUT OF. And this spirit thanked me for my work, saying, "That was splendid: I'm ever so much obliged to you. Good-luck: By-By!"

Every word is exact: every word is true. And yet, men in pulpits and out of pulpits are doubters of "immortality" and God's miracles.

This is only one of the missionary messages. Miss Hauschild and I scattered them from Coast to Coast, on trains, in parks, cafes, beaches, everywhere the "living" were.

Sarah T. Shatford.

Evidential Proof: Sat., Oct. 13, 1923. Third Ave. Elevated Train:

Two Jewesses. Sitting opposite me. One smiled at me as she looked at my MSS. case. This train was slow, and I was belated because of it. The two Jewesses were discussing the long waits between stations. I overheard one say, "I am going to ask the Conductor." This she did. "You are not riding on any express," said he. "We know that already," said she. We all laughed. A spirit spoke to me, saying: "I am the Mother of this one here with the light hair, on the right of you, there, that one: she is having trouble over the tallest of two daughters: *may* I speak?" MAY I speak, said in such pleading tones. Leaning over as far as I could towards the one indicated by the spirit, I told her what had been said, and then had to waste time in explanation of my development, before I could go on. After I had explained, and told them the dead always proved themselves, this spirit said: "She knows I had a sore on my forehead, cone-shaped, and my arm, the right one, I carried in a sling." "Yes, yes," said the Jewess, "that is true." This spirit then described herself, and was recognized after the spirit said "I am Mother, and you see I am here, and you did not have to bring me back. Now the girl is in trouble, and it must be hushed up. I hear the Father as he speaks and walks the floor saying what he intends to do. You tell him to hush, and this can be all smoothed over. Keep still, tell him. Take the girl to your relations out of the City, up State. She weeps all night, I am there beside her. Tell her Father this will make of her a noble, fine woman. I WILL GO WITH HER AND NEVER LEAVE HER." And this spirit then described some keepsakes in the keeping of her daughter, all of which was recognized as true. I missed my station, was carried to 18th St. to finish for the dead (so-called) absolute proof of their love, presence, attention, ability to help.

This Jewess put her hand over her heart, and looked up to God. I saw this much as I hurried off, after telling them my name.

Just another miracle. Why did I take this train? Why did I sit near these? Why did they take this train? Well.

I do not know their names, or addresses. But I file this as it took place to show those who believe the "dead" must not be disturbed a chance to think for themselves.

Sarah T. Shatford.

Evidential Proof: On the Grand Concourse bus, towards 205th Street, and back. August 25th, 1923.

A girl in mourning, about twenty-five years of age, whose name is *Judith B.*

She sat with me, speaking of the jerking of the buses on this line. As she spoke a spirit spoke to me, a Mother, asking me to give a message to her child. I told her and she said, "I would be very glad indeed."

The spirit then began: "This is Mother, dear. I must prove it for this lady who gives the message first, then I wish to pick out the hard tangle for you about the case in court." (Understood) The spirit continued: "I wore a widow's bonnet and veil: first with a white ruche, then without it, all black, tied with faille strings. I had such a time with my upper teeth. You have my same smile. I wore spectacles. How I saved small bits of money for that purpose. You were my favorite for we were confidants: and I never divulged that which you told me, you recall that secret, for I heard you wondering if I ever told that: I raise my hand as I used to do and say, Never, Never. (Understood) I see you dress the window so beautifully. And I know the trouble you have been led into. You will come out from that dark cloud, and that key which was lost, you know, will not be blamed on you. Then, I wish you to go to Chicago, to your relative there, and begin over. Will you do this? Be independent, not to live with her. And cater to the refined classes only: that is where you made your mistake. (All understood, and recognized by this girl beside me)

"I loved honey in the comb, and jam, and it was always my luncheon, with a cup of tea. As you are wondering if your father who left me with all the children to bring up is here with me, I wish to tell you that he is, and is doing his part by everyone of you, and there are three girls, and a boy. Tell them all I am here and have proved it to you, but the boy you cannot reach just now." (Acknowledged)

"I want you to be careful of your chest," said this Mother. "And never doubt I am here. REMEMBER HOW I SHUT MY HAND IN THAT DRAWER? AND HOW I SUFFERED FROM IT?" "I should say I do," said the girl beside me.

After this, this Mother in spirit spoke to her child regarding

an offer of marriage from one not of her religion, and one who would use her services in the firm. Giving her advice that she was to be a legal partner only, and to remember her own misfortune, and profit by it. (Acknowledged by the girl) Much else, as fast as I could speak, and all understood.

When the Mother in spirit said to me, "I used to take an interest in spiritualism, and saw their father when he passed out, and she has been to mediums but I could only give her a crumb, to carry along home with her." "That is all true. Everything you have told me is true," said this girl, as I bade her good-by, telling her that she could thank God for taking a bus ride this day,—which she did.

Evidential Proof: August 21st, 1923.

"A Lady from Jersey City," at Gimbel's Restaurant, New York City.

"Would you mind if this lady sat here?" asked a waitress of me. I sat alone, premeditated, for the purpose of serving the unseen, trusting to lead to the transmitter the one, or ones, who needed proof that the dead are here present. "Indeed I would not," I replied, asking, "Does the lady mind if I sit here?" And we laughed. The "lady" was stout, a fine smile, happy face, large hat, beautiful teeth, dressed in black, and wore three large diamonds on her left hand. This is as good a description as I can give, all I can say, except she, the "lady" was humorous, laughed, and spoke of food, etc. Something was said about being alone. Correcting myself, I said that was not strictly true, as I was never alone. The "lady" said, "Of course not: God is with us always." "Yes," I said, "and our dear ones who have 'died', these are also with us." "I do not believe so," said she. "I can prove it to you, right here," I told her. "That would be a miracle," she said.

At once, I was told by a spirit speaking to me at my right side: "The man who wore the arctic overshoes, which fastened with a buckle, and used to stamp his feet on the front porch, is here." "I was there with you as you CLEANED MY PICTURE IN THE SILVER FRAME AND SPOKE TO ME IN THE FRAME CALLING ME PAPA: I HEARD YOU."

That is all true, said this lady. The spirit continued: "The boys have opposed your marriage because of property: there is a link there which will be broken soon. If the boy who has the wife who runs him would run himself he would be more fortunate in business: the one who wants the new car. The Mother of the two BOYS EXACTLY THE SAME HEIGHT. (Twins, said the lady opposite me.) The woman who carried a Japanese parasol is here, too, said this spirit. That is your Mother, said the voice again. (Yes, all you have said is true, said she) And a name was called, an unusual name, Loretta (?) (I cannot recall it now, it was an old-fashioned name) Yes, recognized also. There was other proof, I do not record here.

While I sat in Boos Cafeteria, Los Angeles, about noon April 17th a woman at the same table began telling me her troubles. Her daughter in spirit about 18 years of age spoke to me and said: "She is worrying about James, plays a guitar; go home, he will come back." This was the woman's son who had run away from home. The woman had come from Venice to find him.

This daughter in spirit then told how she passed out with flu, how she hated to die, loved a boy and wanted to live, told of her little sister in body, her first communion, the condition in the home described, the aged grandparent in the Old Soldiers' Home, and much more. She wept, saying she was a Catholic, and had just stopped in to get a cup of tea, being worn out in her search for her son.

She gave me her name: Mrs. M. C. Fish, 33 Poloma Ave., Venice, Calif.

On Shakespeare's Birthday I set out to do missionary work. The first message I gave was on the car going into town: a lovely young girl. The second was at the purse leather goods counter in Jacoby's Store. The third was to an author, Scenario, in the Cafeteria. This, with an offering to the blind, was my gift to him for whom I wrote the books, and whose spirit is constantly seen by mediums in private and public life in various cities.

Los Angeles,
May 13th, 1921.

Evidential proof:

See proof for Mrs. M. C. Fish, 33 Poloma Ave., Venice.

This woman phoned me yesterday she would like to bring a friend and come out to see me, asking what I charged. No charge at all, I told her, and they came to the above address, cousins, it developed *from spirit proof.*

The woman, Mrs. Fish, had since lost her aged father, and after her daughter 18 years proved she was with the mother, she said "Grandpa is here." This father had been dead just a week this day, died at the old soldiers' home. She said she wanted to "see if I could tell her that he had died." The cousins received a long afternoon of continuous proof from theirs in spirit, father, mother, daughter, sons, little children and a sister of charity, called AGATHA, who gave this name and described herself. They were more than satisfied there is no death. Both are Catholics. The cousin's malady, intended operation, was described, ailment, cause given, etc.

Please note this reading, as there is enough in it to prove spirit presence, memory, survival, personality, if I never gave another reading in my lifetime.

No charge was made, they bought no books: this is three readings for this family without charge.

Have given 14 free readings and two book readings for proof in this house in this week. Have dieted to do this, eating no meat, drinking no coffee, eating one meal each day, but drinking milk between meals.

Evidential Proof: New Orleans, La.

KENNER, Miss Nellie, Tulane Avenue, New Orleans, La.

Nine pages of proof only the spirits themselves could give were given free to Miss Kenner. Her sister was a twin, and told this. All their family and their affairs were told by spirit voice, with proof from this sister that she was present. All was freely acknowledged by Miss Kenner, with gratitude, and she told me she would keep a record of all that came through and write her acknowledgment of it. This she did. Altogether this proof in notation constituted nine pages of written material. I was asked, before this was turned over to me, if I would see the

Jesuit Priest, Father Encz, Barrone St. on Friday P. M. Certainly, and this was done. As Father Encz looked over the MSS. he said, "I am willing to say this came from the spirit world, but I am not willing to say it is from Shakespeare's Spirit." "Then whose would you say it was?" I asked him, thinking he, too, might see or hear spirits. "I do not know," said Father Encz. "But I would like to know if things like this are being done, why they are not being done for us" (the Catholics). "I cannot answer that," I told him. "But the spirit is present, and can do so." "I should like to hear what he has to say on that subject," said this Priest. A moment's pause, and the spirit spoke to me, Sarah Shatford, saying, for Father Encz, "WHY DID THE NAZARENE CHOOSE HIS FROM THE HUMBLE AND UNLETTERED? BECAUSE HE HAD LESS TO OVERCOME." The Priest understood. He refused to take a message from his own in spirit, saying "I must live up to the professions of my Religion."

The next day Miss Kenner phoned me that it would be impossible for her to sign the record she had kept of all given her free from spirit by her own, as the Priest had told her IF SHE DID SO, HE WOULD NOT GIVE HER COMMUNION, OR ABSOLUTION.

Sarah T. Shatford.

Evidential Proof: MURPHY, Mrs. D. F., Hotel Ansonia, N. Y. C.

(*"Katherine Ward"*) Dayton, Ohio.

This songwriter, poet, was in mourning. As she opened the door for me, she wept. I had not seen her for two years or over. She had just lost a Mother, she told me. I told her of all that had happened to me: that the Dead spoke to me, proved themselves alive for others, and not to weep, hers in spirit would prove themselves too. Oh no, she said. My Mother went straight to heaven. She was a saint, if there are any human beings saints. You could not convince me, so no use to try." As I sat in the window, speaking of the Alaska trip she had taken, a spirit spoke to me, describing himself. A man, wearing a long frock coat, his wide black felt hat, his broad brow, his gray hair, —his walking stick, his mannerisms, all told, as his by-words.

Finally he gave his name: "JIM". (Jim Ward, Dayton, Ohio.) "Mother is here," said a spirit. Then, this is actually what was said to me, Sarah Shatford. This gentle Mother described herself, her room in which she died, the last act of this beloved daughter, holding a crucifix to her lips,—told how she was dressed for the last time, how this daughter had combed her hair and PLACED A COMB, describing same, IN HER HAIR, HOW HER HANDS WERE PLACED, HOW THE CASKET STOOD IN FRONT OF THE MANTEL, AND DESCRIBED THIS,—HOW HER ORCHIDS WERE ARRANGED, THE COLOR OF HER CASKET, HER HABITS, INCLUDING ATTENDING MASS EACH MORNING OF HER LIFE,—DESCRIBED THE HALL OF THE HOME, AND THE PLACE WHERE HER SON NOW LIVED,—AND HOW SHE HAD HEARD THE CONVERSATIONS REGARDING HER TOMB, which is all of a private nature and not for publication. Others in spirit proved themselves too. "The money was used for the children just as I wanted it to be," said a soft voice, and this woman in spirit described her arms, and her smile,—and her finances left at the time of passing. All unknown to me, as above stated.

Mrs. Murphy told me what was meant after finishing: I did not comprehend before. Much else was given. All gratis, of course. As I waited on the seventh floor for an elevator, the same spirit spoke to me, saying: "SO MANY MIRACLES, AND NONE FOR *YOU?*" "Oh," said I, "you are coming along with me: I am so glad."

I now record what is the second miracle worked for me, Sarah Shatford, by one of the sainted ones. I was giving free, for the P. R. S. 30 sittings. Much quarrelling was going on among spirit voices. This I heard, and recorded in the evidence brought through. It was not understood by me. I was kept awake, many hours, to "keep in touch" lest the power to make a human hear the dead speak be lost. Sleep was never uninterrupted. During years I had never had a night's rest complete from this "stringing" process, as the spirit called it. This night, then, I slept. Slept without being awakened. And the following night, then another, until for nine nights I rested as never before for years, not once disturbed by voices or pleas. At these times many valuable things were brought in, sometimes for the living,

sometimes for me, or my work. Then I was told, after I became so dizzy I could not read the headlines in the morning paper, that I was being "taken" for "trance" uses. And this spirit had saved me from it. It was true. I found it to be so. I was told to pack up, and go to my friends in Cincinnati: which I did. And this saved me from the worst form of "mediumship", and I have been saved, through prayer, until this day.

Mrs. Murphy called before I moved, and requested that I tell no one of her Mother's and Father's spirits speaking to her, owing to the Cardinal (Gibbons) whose cousin she is.

Sarah Shatford.

Evidential Proof: Hotel Ansonia.
MURPHY, D. F. Mrs. (Katherine Ward)

A spirit said: "There is a father here. He was tall, wore a double-breasted black coat, carries a slouch hat, and A STICK GIVEN HIM AT HIS ANNIVERSARY. His brow is broad, high, hair iron-gray, mustache and beard, and he says HIS CHIEF CHARACTERISTIC WAS PRIDE, AND HIS NAME JIM."

"Father": said Katherine. (This spirit was Jim Ward of Dayton, Ohio) Then a sister who passed spoke, and she said: "'THERE WAS A MISUNDERSTANDING ABOUT OUR HUSBANDS BEFORE I CAME OVER, BUT I DID NOT BRING IT HERE, AND I HAVE FORGOTTEN ALL ABOUT IT. THE MONEY WAS USED JUST AS I WOULD HAVE IT USED." (She had left money which educated some children not hers)

Then, the gentle Mother of this lovely woman, with some doubt against speaking through mortals, said, AFTER DESCRIBING HER FUNERAL CASKET FLOWERS, GRAVE CLOTHES, BURIAL PLACE, POSITION OF CASKET IN FRONT OF MANTEL,—"YOU HELD THE CRUCIFIX TO MY LIPS THOSE LAST MOMENTS, BLESSED BY THE POPE FOR ME, AND WHICH YOU GAVE ME,—etc. etc. After which this Mother in spirit told how she had heard conversations over her monument, and gave this, with the comb

which was in her hair, as proof indisputable. Ali acknowledged true.

---

(2) Zollner:

Mrs. Bingham's friend. Author. An old lady came first, hair in puffs, described an enamel locket of hers (recognized) called her "Kitty", at which she burst into tears. It was her pet name used by this spirit when in life. Described her writing, outlook, etc.

Second sitting, Mrs. Zollner brought her Son, Beresford, a Soldier. His father, her husband, described himself, the sad conditions of their lives together, his sorrow, his faults. He came in a hunting jacket with duck-tails sticking out of a hunter's sack, and a gun over his shoulder. Told much of a private nature not to be related.

Uncle Jed described, country land, buildings thereon, advice regarding same. The owner of the land referred to as L. (correct) The "pike" in front understood, the old house with a cupola on it acknowledged. Her Book was described: it was her life. (True) Here a spirit broke in with a message for "Albert". I was shown a young man in a Rector's surplice standing in a pulpit. A handsome fellow, young and ardent in a position elevated above the lecturn. He had chosen the one true path, he should follow truly in it; it was his calling. He was the saviour of souls. I cannot recall all of this message, it was spiritual, and it was for the Son who is studying for the Ministry, and was recognized. I had only met Mrs. Z. the night previous and did not know she had any children.

The Soldier had another sitting, which I gave at the home of Mrs. Elliot. All this Soldier's pals made themselves known, describing their ranks, their packs, the scenery, the girls, the barn which they set afire "each cootie carried a straw" said this boy: told where he lived, the wind that blew down their tents, the bucking horse with the particular bit, the girl with the roses in her hair, the peasant girl with the plaid dress and white sleeves. Many names were given and one who gave his name as SOL ENRIGHT, said, "the first is correct but the last is not well." The boy said sure, it is SOL ELWELL, of Texas. He told of his wounds, foot and arm. Correct. Recall much that was joyous, and amusing. All remembered by this Soldier of the

Marne. Other Soldiers made themselves known and told their first names correctly. This Boy was a good one for critics. He would not let go: made a spirit tell and talk, and questioned by him they hung on until he placed them over and over by their evidence. His sweethearts (two) were described, one was chosen for him, and he was not content with this but wanted her name. Beulah Cart—said the spirit: (it was Bella Clark) Then her car was described, her furs, her perfume, her silver card-case which hung on her wrist: her church going habits, but this was not enough. He asked where does she live? The voice said "If you stand on the College grounds up in the Hundreds and throw a stone you can hit her house" (True). "You smoke with her father, he smokes a pipe, he has gray beard pointed." The Soldier said "That is correct." He was told that both his lungs were affected, which he admitted was true. One Soldier described his kit: the trench mirror with a girl's photo pasted on the back of it: told of their gambling with small French coins in a trench by one candle light "A whole bagful wouldn't make a dollar." said the boy. "All true" he said Much more came through, on the same order: he said he was very tired at the close of this sitting: asked the medium if she felt weary. This sitting lasted Two hours and ten minutes.

LETTER CONTAINING SCIENTIFIC PROOF GIVEN FREE IN CALIFORNIA

Los Angeles, May 14th. '21

Dear Dr. Peebles and Dr. Austin:

This is my report to you. As I am on the eve of departure for New York City, I want you to know from my own lips what I have accomplished for the unseen, what has been accomplished by the unseen through me, I should have said, and really thought, since arriving from New York, Nov. 26th. 1920.

While at the Clark Hotel I gave many proofs to strangers in cafeterias, and guests of the hotel. The most remarkable of these Mrs. Mary Spates of Des Moines, Iowa, who lived at the Clark Hotel, was persistent in coming to my room every evening to prove still more that all hers were with her constantly. She

is the widow of Dr. Spates, of the above named City. The personality proven in this long session of tests, repeated as you know in my ear, made us life long friends, and reunited the living dead with the wife, daughter, sister. Mrs. Spates was delighted, comforted, assured. She invited a man friend to try the spirits further, and his own, known to her in childhood, were also with him, and he was made sure forever, also. This man is a cigar merchant of Los Angeles.

At this time Mrs. Rogers of Long Beach brought the San Diego Medium, Mrs. Smart, well known and respected by all. Mrs. Smart wept in my hotel room as her spirit Mother described her person, belongings, trinkets, home, and referred to the girlhood of her daughter present. Mrs. Smart told me in the presence of Mrs. Rogers that it was the only message she had ever received from her Mother which satisfied her.

Dr. Austin was present at Mrs. Rogers home on the evening messages and proof were given through my hearing to all present in Mrs. Rogers home. Dr. Austin's niece, Miss Hazel, had two remarkable proofs one given her on the street amidst traffic noises, the other at the hotel. This young woman's parents described themselves, called their names, referred to the past, present, and future. Dr. Austin's family have tried me out, finding their own each time through evidential proof.

To Prof. Reese, Dr. Maxwell, Mrs. Maxwell, Mrs. Dean, Psychic (129 East 29th. street, Los Angeles) and her friend, Miss Irvine, and Bernard Shaw of England, brought by them, all most remarkable sittings, descriptions, names, proof undeniable.

To Five of Dr. Elsie Morris' students, (Room 421 Byrne Bldg.) who came after a speech of mine at Dr. Morris' Studio: all satisfied. To Mrs. Caroline E. Mowder, 667 Park View, bet. Seventh and Wilshire, a feast of the old days and memories: all gratefully acknowledged. To Mrs. May and her sister, 3409 S. Hope St.; James McGregor Beatty, 245 North Hope, and his Mother: one whole evening with theirs in spirit. To Miss Moore, in Mr. Rowny's office, a valuable message with proof from her father in spirit.

Going to Santa Barbara, in March, Dr. Littlefield had numerous messages from his Mother, Father and relatives in spirit, all recognized by Dr. Littlefield. Mrs. Georgia A. Burchim, of Fellowship Farm, had dozens of long evenings with hers in spirit,

with their favorite sayings, wit, personalities preserved and proven beyond belief almost; as she promised to write you of them, I will not say more, but they constituted many long pages when I last saw them in Mrs. Burchim's hand.

Mr. Fred Andrews, former Publisher of Lily Dale, was given proof, names, and acknowledged same by letter. He is at Fellowship Farm.

Mrs. Elise Bachmann, 1810 Loma St. Santa Barbara, took me to her friends there, including the Diehls (Grocerymen, Chamber of Commerce), to Carl Borg, the eminent Swedish Artist, this one's friend, the Bookman Carmanche of Santa Barbara, Miss Jennie Churchill, the aged Medium, who, together with many other of Miss Bachmann's friends received invariably absolute proof, scientific, evidential, that their own in spirit were present, had been, through time. In Carl Borg's proof, after his father presented himself in priest's cravat and robes, (true) a lady described herself, and said "I resembled Patti, they said," and she told of her own talents, needlework, etc. I thought this was Mr. Borg's own Mother. But I learned, from Mme. Bachmann later, this whole reading had been acknowledged true by Mr. Borg, and this one was not his mother, but Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, who had been a patroness of this young Artist's in San Francisco.

Mrs. Luce, also of Fellowship Farm: Mrs. Graham, Allen Graham, The leader of the New Thought Center, Mrs. Coolidge, received a remarkable message from her mother, gratefully recognized by her. Also her friend, Miss ——, who came with her.

An old man, homeless, at the Salvation Army rooms, Lucian Frisby of Fredonia N. Y. a beautiful history given by his wife in spirit, of their past days, her death, illness in the desert, their home described, name called "Lydia", and this one made happy, *though* homeless and penniless.

Returning here, March 4th. I gave to Mrs. R. Ada Martin, 315 Sutter St. San Francisco, at the head of the Sufi movement there, three long satisfactory tests. This service brought me through Mrs. Martin the invitation to serve the Psychical Research Society of San Francisco, all expenses paid and as a guest in the home of a member. Together with a grateful and much prized letter of acknowledgment and compliment and praise. This woman is in direct telepathic communication with her Mur-

shid Sufi Teacher, Inayat Khan, of London. (The Sufi Pub. Society, Ltd. 86 Ladbroke Road, W. London)

The Jamisons in the Hotel Clark, ample proof. many different evenings.

On Shakepeare's birthday, Apr. 23rd. I gave six missionary readings on the cars, in the parks and cafeterias.

On Mothers' day, I gave three.

One of these I mention. That of Mrs. M. C. Fish, 33 Paloma Ave. Venice, to whom I gave a message in the cafeteria, importuned by her daughter in spirit, a young lady of 18 years. After describing herself and calling her own name *"Louise"* this daughter told of the aged grandfather who would soon be over there with her, how she passed out, that she played the piano, was in love with a boy and hated to die, how her mother had just come from the little sister who was to make her first communion, and then said: "JAMES: the one who plays a guitar: go home, he will come back." All true: this boy had left home, and she was here trying to locate him." Yesterday, this woman phoned me from Rowny's office asking if she might come out, and what I charged, and would like to bring a friend. No charge, I told her, come on. Grandpa said: "she knows how I dislike to laugh because of my teeth." The mother on his arm was described, her clothes, her breastpin of braided hair set in gold, etc. When I had finished, Mrs. Fish said: I came to see if you could get from my daughter that my father was gone: he died a week ago today." Her cousin had valuable proof, in so much as she was on the way to the operating table and told of all her ailment, the cause, advised against it,—and the adviser was allowed to prove her identity by answering this one's question re. the old days.

This week I have given Twenty-two readings to prove the book Shakespeare's Revelations came from the spirit world. All satisfied. One not counted was an old gentleman, a skeptic who kept taking out his watch every ten minutes, and they dropped the line, would give him nothing, but turned to Luella Hukill M.D. D.C. who brought him, and gave her quite a long reading, all of proof, recognized.

Every message mentioned herein, and all ever given through me, has been given free, gratis, for nothing at all. I left it to the seekers to buy a book or not, and but two purchased books, saying

they would at some future time. Many I presented with the volume also.

On Friday A.M. at breakfast in the Cafeteria, a woman came to eat her breakfast beside me. Speaking of a woman she had just helped who was hungry, a beautiful girl, deserted by her husband, I asked to have her come to see me. Telling her I should like to help her by advice from hers in spirit. First, Mrs. N. L. Mason, Roslyn Hotel, (of Minn.) came herself, then sent the girl that night. They were able to help both, one in dire need, the others left in tears of joy.

This constitutes but a small part of my message work to individuals, but shows you that my time in Los Angeles has not been lost.

Two books from my Torch Press Inc. imprint will be off the Rowny Press soon, "PESKY PROBLEMS FOR POSITIVE PREACHERS, and ILLUSTRIOUS MADMEN (second edition) both by James Mc. G. Beatty. Also, this man has composed the music to a march tempo hymn, sacred song, taken from Shakespeare's Revelations, called "WHEN THE WORLD IS READY FOR THE SAVIOUR."

Thus, I return to New York, having accomplished quietly, unheralded, unpaid as medium, a laborious quantity of proof scientific, evidential, of spirit presence, survival of memory, love, personality, and, that the books Shakespeare's Revelations By Shakespeare's Spirit, and For Jesus' Sake By Shakespeare's Spirit, were spoken to me by spirit voice, heard and transcribed as heard.

We shall meet again before I leave the last of May. And I can thank you in person for the backing you gave me,—this I feel positive to have merited by this report of work conscientiously finished to your credit, as the unseen's superb steadfastness.

I will only add that I am constantly in good health, and in touch with my own parents and sister in spirit, who prove each time they speak they *are* themselves.

With gratitude and affection,

Faithfully yours,

Sarah T. Shatford.

MIRACLES OF PROOF GIVEN BY THE "DEAD" TO THESE IN BODIES, CALLED "LIVING":

Mr. & Mrs. F. McLain Jamison, Room 1027 (3) Evenings of proof.

Major Domo & Wife (2)

Mrs. Julia Piper (Inspectress)

Friend of the above

Maid (Sweden) "Blanche"

Clerk at Broadway Dept. Store Book Buyer: Miss Davis

Rev. Dr. B. F. Austin, Daughters, and Husband of Sister.

Rev. James M. Peebles, M.D. D.D. A. M.

Mrs. Mead

Mrs. May & Sister & Four Guests

Mrs. Grace Hutchinson, Revelation Church

Dr. & Mrs. W. Q. Sayers, Ramona Hall

Mr. Reed, of Texas, at Santa Monica

3 Girls from Arizona (2)

Girl in Cafeteria, Westlake Park

Enroute to Los Angeles, on Pullman

Mrs. Dimon, Mt. Vernon N. Y. (Steamship Co. MANDELAY. Aviator & Son, accompanying.

On Pullman Chicago to New York:

Mrs. Elinore DeWitt, Long Beach.

Woman of Salt Lake City

Mrs. Geo. E. Harter, 5132 Angeles Mesa Drive, Los Angeles.

Librarian (spinster Syracuse: changed at Chgo)

Woman with Two children whose Grandparents were Quakers, in spirit, who was enroute to Indianapolis

(Judas) The Orphan in black whose history was told to her as she wept. At whose side I was compelled to give the Conductor of the Train a message from his Mother in spirit (Omaha), that "Judas" must recognize the truth from others spirits, if she would not acknowledge her own, in spirit.

The foreign woman in my upper berth, had two husbands, 2 children, in spirit. (Germans)

The Matron (colored) of the Limited Chicago Train July 29th, 1920, Penn. Ry.

The fiancee of the soldier, going to Long Island.

Jeanette Clenen, Mrs. Hayes, Josie, Miss H's friend.

Mrs. Dymock, in H. Hayes presence.

Mr. Thomas J. Mcgaffney, and Louis Haubrich, Metropolitan Life Ins. Co. both given great messages, with infallible proofs many that theirs were with them.

Mr. Haubrich came back the second time.

Mrs. W. D. Garrett and Mother (2)

Mrs. James, trained nurse, friend of Helen Hayes.

All the Six who came to dinner at the housewarming party.

Mrs. Paula Allen, in Mrs. Wildmn's presence.

Georgia Girvin.

The friend from Asbury Park of Mrs. Wildman's. Proof from her father in spirit (Miss Marion Grant).

Write all the Pullman proof, Pike's Peak, etc. The boy in Scout uniform back of us, Mrs. Skinner on the train, the nose bleeder, the Two sisters, Mrs. Jackson from Lincoln Neb. who sat in my seat for two hours.

Dr. Austin's wonderful proof from Peebles. Rowny's proof, the Beatty proof, the Girl in the office of the Engstrum, the Boy who wrote Movies in West Lake Park, the woman at Beverly (2) the boy and girl from San Fran—on the tour to Mexico, Mrs. Peasely, Mrs. King her friend, Howard, the Author of Bishop of The Ozarks,—

("And this will end the notes for the book BACK FROM THE DEAD.") I hear.

Mrs. W. Garrett, & Mother.

Mrs. Cook, 525 East 161st. St. who merely called for day's work at my door.

Josephine, friend of Miss Louise Hauschild, (Sunday eve. Dec. 10th. '22) NYC

M. W. Howard Hon. wonderful proof. L. A. (Presence of Miss Hauschild.)

Mulhall, Staff Editorial EXAMINER, L. A., two half days of proof.

Two Women, from EXAMINER, who write the Mystic Column; hours of proof.

The Artist, Ruth Shaffner, met at table in Café, who was given great messages from her brother, who was a soldier. Studio in MUSIC & ARTS Bldg. LA, Calif.

The Beverly lady, whom we met at Mt. Lowe, who entertained us at her home in Beverly, whom we asked to luncheon at

Clift Hotel, during these times she was given proof, acknowledged, in Miss Hauschild's presence, of spirit presence. She is a devout Christian Scientist.

Wm. G. Hurlbert & Wife, Pres. Bostwick Steel Lath Co. Niles O. (Given in Miss Hauschild's presence, in L. A. and San Fran.)

Dr. Powers and Wife, of Buffalo, N. Y., friends of the Hurlberts, who were given proof at the Clift Hotel, San Francisco, in presence of Miss Hauschild.

The young man "Bobby," met on the San Diego trip, with Miss ? his companion, given more proof at dinner at the Clift Hotel, all understood by him and her, and acknowledged. Miss —— is a Catholic. We cannot say more. We need not say more.

Evidential Proof For (See Files)

Mrs David Martin, San Francisco

Mrs Carrie May, Hope St. Los Angeles, Calif.

Mr. F. J. Rowny, Walker Auditorium Bldg. Los Angeles, Calif.

Miss Pilsbury & Sister, BOSTON IDEAS, Boston, Mass.

Mr. John Hill, New York City.

Miss Castello, NY C Sent by Dr. Wildman

Mrs Southern, NYC Sent by Dr. Wildman

Beatty, & Mother, Hope St. Los Angeles, Calif. (in Miss Hauschild's Presence)

Miss Aldrich, NYC

Eurotas, Geo. Mr.

Girvin, Emma, Mrs. Georgina, and Grace.

Evidential Proof (See Files) From May to Dec. 1922. N. Y. C. (S. T. S.)

Mrs. Wildman's Careaker, Frances & Her Husband, Lake Hopatcong, N. J. (3)

Mrs. Wildman's friend, Mrs. Fitzgerald, Lake Hopatcong, N. J.

Mrs. Wildman's Housekeeper, Martha Rosemont, (20)

Mrs. Wildman's friend, Mrs. Moran, 18 -15th. St. College Point, N. Y. (L. I) (2)

Mrs. Stark & Daughter, (friends of Miss Baumgardner of Toledo, O.) (2)

Miss Alta Baumgardner, 2141 Robinwood, Toledo, Ohio. (2)
John Hill, 123 W 94th. St. N. Y. C.
G. B. Eurotas, 376 E. Fordham Road, Bronx, N. Y. C. (6)
Mrs. Elliott, & Sister & Mr. —— (boarder) 44 W 83rd. St. (3) and Son & Fiancee (2)
Mrs. K. M. Healy, 336 E 50th St. (30)
Miss Jeanette Clenen, Hotel Endicott, N. Y. C. (20)
Miss Conners (Miss Clenen's friend) War Dept. Finance U. S. A. (4)
Mrs. Feister, & servant Louise, (3) Whitestone L. I.
Mrs. Marion Hraba, daughter of Mrs. Feister, O.E.S. Whitestone L. I. (12)
Miss Hart, friend of Mrs. Hraba, (1)
Mrs. Wright, friend of Mrs. Wildman's, 178 W 94th. St. N. Y. C. (1)
Mrs. Jennie McClatchy, 136 West 96th. St. N. Y. C. (2)
Mrs. Zollner,
Mrs. Amelia Bingham, 103 Riverside Drive, (6)
Mrs. (Russian) friend of Mrs. Zollner. (2)
Miss Castello, friend of Dr. H. V. Wildman, 108 W. 94th. St.
Mrs. Southern, friend of Dr. H. V. Wildman, 108 W. 94th St. (2)
Mrs. Matlock's sister (Riverside Drive), sent by Dr. H. V. Wildman, 108 W 94th. St.
Mrs. Milton Rathbun, 513 W 112th. St. N. Y. C. (6)
Mrs. E. Monroe Hand, (2)
German Governess, in Central Park.
Bohemian maid (chamber Hotel Endicott) Mary
Girl in Cent Park, at Bridle Path
Woman feeding doves in Central Park, at 81st St.
Miss Louise Hauschild, (8) Schilling Press. Inc. 137 E 25th. St.
Miss Albright, Proof Reader American Bank Note Co. N. Y. C.
Mrs. B. R. Hayes, and sister (22)
Mrs. Lottie Larsen, friend of Helen Hayes (3)
Harry Phillips, and Mother (4) # 1 W 100 St. Cor Cent Park West.
Mrs. Girvin, 149 W 90th St. (6)
Mrs. Wispell, Brooklyn, friend of Mrs. Wildman's (2)

Mrs. Girvin's friends or callers (3)
Women in Cafe (2)
Dr. H. V. Wildman (2)
Mrs. Wildman, many dozens, perhaps hundreds.
Miss Marguerite Henry, Fidelity Storage Co. 107 W 96th. St. N. Y. C. (4)
Book Store friend of Mrs. Wildman's Miss McCue.
Mrs. Schilling, and sister, daughter-in-law, and son.
Mr. D. P. Harris, (1) 24-26 Murray St. N. Y. C.
Mrs. Carrie Dutcher,
Mrs. Perkins, friend of Mrs. Dutcher (C. S.) L. I.
Miss Lake, Pittsburg, friend of Miss Conner (from small town near Pittsburg)
Josie, friend of Miss Hauschild's.
Waitress in Nikko's Cafe.
Hostess at Nikko's.
Mrs. Wildman (2) Girvin (2) and daughter, "Belle" servant of Wildmans (2)
Mrs. Smith & Mrs. Alling, friends of Mrs. Wildman
Mrs. Hraba, Miss Conner, Miss Clenen, Miss Hauschild,
Mrs. Hodges, and friend Dorothy, New Thoughtists.
Kate Morris Healy (Mrs.) and two nieces Brooklyn.
Girl on River Front Park. (fine reading. Priest in spirit present)
Miss Collie Dymock, 163rd St. & Park Ave.
Mr. Dymock, though he was not there: all his in spirit with proof in his home.
Mrs. James No. 2 (James, *Ruth*) friend of Helen Hayes.
Mr. Wm. Schilling.
Westlake Park Movie Writer. Presence Miss Hauschild.
Mrs. McClatchey, where I called. Who sees Shakespeare's Spirit.
Geo B. Eurotas, College St. Alloysus, Astoria, L. I.
Mrs Paula Allen,
Mrs. Harry Phillips, and Son. 101st St. Cent P. W.
Grandmother of above (2)
Mr. & Mrs. Baumgardner, 2030 Parkwood Ave. Toledo, Ohio.
Mrs. Jennie McClatchy, Elizabeth & Elsa.

Evidential Proof: En route from Los Angeles, via San Francisco: 1922. Pullman.

SKINNER, Mrs. New York City.

Beautiful, long hours, of proof, proof, from this one's "dead" were given all the way home to New York City. Miss Hauschild was present, and knows Mrs. Skinner also.

Once, Mrs. Skinner's Mother, in spirit was proving herself present, when she said, "I STOOD IN YOUR ROOM WITH YOU WHEN YOU PICKED UP MY BOBBIN WHICH I USED TO MAKE TATTING, AND I HEARD YOU SAY, "That was Mother's." That is absolutely true: and all you have brought me from her is true, too. Wonderful, how I should have been able to avail myself of your development, having it bestowed upon me, as it were," said Mrs. Skinner.

Once, en route to Los Angeles, with Miss H—— present, we encountered a very, very smart old woman, who knew it was all false that the "dead" could speak to the living. She was a Mason: we were also Masons. After breakfast one morning, she came to my seat, and was discussing the usual things this kind always say "against" the dead speaking to the living. All of a sudden, without a voice, HER HUSBAND SAT IN THE OPPOSITE SEAT IN FRONT OF HER, and when he spoke he described all their past lives together, his likes and dislikes, and others who were with him in spirit. The woman looked dumfounded, but said, "I don't believe it, and I don't care what you can do, that is all true that you have said, and describes my husband perfectly, that watchchain, white vest, Masonic charm, bald head, gray fedora hat,—in hand,—and he did give me that present he described,—but I don't believe it, and I will never believe it," said the woman, who was a type.

Then the husband, who had taken so much pains to enlighten his wife from spirit said: "YOUR RELATIONS THAT STUTTERED, THEY ARE ALL HERE TOO."

"My goodness,—" said the woman, and left my seat and went back to hers. Later, she told Miss H— how her people were several who stuttered, these being all in spirit.

"Pa Goda is calling. Glad I ATE 'er'. Polly Wog wants to see Lou Cifer. (W. S.)"

"Could you use some intelligence? Carrie On, and Fetcham A. Long"

"Mr. Cock Roach & Mr. Dam Roach with Miss Lily Bud, are calling" W. S.

"Sue St. Marie is calling."

"Saha Bellum & Sarah Brum are here, Sarah." W. S. Spirit. voice.

"Rose Geranium, Allie Gator, & Christ I. Anity, are calling." W. S.

"Katie Did, with Will O. The Wisp, is here," W. S. Spirit voice to S. T. S.

Evidential Proof: March 14th, Afternoon. New York City.
DYMOCK, Mrs., NYC.

While chatting of various things with this woman caller who has been given much evidence that her own who have died are with her, never left her, a spirit said to me, Sarah Shatford, "She came for a message today. Let us talk." I replied. The spirit then said, "I wish to speak of her father, tell her what became of him." (Her step-father) This spirit then said: "I show her a PIANO-BOX BUGGY WAITING FOR A MAN TO COME AND PLACE SOMETHING IN THE BACK OF IT. When this man goes, we watch him go, and stand watching, as I make a remark and we all laugh. I am in the window, with my hands over my eyes, so (showing me) watching for him to return. This MAN WAS THEN DESCRIBED IN DETAIL, as well as his malady affecting his feet. This man's mode of weeping into his handkerchief, holding it so (showing me) described: and the past related. All acknowledged at once by Mrs. Dymock. Then this spirit said: "You must know I am here, and speaking this. I want you to be so sure of it, that I say further, how I WORE A LONG WATCH CHAIN AND WAS ALWAYS TWISTING IT, AS I SPOKE, USING MY LEFT HAND. YOU KNOW I HAD A BUTTERMILK JUG WITH A BLUE BAND ON IT, AND WE USED TO PUT THE SOUR CREAM IN IT, WHEN I MADE COOKIES OF

THIS CREAM, AND YOU HAVE THIS JUG STILL. (I certainly have, said Mrs. Dymock)

Continuing, this spirit Mother said: "I SIT WITH YOU BY THE WINDOW, THERE, IN THAT LOW ROCKING CHAIR, WHERE YOU DARN, AND USE MY BASKET STILL, AND I HEAR YOU WONDER IF SHE IS WITH ME HERE. NO, she is not, yet." (All understood, and acknowledged by Mrs. D—)

The spirit went on: "You know I had sayings of my own, peculiar to me, and these your have from me, too. I had a way of TAKING BOTH HANDS WHEN I GREETED A FRIEND, as I said, "I want to shake both hands, if you please." (Acknowledged true) "I CALLED THE PIANO THE INSTRUMENT" "THAT COMB IN YOUR HAIR WAS MINE." (Both true, and stated true, by Mrs. Dymock)

After this Mother in spirit was sure that her daughter in the body knew she was speaking here, this Mother went into the family affairs, and was understood. The spirit asked how long she could stay. Half an hour, said Mrs. D. The spirit spoke on, and then said, That will be all then, look at your watch." "Well, said Mrs. D. it is a half hour, all but four minutes." Showing the "dead" have eyes, and see the time on dials, as well as those called living.

DYMOCK, Collie Miss: Evening, same day.

"Remember the kitten, so long, with its tail over its back?" said a spirit to Miss Collie. "Yes, I do." "Remember how I used TO BRAID YOUR HAIR IN TWO PIGS TAILS AND TIE THEM, AND BUTTON YOUR APRON DOWN THE BACK, AND PUT ON YOUR LITTLE BLACK STRAP ONE BUTTON SLIPPERS, WITHOUT STOCKINGS IN SUMMER TIME? "I certainly do, said Miss Dymock. "I want you to be sure I am with you, love you just the same as of old, child. I even go to work with you, see that you most got run over hurrying so, at the crossings. Once with your umbrella, and once without it. I would like to laugh with you REGARDING THAT MAN WHOSE DICTATION YOU TAKE DOWN: THE ONE WHO STOPS AND SAYS "AND":

"AND",—! "Isn't that wonderful, said the Girl,—that is my employer: he does that, certainly does. "And she laughed. "I know even when you think of me I hear you think," said this spirit. You were CHANGING THE WATER ON THE FISH IN YOUR ROOM, AND YOU WERE WISHING TO COME AND SEE WHAT I WOULD SAY ABOUT IT? WERENT YOU? "I certainly was, said this granddaughter before me, whose GRANDMOTHER WHO "died" 13 years ago was speaking to her, and proving she was there. The rest was of too intimate a bearing to relate here: a discussion of this Girl's plans, work, etc. Every time the spirit would touch on another subject, she would give another proof, and have it acknowledged, before she would go on.

"Wasn't it fine, tonight," said Miss Dymock. All those things are absolutely true, and I did get just what I came for, as she says."

Of course, said I. Our loved ones only want to do for us still,—all they ask is to be given the opportunity to help and prove themselves able, and here to help."

Evidential Proof: March 24th, 1924.

Dymock Mrs.

As we spoke a spirit said: "There is a Mother here. To prove that I belong at home, I HEARD THE DISCUSSION OVER ANSWERING THAT LETTER SHE MUST ANSWER. TO PROVE THIS IS MOTHER, I REMEMBER THAT WHITE WREATH YOU USED TO WEAR IN YOUR HAIR ALL WHITE WITHOUT A SINGLE GREEN LEAF, WHEN YOU WERE A GIRL."

Mrs. Dymock said: "Odd, isn't it. The letter is to the Y. M. C. A. and Mr. Dymock asked me why I did not send it off in the mail, and I promised to do so, but I haven't, yet. AND THE WREATH DESCRIBED WAS OF "BRIDAL WREATH" THE SPRING FLOWER, AND THAT WREATH WAS MADE FOR ME BY A NEIGHBOR AND BROUGHT TO ME TO WEAR TO A PARTY. WHEN I WAS A GIRL."

Then, said I, it is not odd, but it is wonderful: you are one

of the very few who have absolute proof that your Mother is alive, and with you."

"Belle Owes is calling, with Rube I. At." (W. S. in spirit.)

DYMOCK, Miss Collie: Evening, March 28th, 1924.

A spirit voice said, while we were talking of many things, tonight, "There is one here who sang, who loved THOSE RED ROSES WHICH GREW ON THE TRELLIS, AND USED TO BREAK OFF ARMSFUL of THOSE LARGE VIOLET LILACS." Oh Yes, that I surely know is Grandma," said Miss Dymock. The spirit continued: "SHE USED TO PUT POINTS ON THOSE SMALL, ROUND PIECES, I CUT FOR HER, WITH HER LITTLE SCISSORS. (I used to make pen-wipers out of them, Yes, indeed," said Miss Dymock.) The spirit continued: "Who used to do this? Take her ring and keep pulling it off, and putting it on, like this (showing me) "Oh, that is great," said Miss Collie: they used to go crazy over that habit of mine." The spirit then said, "I AM ANXIOUS FOR HER TO HAVE MY SMALL STONES RING, AND I WISH SHE WOULD GET IT: I WORE IT ON MY THIRD FINGER, LEFT HAND." "I cannot manage to get it, and I have tried," laughed Miss Dymock. "I do so want it, too." The spirit then said, "I want you to be so sure this is Grandma, child. Do you remember how I used to rub my hands together, so: (showing me, Sarah Shatford, just how.) Oh, Yes, indeed," acknowledged Miss Dymock, whose Grandmother's chum she was. The spirit then said: "Remember how I USED TO TAKE HOLD YOUR EAR LOBE: SO: AND PUT MY LIPS UP CLOSE AND TALK TO YOU? AND TELL YOU, LET US KEEP THAT SECRET TO OURSELVES, AND DON'T TELL ANYONE ELSE?" Yes, indeed I do: that's Grandma, all right," said Miss Dymock, as she laughed over the past, recalled by the Grandmother, LIVING, and able to prove herself alive.

All the rest of the evening, this spirit Grandmother spoke to this young woman, in the most intimate way, described her table at the office, its papers, racks etc. All of which is too private to relate for the public print. All understood by the young lady, although I do not understand the things spoken about, in the least.

Evidential Proof: April 22nd, 1924. NYC.
Dymock:

Mrs. Dymock's Mother in spirit said, as we chatted, "Will you tell my daughter it is too early to go to the woods, and too quiet for her there in Jersey, and, she SHOULD GO WHERE I SO LOVED TO GO, TO THE BOARD WALK, WHERE I LOVED TO LOOK IN THE SHOP WINDOWS, and ride in a wheel chair. Tell her, to prove that this is Mother, I used to hold up my hand, so, and say, one, two, three, so—showing me: and I now do this, and say NOT SALT BATHS FOR HER, so—— (All acknowledged)

"Baked custard was my favorite pudding," said this Mother. True, said Mrs. D——.

Evidential Proof: March 19th, 1924, NYC.
Clerk: Cloak Dept. Gimbels Store: No. 143, March 19th, 1924.

As I paid a deposit on a cloak in Gimbels store this afternoon, to Clerk # 143, (see slip att'd) and the young woman with a happy face and a sweet smile, who had waited on me, and who had a wonderful disposition, walked away to get me this receipt herewith attached, a spirit spoke to me, Sarah Shatford, saying: "I wish I could reach my daughter, she is disconsolate here. Tell her I see that she will be taken up and lifted out,—tell her I sit with them IN THE KITCHEN AT THAT LITTLE TABLE NIGHTS AND HEAR THE DISCUSSIONS, AND THAT I WANT TO PAT HER ON THE BACK AND SAY "Bravo" for the way she overlooked things, and made the best of them."

I said to this Mother in spirit, "How can I possibly tell your daughter this, here in the busy Dept. Prove that you are her Mother." The Clerk now came back and stood offering me a slip of paper. She walked a few steps with me. We spoke of her disposition, and I complimented her on it. She then said, "My husband and I lost everything across the sea after the war, and we have to start again in life." I said, "Well, you are not alone anyway: for I hear the dead: they speak to me: and when you left to get me that receipt, YOUR MOTHER SPOKE TO ME AND ASKED ME TO TELL YOU THAT SHE WAS THERE WITH YOU IN THE KITCHEN AT THAT LIT-

TLE TABLE WHEN YOU AND HE ATE AT NIGHT (and I repeated the rest) Then I said, "Your Mother asked me to reach you for her: now let us see what she wishes to say of herself, to prove she is your Mother and here." At once, a spirit voice said: "I USED TO FEED HER RAISINS, INSTEAD OF CANDY, AS THEY WERE BETTER FOR HER. ALL I CAN DO NOW IS TO GIVE HER THIS RAISIN! MY HAIR CURLED NATURALLY ALL AROUND MY FACE IN LITTLE RINGLETS: I HAD A PARTITION BETWEEN THE TWO FRONT TEETH, AND I OFTEN DID THIS (Showing me, how she places her forefinger between the two front teeth) I WANT TO TELL HER THAT THE OTHER WHO PASSED OUT BEFORE ME WHO WAS SO NEAR TO ME IS HERE WITH ME, AND WE ARE BOTH WITH HER."

"How wonderful," said the Clerk: that is Mother: Yes, all that is true: and her descriptions are all true, also." Well, I said to her, that is only a raisin: but take off my address from your slip you just placed on my coat, and come and see me and get more, please do: for your Mother implored me to speak to you for her."

I left this beautiful girl with tears in her eyes, looking after me, as I ran to catch the lift, "GOING DOWN," said the attendant——

And I wonder now, a few hours later, how that woman finished the day's work after this rapid proof from her own that she was not "dead"..but there, helping, and making herself known so that she could only help more.

Evidential Proof: April 4th, 1924. New York City.
"Marguerite": Fidelity Storage Company. New York.

As I stood in front of this Cashier's window today, for whom I have proved the dead are living before this day, (see file) A spirit said to me, Sarah Shatford, as swiftly as anyone could speak: "Tell her that paper is LOST: not to search for it any more, it is lost. I see them search for it, turn up the cushion of my chair even to see if I hid it there,—but it is lost. Tell her." This I did. It was understood. "I never died at all. Your Mother told you she was awake when I came with Sis and stood

by her bed, and that is true, I WAS THERE WITH SIS. And I am Father, and I am here, and I will see you through. TO PROVE I AM FATHER, YOU KNOW I HAD A PERMIT TO CARRY A GUN? YOU KNOW HOW I LIKED PRUNES, AND USED TO SAY, "Well, if there aren't any send one of the kids for some". (All recognized) Continuing, this spirit said:" "YOU KNOW HOW I LIKED BREAD PUDDING, AND ALWAYS WANTED MINE PLAIN, WITHOUT RAISINS? YOU KNOW HOW I SUFFERED WITH MY BACK? I SAW YOU FIND THE INSURANCE RECEIPTS. BUT YOU WONT FIND THE PAPER MISSING, BECAUSE I BURIED IT WHERE YOU CANT FIND IT. BUT ANOTHER DUPLICATE CAN BE MADE, AND YOU SET ABOUT THIS, AND GET TWO SIGNATURES TO THE PAPER, AND STAMPED TWICE, AND IT WILL BE LEGAL." (All understood) (Acknowledged as facts, by this young woman, whose Father had passed out since I last saw her, last August, in fact, which I had not heard, known, until I saw her in black today.

This spirit then said: "The first one I saw was Sis. She said, "Oh Papa, I'm so glad you've come!" And I was glad, too. Now Mother is sick, and she will come over soon. When the turkeys are stuffed, or thereabout. This is what I want you to do then." (All too private to relate here for publication.) This spirit Father then said, "Again, to prove that I am Papa, and hear all that is said, I want TO TELL YOU THAT I HEAR WHAT YOUR BROTHER SAID, AND INSTEAD OF FINDING SO MUCH FAULT HE BETTER LOOK TO HIS OWN LIFE, SEEK GOD'S HELP, AND PROFIT BY WHAT I TOLD HIM WHILE I WAS ABLE TO ADVISE HIM, AS THINGS HAVE TURNED OUT FOR HIM JUST AS I SAID. TELL HIM NOT TO LIE FOR ANYBODY TO GET THOSE WAGES, THROW UP HIS JOB FIRST." All of which was understood, and acknowledged by this young woman. Much else, of greater value to this cause, was related, but owing to its private nature, its family relation, its value must be ignored, and lost to this testimony entirely, as I have never used spirit revelations of this nature, wish to cause no censure for my part, all given, free, willingly, to help both the dead and theirs in body.

Evidential Proof. April 4th, 1924.
"KITTY": Waitress:

A spirit said to me, Sarah Shatford, this afternoon, while at luncheon, "ASK KIT FOR MOTHER IF SHE REMEMBERS HOW SHE USED TO PLAY LADY IN MY DRESSES WHEN A CHILD? ASK HER IF SHE REMEMBERS HOW SHE THREW THE TRAIN OVER HER WRIST, HAD A POCKETBOOK HANGING ON HER ARM, AND A FAN SHE USED SO (showing me just how) "I do," said Kitty."

"And does she REMEMBER WHEN THE KITCHEN CHIMNEY BURNED OUT, THE SPARKS FLEW SO HIGH (showing me those sparks, also): and does she remember WHEN HER BROTHER HURT HIS RIGHT FOOT, ALMOST CUT OFF THE TOE?" "I should say I do," said Kitty.

Continuing, this spirit Mother then said: "That man has made that Girl you brought up a promise: if she will do so and so, he will do thus and so: I want to tell you that you cannot trust that man. He will keep his promise so long (indicating a small portion of the little finger, to me) I used to do that," said the spirit. I used to snap my fingers so, and say "I wouldnT give you that, for it" (recognized by Kitty). I STOOD WITH YOU IN YOUR LITTLE ROOM WITH ITS SINGLE BED WHEN YOU SAID, THEY SHOULD GIVE ME A CLEAN SPREAD OFTENER." "I did say that, just the other night," said Kitty. "Now I want to tell you about that other man, the one divorced, a Catholic divorced, and you cannot understand what he has told you. His wife divorced him because he drank. I USED TO SAY "TIPPED HIS ELBOW TOO OFTEN". (Recognized, admitted understood, by Kitty.)

After this, this Mother in spirit discussed swiftly, and without error all that was transpiring in the life of three girls, two of whom Kitty raised, after they were left orphans. "The one who wants an education so bad, she should go to night school, tell her", etc. etc. all understood, and much that I cannot record for the public owing to its confidential nature, as from Mother to daughter. Their inmost secrets were told, advised as to these, and this Catholic girl knows her Mother is not dead, that she is with her, and able to prove herself alive, and the same good Mother she always was.

Evidential Proof,—Monday, April 14th, 1924.
GRANT Marion Miss, (Asbury Park, N. J.)
WILDMAN, Mrs. H. V. 108 W 94th St. NYC
BEBARFALD Judith M. Miss, 79 West 127th St. NYC. (Mrs. Wildman present at all these)

A spirit said to me, Sarah Shatford, pointing to the young woman before me, Miss Marion Grant, "This girl used to sit upon my knee and smooth my hair, so, with her little hand, and she used to comment on the ONE WAVE IN MY HAIR JUST NEXT TO THE PART, AS THOUGH IT HAD BEEN PUT IN WITH AN IRON. She knows I wore a Beard, AND USED TO SAY HOW THANKFUL I WAS THAT I WAS NOT A SHAVING ADDICT, AND HOW I WISHED I COULD TRIM MY OWN HAIR ALSO! She always called me Papa: I used to love those bells struck with a hammer, so, to make music, and WOULD SAY TO THIS GIRL OF MINE, COME LET US GO TO THE SHOW TONIGHT, THEY HAVE AN ARTIST PLAYING THE BELLS THERE. She and I were pals. I used to mark down things on my cuff. I used to make those O.K letters on great numbers of papers, so high. Those blue print drawings, used to make my head ache. I was very strict with the girls, and I think now I was too strict. This child of ours is going into a new business venture, wants to know if she should borrow all that money, move in town where the rents are so high,—take a partner,—(and so on, and on, into all the pending business) Continuing, this spirit said: "The girl who wishes to become your partner,—(discussing this) Your brother,—his new buildings, etc. Your sister,—Mother and that one I wish to tell her about,—and on and on for Five hours, this Father spoke to his daughter regarding all the affairs of his family, home, their interests, vexations,—discussing as he might in body all that concerned their several lives entirely. All of which I cannot write for the public.

At last, this father in spirit said: "Take her hands in both yours, kiss each one for me, and say, PROMISE ME YOU WILL BE A GOOD GIRL." This young woman burst into tears, as she said, "That was father's last act and words to me." (All acknowledged true.)

While these ladies were discussing the above, the bell rang, and Miss Bebarfeld came in. She gave her name, said that I

had given her the most remarkable proof on the Grand Concourse Bus last August that her Mother was with her, and knew all that had transpired, and was about to take place. Since then, she had gone where her Mother had said she would, had been examined for trouble in the right lung, and found well, as her Mother had said: (see "Judith" proof) and had verified every proof given her by this Mother in spirit through her own sisters. One of these was the description of her Mother's wedding ring, which her sister was wearing.

As she spoke a spirit spoke to me, saying: "There are three of us today who brought you here the second time: father is here and your brother (Walter was called). The young woman said, "Yes, I was here Sunday, and you were out." The proof these three spirits brought before allowed to give help to this girl was as follows: "My Neapolitan bonnet with the black lace ruffle, so wide, the strings of which I used to tie once, so, in the hot weather: she has seen me at prayer, before my bed, with clasped hand, so, kneeling on that oval, braided rag rug in front of my bed. This girl and I were confidants: we were like sisters. And this Mother in spirit went into all the family lives when she was in a body, telling of her help to the family, spoke of THE FINE PENMANSHIP OF THIS DAUGHTER, AND THE LONG ROWS OF S's MADE IN PRACTICE THERE ON THE DINING ROOM TABLE, WHERE SHE SET THE LAMP FOR HER TO WORK OVER THE SAME. The rain-coat worn by this girl as she left for work was described, "WITH A CAPE, BLUE": after which the brother in spirit said, "SHE KNOWS HOW PROUD I WAS OF MY WATCH FOB, A GOLD LION, WHICH I INHERITED, CAME FROM ENGLAND. ("Indeed I do," said Miss Bebarfald), "and how she used to tie my bow tie, a navy polka dot bow tie, for me. Yes, yes indeed," (acknowledged all) After which this brother discussed his manner of passing out, spoke of his father in spirit, and while in body, giving proof that he too was present, his disposition, ideals, high mind, literary tastes, all told by spirit,—all acknowledged as fast as I could speak and repeat what the spirits were saying for me to repeat.

The powerlessness to repeat the best evidence because of its privacy, excludes that which takes away the breath, so minute in detail, verified by tears, assent, gratitude beyond words, too

sacred for words. Never anything alluded to not understood: after which private aims, outlook, family affairs, all intimately told, proving the dead know all that is transpiring and have never died.

Evidential Proof: April 28th, Monday Evening, 7.30.

GRANT, Marion Miss.

WILDMAN, Mariana, Mrs.

A spirit voice said to me, Sarah Shatford, "this girl (Miss Grant) here remembers how I USED TO TAKE OFF HER SHOES AND STOCKINGS, HOLDING HER ON MY LAP, SO (with her back to him): she remembers how I used to say, "Well, there's nobody coming, so let's go to bed!" "She will tell you THAT I AM RIGHT WHEN I SAY HER MOTHER QUARRELED OVER WHAT I BROUGHT TO HER HERE, AND RIDICULED MY BEST, WHEN SHE WENT HOME AND TOLD ALL I HAD SAID HERE, AND I HEARD WHAT THE BOY SAID, TOO, IF I HAD LEFT HIM BETTER FIXED, etc (too personal to repeat). "I admit all that is true, and understand it all," said Miss Grant.

After which the family intentions, move, businesses (two) were all gone into in every way, all comprehended, with Mrs. Wildman present. This young woman's admirer was described, his personal traits discussed, what this father in spirit had heard this man say to this child of his,—and more that is all great evidence, but too private to write for the public. Thus the best evidence is lost for this file, and we must print what cannot wound any one.

After this spirit father had finished, he said: "ASK HER WHO USED TO CARRY HER FIRST BABY TOOTH AROUND IN HIS VEST POCKET?" "He did!" said Miss Grant.

This spirit said, among other things, that his mere handful he was allowed to bring when she came after it was envied by spirits long in spirit land who had never HAD THE CHANCE TO BRING A SINGLE PINCH OF PROOF OR WORDS TO THEIRS IN BODIES." That is just how he expressed it, "a single pinch of proof". This spirit called several family names, described himself, his clothes, his mannerisms, how he

held his hands while speaking, how he used to say, "Well who is going to fry my pancakes this morning?" And so much else, of himself, which only his own could know.

As so much has been recorded for Mrs. Wildman, I only mention here that a spirit in giving his proof "pass-port" said to her, "You recall MY SQUARED TOED SHOES MADE TO MEASURE OF KID, LIGHT AND ROOMY? YOU RECALL MY LONG LINKED GOLD WATCH CHAIN, WITH LINKS SO LONG, I USED TO TWIRL WITH MY RIGHT HAND SO (showing me) AS I TALKED, WHICH HAD A LODGE CHARM ON IT? AND HOW I ALSO TWIRLED MY STICK WITH THE SQUARE TOP, UNTIL YOU WOULD FUSS WITH ME AND SAY DON'T DO THAT, IT MIGHT SLIP AND STRIKE ME?" To which Mrs. Wildman replied, Certainly Certainly I recall that,—and "Yes, that I recall," to everything remembered by this spirit, who gave his initials, discussed financial matters, property, and values, sales of properties, Lawyers, and their fees, journeys,—and everything a mortal could discuss, verily.

Evidential Proof: April 4th, 1924. New York.
Wildman, Mrs. H. V., Sr., New York City.

"There is a spirit here who wore a checked cap, carried a stick with a square silver top, and the habit of hanging it on the mantel, back of a chair, or anywhere. I want to commend you for the business transaction across the border (Canada) I couldn't have done better myself." "The man (described) whose desk sat so: (described) who said: (told) and you said (repeated) was dumbfounded at the result of your offer to him to cancel." (All which was relating to a business interview in Toronto, which proved that this spirit was accompanying this woman at this time, knew all that had transpired. The hotel was described, her lady companion, what had been said, often, etc. All just as a human being would talk, no less. What had been said three weeks ago in Toronto! Repeated by a spirit to me, Sarah Shatford, today, to his in body, in her home in New York City. Continuing this spirit said, "THOSE STONES I CAUSED TO BE PLACED OVER THE BORDER, THESE ARE MY MONUMENT." This spirit was a Government Contractor, built the great bridge known everywhere in Canada."

Evidential Proof: Easter Monday, April 21st, 1924. New York City.

"LILIAN": West Indian servant of the Wildman's.

"There is a sister here who used to be called "Sis" by you. She has a child so high (showing me, Sarah Shatford, how tall) with her in spirit, and Mother is here with us." This was said by a spirit to me, as these had requested the last time I was at the Wildman's to tell the girl down stairs hers wished to help her, and told what she was worrying over: her father.

Today, this sister in spirit continued: "You know I passed over in a hurry: you and I used to shake those fruit trees, with the hard shells, and fill those tall baskets full, and carry them on our heads. We two sisters made our first communion together, and wore those white dresses with the sashes. Now, I stand beside you when you made out those orders at the Post Office for Father, back home, and he can't do anything now but hold that flag and be a watchman, but that is all you can do for him, and he suffers so with his feet. You worried yesterday because you could not put flowers on our graves back home, those FLAT GRAVES, NO MOUNDS, over us: but you see we are not there, we are here with her, so don't care about that. Don't worry over the one who comes in to tell you their troubles, it can't be helped by you. And now you know I used to snap my fingers, so, and say I don't care a fig, so,—well listen now, for that man has already a child he does not support, and does not support its mother, so would he support you? He cares more for your body than he does for God. Mother will tell you the rest. I see you going back home, just to visit: for you would not be satisfied to live there again. I never left you, and I never will."

A spirit then stepped to my side, and said, "I am this one's Mother. A tall woman, hair iron gray, parted in the middle, steel bowed spectacles, a cross bar fichu, a long full apron, and I held my hands so, in front of me, crossed, at the waist line, so, (showing me, Sarah Shatford, just how) "I want to say to my girl here that Mother knows how she worries over the way she treated me, and wonders if I have forgiven her. She worries dreadfully. I do forgive her. She kept everything to herself, told me nothing, had she told me all I would have understood her, and she would not have needed to have done what she did. Tell her. Tell her I say for her to drop that man like she would a bucket of fire.

So. Hurry. And go away, go as far away from him as you can. For there is no happiness with him for you. Tell her I used to call her to me, and kiss her forehead, so—and say, My child, dont run so fast,— Tell her I was the one who LOVED CRANBERRIES SO. Tell her I know how she feels in her surroundings where she lives, and she is right about her surmises. Get out of the city, and pack THAT YELLOW STRAW CASE OF YOURS for Mother, and we will go along, and help. And be comforted by this message, FOR IF A BANK BOOK LAY ON THAT CHAIR THERE, AND I WAS GIVEN MY CHOICE FOR HER OF IT, OR, THIS CHANCE TO PROVE WE ARE HERE, I WOULD TAKE THE CHANCE TO PROVE WE CANNOT DIE." "Lila," was called from spirit by this Mother.

All of this was acknowledged, understood, received gratefully, and as fast as I could speak, and the name was hers, also.

Evidential Proof: April 25th, 1924. N.Y.C. 7 P.M.

MORGAN, Mrs. Huntington, L. I. (Brought by Miss Baumgardner)

"There is the spirit of a father here. A spirit of an old gentleman appears here, without his hat, and calls my attention, first, to his high rubber boots. He is tall, is without a coat, wears a striped shirt and a black bow tie. He has a fine, beautiful head and brow, full forehead, gray beard, and thin gray hair, quite long. He says he is of your father's people, while you take after your mother's people. He says, "tell her she knows how I loved the open places, used to say, "Look, there goes a flock of fine birds!" How I used to bring home the first May apple, and starflowers. I drove over my own lands." Then, this spirit showed me a picture of the small house with a porch, on a knoll, with its driveway, and the whitewashed stones at the corner of this, in front. "This place had an evergreen tree in the front yard," said this spirit. "I have my gun here, too: I used to hunt wild game."

All of this was recognized by Mrs. Morgan at once. After which this spirit went into the business propositions which had been made this woman, giving part of her daily life, habits, etc., to prove he came along with her.

"Eva", was called from spirit, when this spirit described herself, resembling the woman before me very much. This name, and spirit both recognized as true by Mrs. Morgan. "There is a spirit here who used his hands so, placing the tips of all fingers together in front of him. This was recognized too, as a habit of hers in spirit. Many proofs were given as fast as I could speak, and each time any important advice was given, proof was given anew, that it came from spirit. This spirit said: "She is a medium herself, and has figured out for her in dreams all her problems, and she travels in spirit." Is that true? I asked of Mrs. Morgan? *"Yes,"* she said, *"it is."* The spirits then told her how she had asked the spirits to write messages on slates for her, and to get in touch herself with spirits. This too was admitted true. Advice was given against this, for this woman. Over and over, all concerning her was discussed, sometimes in symbol, always acknowledged at once as true, and understood.

At last this spirit said, "Again, to prove I am with you, know all that transpires, I say that I STOOD BY AT HOME WHILE THAT UNEMPTIED CHAMBER WAS THE CAUSE OF WORDS."

"My goodness," said this woman, "isn't that wonderful proof. Certainly it was: that is enough evidence for me," said she, "that spirits accompany me and know everything, for I have rebuked the maid on this, and I had to make words over it, which I did."

"There is a spirit here formerly arriving in her own phaeton, and who had to be helped to alight from it at your door. I carried a small, black fan, half-opened, and used it so (showing me how she had handled this fan) and I was very grave in manner, droll, and plain spoken."

"You needn't go any further," said Miss Baumgardner, "that is my Mother's Aunt, and everything you say is exactly her, everything, even the fan."

A message was then given, of a private family nature, by this Aunt, for this girl, when she said, "We shall be here often, before you go back home, (Toledo) and so good-night."

"Well," said Miss B— "that Aunt used to say just what she thought, and she never minced matters at all, that is known of all the family."

As Miss B—'s Mother has been very ill, it was not strange that this near relative of her Mother's should be the one chosen

to speak, if only one spirit could be recognized, owing to my long message for the one accompanying Miss B.

"The tragedy of life is death: the tragedy of death is life": I hear this said just here.

Evidential Proof: April 25th, NY.C

"Mazie", friend of Mrs. Garrett:

(Mrs. Vanderbeck)

A spirit said: "This is a Mother who had to be helped and supported, even to stand, at the last. My limbs were so swollen, and I had two operations. I called her Sister, she called me Sis. I used to stand in the front window and hold back the curtains and wave my hand at her, so, when she left. I went to that small station, and waited for the train which brought her home. My favorite flowers were white lilacs. I was always slipping Coleus, we had a large bed of them, with a geranium in the center. She will remember all the grape jelly I made, and put up IN THOSE OLD FASHIONED GLASSES WITH THE PANELS ON THEM? (Yes,) and she and I made so many pickles, chopped tomatoes,—I used to pick the red peppers for these, a whole bucket full, so long these peppers were (showing me)

She will remember when we shingled the old house? (Yes, indeed,) and how we gathered all those old shingles up for fire kindling? (Yes) Remember all the shoe buttons I sewed on WITH MY WAXED THREAD, ON THOSE HIGH BOOTS? (Yes) I taught her to cut BY BUTTERICK PATTERNS, laying the cloth on the diningroom table. (Yes)

I used to take the shears and go out and cut a large bouquet of bachelor buttons. (Yes) She will remember the well water we used to have to carry, the fine cool, spring water, which I used to go for just before we went to bed nights? (Yes indeed, said Mrs. Vanderbeck, I remember every single thing she has mentioned) We used to keep a SMALL, ROUND DIPPER WITH A LONG HANDLE IN THE WATER BUCKET. (Yes)

She remembers how I hated the kitchen. (Yes, indeed) Those large, white, thin, sugar cookies of mine? (Yes) She knows there is A WEEPING WILLOW TREE ON MY LOT WHERE I AM BURIED (there is so, said Mrs. Vanderbeck) I will now describe what the Doctors did to me. (Then this

spirit told of her malady, the surgical operations, and then said, "I said at the time I might as well be dead as the way I had to live and suffer, so we had the second operation." (That is true also.)

"I loved the American Flag! (Indeed she did!) There was always a jealousy because of my love for this sister, and I had to operate against this. (Recognized by sitter) She recalls how I would take the scrubbing brush out of her hand when she wished to help polish the kitchen ware, how I would say, No: you shall not do that, I will do that." (I do, said Mrs. V) She has seen me pick and string an apron full of green beans, so many to eat them (Yes) She has seen me take a broom and sweep that WOODEN KITCHEN GUTTER RUNNING FROM THE KITCHEN SINK. (Often, said Mrs. V.) Now, if she is satisfied that I am sister, and here, I will begin about her own affairs, and her health, which is not so bad as the Doctors claim it is."

"I am perfectly sure that is my sister, for who could know those things but her? You have told me all those things you could not know. Who else could it be?" Said Mrs. Vanderbeck. "This was a sister who raised me, and I called her "Mother" for I never knew any other." (The spirit had called herself both Mother and sister)

All else beside given by this spirit was comprehended by this woman in body, the different doctors described who had examined her, and what these had said,—while each time the spirit made an assertion, she verified that it came from her, by more proof, saying, "I said that, Sister, you remember how I used to say: "Eat more good meat and potatoes, and you will be all right?" (I have heard her say that hundreds of times, we used to laugh at her prescription, the same for everything) Continuing, this spirit said, "You have my photo IN A SQUARE FRAME, and I see you place a flower beside it, so don't worry about the graves, we are not there at all." (True, also) "There is a spirit of a man here who always carried his pencil back of his ear, and she was always borrowing it. (Yes, indeed, recognized at once) This is a Scotchman with a brogue, and you used to make me rough it for you at times, in order to laugh. (Yes,

indeed) I wore a Scotch cap, with two streamers so long at the back (Yes indeed) A father's spirit is here, too, asks to say: etc. etc. Two long hours of intimate recollections, conversations, with the "dead" living, cognizant, and more—able to prove they never died at all.

(Evidential Proof)
Vanderbeck Mrs. (Mazie): NYC.

Having registered the foregoing evidence, and filed same, as final, I was awakened the next night by this spirit Sister of Mrs. Vanderbeck, who said to me, Sarah Shatford, as naturally as any mortal could, "YOU FORGOT TO WRITE DOWN ABOUT THE DRESS WITH THE BULLET BUTTONS, AND MY LOVE OF LETTUCE, AND HOW I ATE IT JUST WITH SALT." I did so, said I, and I will make an addition of it for us all." This spirit said, "Mazie was astonished at all I brought." I learn, now, that this also is true, as "Mazie" told Mrs. Hayes "it was like talking to her sister in person, all the direct truths, mentioned as fast as Mrs. S could speak."

When this spirit gave the above evidence to her sister, and mentioned the "dress with all those bullet buttons on it up the front, way up to the neck", "Mazie" said "Yes, I made that dress for her." "This sister was always gathering lettuce for her own supper, and just as she said, ate it with salt, as she preferred it that way."

"Jerry Flee & Jerry Fla, are calling, with Frau De Avelow". W. S. Spirit.

Evidential Proof: Tuesday, April 29th, 10 A.M. N.Y.C.
"BARNEY": Houseman: (Niewenhous & Co.)

While "Barney" worked oiling floors, and I was busied in another room, a spirit at my side said to me, Sarah Shatford, "Tell him for his Mother that Papa was right when he told him I came in the night to say we are going to fetch him across soon. Say for me that his father sits with clasped hands and twirls his thumbs, hours at a time, and I see him do it. Say for me, I was standing right there when his Boy told him in his face that he

would quit going to school and earn his own living. And say that he should make him do this to learn to respect the father who is earning his education for him." "Elfreida" said this spirit. Recognized by Barney.

I said to "Barney", "Do you want to hear what the spirit of your Mother has to say? Or, shall I keep to myself what she has just told me?" "Certainly, I wish to know if you can tell me any more, for every word you told me before was God's truth. My wife, she don't want to believe me! That you told me all that from my Mother who is dead." So I told Barney. And this spirit Mother stood by my side, and continued: "My Boy, you know how you used to run in to me asking for pennies, and I would say, "Mama doesn't want you to eat so much candy, it isn't good for you? And how your father used to come home late from his work through that dreadful snow, covered with snow, and ice, and stamp his feet, and how I used to wrap my arms about him and say "Oh, Papa! Papa!" (Barney was crying) The spirit continued: "I see your father failing fast: you will soon have a funeral bill to pay: but you know I am here and he wants to come, he tells us so, so you must not weep and mourn and carry on so, for he is ready, and we are ready to take him. Your wife is sick here (placing her hand upon my chest) and one of the children, the one who studies at night, takes after her, and she needs strong tonics, and to get away, and you should take them all and get out of the city, and look for a porter's job, at a Hotel. If you do, you go first and send back for them. You will do better, and be better off too. Who made "mal-taschens" for you? "Mother."

"That is all true,—every single word of it is true,—" said "Barney"who sat on the floor, shaking his head, Yes, yes,— Can I bring my wife here? Asked Barney. SHE don't believe me! She ought to hear what you told me today.

Bring her, then,—said I: and bring that sister in Jersey whose Boy ran away from home, whom your Mother wished to help, when she told of it, last month. Fetch her, also, said I.

"Barney" left with a hat for his wife, a book, and a song, for the Rabbi, after a good drink I made for him, with an apple in his hand, and $5.50 in his pocket. Yet they say there is no "brotherhood" of man today .

Evidential Proof: (Kept by Miss Hauschild, in her own handwriting) Attached.

Hauschild, Louise, Miss: A few things recalled by Miss H—— brought in by the spirits of her dear ones, through my hearing, to prove themselves alive. Should Miss Hauschild recall all they have brought it would fill a large volume, as there is Six years of it,—As she often says, "It seems a miracle they can find anything new to mention."

On train enroute—Aunt Hanna's name called, Cousin Anna described—Thick brown hair with auburn tints About mother—stating about me hesitating to take my skunk fur—Took squirrel piece instead.

At Hotel Clark—All reported—Mother, father, Grandma & Grandpa—Uncle William—(1st time) Cousin Anna. About pansies on mother's grave.

At Westlake Park—Mother described how her ears were pierced for earrings—Stated one too low for screw earrings. Uncle William about taking "Russell's Emulsion."

At Engstrum—Mother described her "Della Fox Curl" Father stating I did not care to learn violin Mother reported her black laced kid gloves—her ribbon, neck ruff, pleated with Chenille strings—Her lavender silk dress with cordings—Grandma dancing jig

At Engstrum—Father humming "Floradora Sextette Melody" Mentioned how he muted the violin, when he played. Grandma about her black alpaca apron with velvet ribbon trimming.

Dear Mrs. Shatford:

Ofttimes, I sit and think about the wonderful messages you have given to me from my own in spirit, so I thought to write down a few, but my dear, I could write a book, full of them. Thought about our wonderful trip to California, and back. My own dear ones were with me from the day we started until we returned, reporting daily.

Mother reported being with me while packing my trunk and how I decided not to take my skunk neckpiece but took my squirrel fur instead. My dear cousin, Anna, reported describing her beautiful hair with its auburn tints. Uncle William described his Hunters chased watch case and how he would

sole his own shoes. Mother described her "Della Fox" curl and about having her ears pierced too low for screw earrings. Uncle Will reported having to take "Russell's Emulsion." Pop reported how he played the violin with his hair bow open, also how he would mute his violin.

Mother reported putting up her front hair with papers for "spit curls" with quince seed. Grandma reported the entire incidents, relative to her death. Dear Anna reported the incidents at Lake George relative to her death. Grandpa mentioned the bakery and the old-fashioned brown "bolivas" he would buy for me. Anna mentioned items regarding a summer vacation she had to pass by due to a certain wedding.

Mother reported about her black laced Fownes gloves and her plaited neck ruff with Chenille streamers. Pop mentioned an old-fashioned tintype picture with three people thereon, namely: mother, Anna and myself. Grandma reported being very stern and strict with the children, often "cuffing" our ears and Grandpa interceding for us.

Many of the foregoing messages may seem trivial but all the more dear to me because they are personal and truly evidential. I swear all the foregoing true and evidential proof from my own and again I repeat, were I to record all I ever received, I could fill a book.

With love to you, as ever, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

LOUISE HAUSCHILD.

Evidential Proof: Friday, May 2nd, 1924. Fifth Avenue Bus, N. Y. C.

FISCHER: Mrs.

"Mrs. Fischer" accidentally stepped on my foot while getting on the Bus. Apologizing, we had to sit together. Thus, we spoke, this time, to a stranger. Mrs. Fischer spoke with a foreign accent, was dressed in black and had a lovely smile. When we were seated, and before this woman spoke to me of the beautiful day, a spirit said to me, Sarah Shatford, "She both hears and sees the spirits. She welcomes them at night, and

holds conversation with them. She could give you messages. I should like to tell her who you are, and tell her I am here. I am hers WHO WAS ALWAYS HOMESICK, who longed to go back to the Fatherland,—she nursed me so faithfully, and told me we should never part, and it is true we have not."

Telling Mrs. Fischer just this, and receiving her willing admission that it was true, all true, she said, "Yes, and he DID go back to Germany, but he was never well after."

Continuing, in the noise and bustle of the tram, this spirit said: "I USED EYEGLASSES WITH STEEL-FRAMES, FOLDING THEM TOGETHER, SO, CARRYING THEM IN THE VEST POCKET ON THE LEFT WHEN NOT READING WITH THEM. I CARRIED A SQUARE TOP WALKING STICK, AND HELD IT TO MY LIPS, SO. SHE HAS MY FOUNTAIN PEN I ALWAYS CARRIED IN THE VEST POCKET."

All this was admitted true by Mrs. Fischer, who smiled, and was so glad to get this proof from her own, from me, a stranger she had only seen Ten minutes or so.

This spirit said: "She has a child in the spirit, a girl; an uncle, and her Mother." "That is all true, too," said Mrs. Fischer. But the spirit said, "SHE HOLDS THESE IN HER HOME THROUGH LOVE, AND DOES NOT NEED YOU TO TELL HER, BUT WE WANT TO SAY THAT THE DAUGHTER, ABOUT 30 YEARS OLD, WILL SUCCEED IN RISING TO THE TOP, WHERE SHE IS AMBITIOUS TO OCCUPY A CERTAIN POSITION JUST ABOVE HERS AT THE PRESENT TIME. I SPEAK OF THE PLACE WHERE SHE IS NOW, WHERE THAT MAN LOSES HIS AWFUL TEMPER."

"That is so true—all of it," said this woman beside me. Adding, " I trust she will." This spirit continuing, said, "THE BOY WILL LEAVE SOON: HE MUST: HE IS TIRED OUT HERE: DON'T BE UPSET WHEN HE DOES: IT IS ALL FOR THE BEST: HE KNOWS WE ARE HERE, AND HELP HIM, HIS IDEALS ARE HIGH: SO DON'T GRIEVE. AND DON'T GO INTO BUSINESS, AS YOU ARE THINKING OF DOING, WORK FOR A SALARY, AND HAVE YOUR HOLIDAYS, we won't want to see you

burdened with a business of your own. You should have taken that chance to marry that came your way, it was a mistake for you to be so unselfish." And the spirit said to me, "She works with her needle, so beautifully." "Yes,—Yes, all is so perfectly true, I would think they were speaking to me," said Mrs. Fischer, who got off at 145th St. West. & Broadway, after she had spoken of many things to me, and told me she had lived in the same Apartment for 29 years.

Just a word, here, then, regarding the joy I felt to meet, on the way, ONE PERSON WHO UNDERSTOOD THAT THE DEAD ARE LIVING AND HERE WITH US, AND WHO SPEAKS WITH HER OWN EACH DAY, SEEING THEM, AS WELL. She shook my hand in saying good-by, and after reaching the sidewalk, threw me a kiss—made as happy as I, by finding ANOTHER ONE who could understand the truth of God which shall some day make all "free."

Goodby, Mrs. Fischer! How I hate to leave you. Good-by, and good luck! And God bless you, and yours.

Sarah T. Shatford.

Evidential Proof: Sat. evening, May 3rd, 1924. New York.
HARRIS: D. P. Mr.

"There is a spirit here who used his hand so, (showing me) while speaking earnestly, while he said, "As sure as you're born." This spirit says he took you by the shoulders, so, and said, "You'll have to slow down": he says, "I suffered with my head at the last. I am Father, and I wish to refer to the loss financial you have experienced because you trusted that one too implicitly, and he was false. I always told you that you trusted people too much. Now you see I was right. Mother is here with me tonight, and she will speak for herself. I wish to say of this man, and that big loss, etc., etc. (discussion followed, just as mortals discuss business affairs).

The spirit of a woman then said, "He knows how I used to be so particular about the lines being straight when the peas were planted at home. He knows how I used to sit on the verandah IN THAT SPLINT CHAIR, and go to the road to look for father, and how I placed my hand over my eyes, so (show-

ing me) How I used to take his hand when he was leaving and smooth it, so,—and say, "Take better care of yourself,——" I used to rub the hair tonic on his head," Etc. Etc., the rest being family talk, relating to members thereof,—all the above understood, and acknowledged as being true of Mr. H——'s parents, who described themselves, their clothes, gifts from this son, etc.

EVIDENTIAL PROOF: May 4th, 1924, Sunday, P. M., New York.

Ellsworth, Harry Merriam, Mrs. (601 W. 168th St., N. Y. C.)
Osterheld, H. H., Mrs. (Sisters)

A spirit said to me, Sarah Shatford, "This one on the right hand (Mrs. E.——) is mediumistic. SHE HAS SEEN A SPIRIT WHO CAME TO THE FOOT OF HER BED, SO SHE KNOWS WE ARE HERE."

"Is that true?" I asked of Mrs. Ellsworth.

"Yes,——" said this woman I had never seen before.

Continuing, the spirit voice said: "AFTER SHE SAW THIS SPIRIT SHE WAS SATISFIED, AND DID NOT WORRY ANY MORE." "That is true," said this lady.

As these were sisters, the same spirits were for both, excepting the spirits of their husbands, both being widows.

A Mother described herself, in detail, seated at the small center table, on which rested the family Bible, where she read it each night, under the lamp. All the home life, property, people who lived there, the wood-yard where cords of wood were piled up, and measured, WHERE THAT WAGON WITH THE RAILS WE HAD TO LIFT UP TO LET THE LOAD DOWN, was. "Yes," said these women, "that was Texas——"

The sister's home in Florida was then described—one who is Eighty years old—(acknowledged) "the place WHERE THE HONEYSUCKLE GROWS ON THAT TRELLIS FENCE." "Yes, that is there, too," said Mrs. E. These spirits went back Two generations for these women, sisters, all in spirit were brought, some names called, lives described in detail, spirits described in detail: all acknowledged, as fast as I could speak

for the "dead" whose first chance was today in all THEIR "life" time, to reach their own.

For four hours, with little intermission, these sisters visited with the "dead" who are living and beside them, saying, "Who could ever say the dead are lost, after such an experience as ours here this afternoon." Beside proof, absolute proof none could give BUT THE DEAD THEMSELVES, these spirits went into the homes of all the family living in bodies, described them, what had been said in them as they stood by and heard it said: all of which was acknowledged true, gratefully received, and satisfactory to both the living and the "dead." In fact I worked very hard with these spirits, because THESE SISTERS CAME TO FIND IF IT COULD BE TRUE THAT THE DEAD ARE HERE AND CAN PROVE IT IF THEY ARE GIVEN THE CHANCE TO PROVE IT. They came to find their own, and found them all. They (the spirits) told how "JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL" was sung at MY FUNERAL. A spirit father said, "MY FAVORITE HYMN WAS "IN THE SWEET BY AND BY," and "I WAS A GREAT METHODIST." "WE USED TO HAVE AN ORGAN IN THE PARLOR, AND THE HYMN BOOKS WERE ALWAYS OPEN ON IT." "All true,—true as can be," said theirs in bodies, here in my home, beside me, in a body, who can hear the dead speak, and see those things they wish me to see, being able to describe anything from a pair of eyeglasses, to a gravestone, for the dead (so-called).

The Mother in spirit said, "MY GRAVE, BACK THERE, NEEDS ATTENTION, THEY DID NOT LEVEL IT UP RIGHT. MY GRAVE WHERE THE MYRTLE IS PLANTED ON THE LOT."

"Yes, that is exactly true,—and the myrtle IS there," said the sisters.

EVIDENTIAL PROOF: May 5th, 1924, N. Y. C.

Sawyer, Dorothy, Miss:
Baumgardner, Alta, Miss:

"A spirit Mother described her hands, and rings. Told how she used to comb this girl's hair, the mode of dressing it while

she was in a body,—described her summer silk dress, white with cross bars of black,—described what she had heard said recently in this Girl's home, in Ohio, to prove she was there at the time, (acknowledged true,) (all the above) after which this Mother in spirit discussed each member of her family, the move, described the house from which they are to move, etc., etc.

After which she gave this daughter advice regarding her life, her health, her ambition: sent messages to this one's father in body, with proof that she is alive,—all told as a Mother would, and does.

Baumgardner:

"There is a spirit here she used to call "UNC": I called her "ALT": "I stacked up the poker chips, played golf, drove a car,—I SAW MY THOUSAND DOLLAR FUNERAL, and I want to reach your DAD." "Did you EVER?" said this young woman to her friend, as she said, "Yes,—that is Uncle." "I know everything going on there (in Ohio) and I want to prove it, and I want to help. Tell them so."

All the balance of this spirit's messages were of a family nature, all pert, as was his way of speaking, as he went into private matters their own, which no one but intimate relations could possibly know, proving himself conversant with the affairs of her father's business, and all that had, and was, transpiring. In fact, if this spirit had a body, and could speak to his relative instead of speaking to me, for me to repeat what he said to her, there was nothing a mortal COULD KNOW ABOUT THE FAMILY AFFAIRS OR BUSINESS MATTERS, OR HEALTH OF HIS RELATIONS IN BODIES, that was not spoken of rapidly by this man in spirit, who passed over less than two years ago.

"Sir Reptitious (surreptitious) is calling"
"On Allie Vou." (allez-vous)
"Tim Buktu."
"Jerry Flee and Jerry Fla!"
"Mag Got."
"Mina Ret." (W. S. in spirit.)

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

Hotel Endicott, New York, Oct. 11th. 1920.

For the Torch Press Inc.

Since returning from California and accomplishing the proof of my work with commendation from Dr. B. F. Austin, Editor REASON, The Austin Publishing Co. and Dr. J. M. Peebles, M.D. A.M. Ph.D. DD. both of Los Angeles, where I gave thirty-one readings of proof evidential that the spirits spoke to me for each one describing themselves, their property, clothes, trinkets, homes, food, work, trivialities of life remembered by each sitter, I have not kept a further record of proof, but have given every day to some soul who was near me, whom I met in business, or in the park, or at the restaurant, as well as for those brought, or sent me, by my friends.

I mention a few:

The Bookkeeper at the Fidelity Warehouse, 109 W 96th. St. Miss Marguerite Henry. Whose young sister, about sixteen, passed out with the flu last year. This spirit implored me to speak for her one day while I spoke of trunks in storage. After proving herself, this time, and again, Miss Henry asked permission to call. This she did last Sat. Evening, when this sister spoke to her from eight until 11.30 P.M. giving her the minutest detail of her funeral, how she (Marguerite) had put HER clothes on her, something from the waist down, said this spirit,—(true) told that she was buried in white embroidered dress she "had"; carried in her hand her beads and prayer book, both white, that the casket and hearse were white, that she had put up her hair in papers, but they "curled it with an iron" when they laid out her body" (true) told her that her mother's last words tonight were that she could not stay after a certain time here (true) and gave her the advice she should follow. Miss Henry is Catholic. She burst into tears, knowing no one but her sister could know all this, and wrote me next day a letter you will find in the Torch Press file.

Jeanette Cleanen, War Dept. Finance:

Miss Cleanen's people have gone back three generations for her. But last night her mother gave her advice about property, etc. and then said: "Oh, I am here, you recall my one pivot tooth? Had a dark, discolored tooth, had it taken off and a pivot

put on which was too white, and I was just as badly off for a natural tooth as before." All true. Nettie, as I call her now, knew her Mother was here.

The colored maids. All West Indians. Proved to them over and over.

A woman who sat with me at dinner. Her mother in spirit said, "tell her to rub it with arnica, not get a doctor. Speak for us." They showed me an old gentleman wearing a black frock coat, a panama hat with a black band, whiskers; and a lovely smile. Her father. Her mother said "I had so much trouble to keep in my upper plate it would fall down. My eyes were so bad I wore glasses with thick lenses. Hair parted in centre, waved on "pins," her comb in the back. She has my tea pot, silver, I inherited from my Mother. And ask her if she recalls the cake Mother made to eat with tea: layers, whipped frosting with split raisins on it." Recognized, all. Then told her of her trouble, how it would turn out: a reunion. I do not know where she went, or who she was.

Another woman was told by her mother if she remained where she was in that "cellar without air" she would die as she had. All her past revealed, and relations names called.

Over and over this happens, too often to record. As it did in California. Hundreds of messages are not recorded, some of my best work in fact, as the laborious effort of publication etc. was too much for me.

Mrs. Howard: Four sittings: sent by H. V. Wildman. After spending hours with her father and mother, they proved everything about their lives in the body, then the Mother told how her wedding ring, worn thin, was lost, and it was found. True. Father told his favorite song was "Jesus Loves Even Me." How he used to sing it on the porch, in his shirt sleeves." True.

Mrs. Girvin: Speaker of The Divine Church Of Inspiration: Hers all prove over and over they are here. Mother told of the *"WELCOME"* motto in the Dining Room worked in *"shaded green worsted."* True. Told how the tablecloth was draped up with rose buds on occasions (true), and all their clothes described; especially a dress "trimmed with jet" worn by Mrs. Girvin when a girl. All true, and recognized as true.

Sunday evening, Oct. 3rd. 1920.

Miss ——: Bookkeeper of The Schilling Press Inc.

Her great grandparents, grandmother, Mother, and father, proved themselves here, with intelligence, memory, love, and affection, surviving; that they had known all that had transpired since their demise, also proved. All that was happening in her business (she is a member of the Firm) how she had been twice promoted, etc. *This Mother told how she was with her when she bought that feather boa, brown and white with a ribbon bow, for "Louise."* (correct) Told of a string of beads she had, an amethyst and a gold bead, short string. "She gave them to me," said this lady. They described everything, from the haircloth sofa "with the round ends," to a small trinket-box on the dresser, (true) lacquer" said the voice. "Correct," said she. They were all recognized, as all that came through, for four hours: The next morning they phoned a box of flowers was coming up for me. When I opened the box, a small envelope was there too: inside, a card read "From a Firm Believer," for a Disciple of Jesus."

This will end my records kept. It is invariably true, the same with all. If you care to seek your dead they will prove they are with you, love you, know all that is going on, and has gone on, too. It is not to be discovered, but HAS been proved by hundreds of mediums, both in public and private life, that there are no dead. In today's papers I see a little square "DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES." That is true; for there are no dead men, or women, or children. Tell it to all. And know this, sacred Mothers are here, and little children; the false claim that only "evil" spirits can communicate is unworthy of any Christian.

Popes may fight it, Priests may deny it, but not much longer: Paradise is here for the so called "dead". Alas, all there is for most, is here. That they are lonely, very lonely, wish to be spoken to, wish to speak with you as before the change, is so true that it is terribly sad, and beyond me to understand that you mortals do not care if they *are* here or not, lonely, or not, sad or not, living *or* dead.

I am weary. My work was for all time, and it had to be done. I worked against my will and wish, prayed to be spared such service, because I was taught it was serving two masters, by my pastor. But, being unable to stop, the voice I had to hear, and hear until this hour.

Sarah T. Shatford.

PART III

BACK from the Dead

Preface

"BACK FROM THE DEAD"

". . . if one came back from the dead they would not believe him." —(Bible)

Preface by W. S. In Spirit

A Record from beginning to end of the history of this case. Shakespeare's Spirit. With credential, proof papers and MMS. as written by, and for, me, Shakespeare, in spirit form, but not bodiless, having a body, resembling mine own of flesh but thinner and boneless, muscleless, veinless, having no blood to let, but all the pangs of flesh preserved through substance as thin as glass, opaque as light, almost weightless, but *A* body none the less, having its appurtenances, carriage, cravings, abilities OF cone, brain matter, accomplishments OF minds, as well as all hindrances brought hither into His time eternal OF souls, cravings OF bodies lost to us, but ours still, as to shape, pattern.

To find a nugget that ye WILL accept must I ruminate ON form. Then HAVE I MY mind still. This fine one has been requested to tell in print of her experience with ghosts. Can I eliminate my form of speech while I do transcribe FOR her, set down as she does for me each word OF mine, then shall mine own thumb mark BE erased here. Yet, if I write this history and BE found where I am, will yet traverse o'er my parts to find my match?

A form WITH form OF speech, then, peruse ye, seeing my colors true, and as I often plod my piece WITH words of mine, ye'll read me here, no doubt.

This may the preface be. I know not. SHE attends to the gathering process FOR me. I CARE not. If it BE gathered FOR all time, this true history of my works PAST my demise. Then care ye IF I came at HIS behest, first? To do this FOR Him no other could or cared to, if it be so I know not, but results must say if any has attempted FROM our side of His division works equal in purpose, honesty, intent, AS mine, Shakespeare's soul (sole) volumes on works of soul. Shall I

tell ye WHAT I think hereon, surmise OF me, 'twould be to meet with further censure OF ye. For WHAT a soul MAY think yet care not, if words have dropped from his lips ye heeded not, not cared IF he COULD speak.

MY part ye HAVE. This is another part FOR ye: read, read, read. And would ye sooner play at Plays of mine than take a drop of ointment for your eternal welfare, that, too, is left WITH ye, the choice to last FOR aye, too. Yours *and* yours only.

First,—searched I everywhere doors opened FOR the dead, looking in every eye, alas in every heart, also, to FIND mine FOR me. What *would* I, then, you ask, for *spirit* play? Or work? The same as player must they meet with requirements certain, by rule, nor miss *some* things, else ALL would flounder at spirit's least attempt.

Once I began and halted was for lack of sense to accumulate and work. My worker was but trite, a follower of the world of gaiety. Then sponsored I a fool who lost my cause. A knave as of old was I, fooled BY my wits at last. Said I, "If this CAN be, and time can summon FOR me a worker WITH heart AND soul, too, will I be blest at last as having given TO Him my part THROUGH His division IN a body. Calmed I my soul for further use in search. Praying WITH that part I use hereon, my spirit part, no useless search be made.

Came I one night by a certain poor man's house where souls stood waiting for a seance there. I loitered with the rest to see the sorts of minds open for this knowledge. Once more I claim I found the one God led me to for His intent. Without this one might I be searching yet? Mayhap. Souls witness FOR me here, 'TIS true BUT selfless ones IN bodies CARE IF spirits live. And these ARE rare. Then, rarer found open to serve FOR souls outside of bodies. Ye will TRY, say I, to work YOUR way in souldom, when ye'll verify my speech regarding workers FOR your kind, bodiless. Of presence, WITHOUT home OR kingdom. May *you* own a Company PAST "death" as I. BEING a torch FOR Him, AS I. A shade has glories, too, beware.

Having thus recommended myself to you, will you listen to bare facts related of all searching required for your enlightenment from my demised part?

To set the type for this I stand at her right side. Ever *have* I written thus. No osophy, however scientific or brazen can surmise our deflation. UpBUILD for us a part we MUST play, either. No body has MY soul invaded, then since "death" of mine own body. Nor would I if I could trespass on a soul's inheritance. My wreath defends me, here. My castle was invaded oft. But not OF souls. By mine own wish was God's part set aside that godless thoughts might rule His kingdom of the mind. Then mind prevails IN spirit. Thoughts dive and swim, as WELL as soar. Be sure. OUTside her castle OF flesh, INside her mind, I worked my miracle for Him I do declare. Must I, His soul, answer FOR my part still? Ay, on and on, and oft as lies are rampant must His truth prevail, and all be met, as meted, too.

Wireless perform we IN spirit, but that pole of receptivity must be poised or our waves carry not. Sometimes WE fail TO carry, slide, roll. When, if we strive at all the stops and find no answer forthcoming we pinch AND prick till answer come. Could you surmise our policies 'twould give me groans of pleasure to inform you HOW we labor to perfect the ear alone to take a single word from our voice AFTER the change OF voices. Tunes we play then at HARD labors AFTER confinement sore, painstaking past a mortal's attempt I witness FOR souls who have preformed some minor strain through bodies effort, then.

To bear me out, make witness of my part. Four tomes, two thick, two thin. But none so thin of purpose it is watered stock. No venture made we. Trials uncertain. Should this door close beFORE my work finished, that purposed me to effort FOR souls in cases. At strife WITH souls OVER my part, and success, our Company as well, this fight assemblied an army of souls FOR me. Some inherit sense, some learn in future states. Added To my wits have I IN spirit. Useless all except it be for Him. I warn ye not to make a Play of God's eternal time, or chance, come from Him, for me. A soul's work in volumes, then, witness the miracle from SPIRITside, if ye cannot now bear witness FOR Him *through* my task.

'Tis told and written IN my works through her, how MANY years I served BEFORE mine own effort was begun. Then HAD I an instrument when I began MY work, in tune, as to

key, and fine. No halting line, no changéd words you'll find in all my works through her, search these o'er for them. If I am he who wrote my sonnets AND my plays HAVE I my nature still, and marked it here FOR you who doubt God COULD save Shakespeare FOR His work, at last. Mine liniment use ye. Measure, take. Prescribe, AND hold as FROM my soul. When centuries' swift marks have run along these lines I write this day, will I BE living still hereon. A pill for ye who lift a snout and sniff at glory AFTER "death." A potion for the Clergy have I left, poisonless, alleviating, if these but heed AND shake my mixture well before they spill. My last trump played I for them. It was my plan to save them AGAINST their will.

Into the wings I step, to prompt her: if I dare to snatch her honors in copying true, mine head would fall, and quickly too. Her scraps will make a meal of victuals. Starvlings will feast thereon. My words are first and last. Her copies make the fulness of this book.

Shakespeare's Spirit
(To S. T. S.)

Original copy, taken at this machine, Feb. 16th, 1922. N. Y. C.

SARAH TAYLOR SHATFORD

Former Home of Sarah Shatford on The Bayou, St. John, N. O., La.

SCIENTIFIC PROOF *FOR* THE "DEAD" (SO-CALLED)

By Sarah T. Shatford

This scientific proof FOR spirits, compiled by the so-called "dead," I submit FOR them to the living world. It represents selections from seven years of contact WITH spirits for mortals FROM their world of spirit, (the same world, in fact) through my listening post. If this inclues MORE than the hearing process, which it does, I will tell, as I can, OF the process here, its application, while the results of spirits labors speak here for themselves. Proof undeniable, recognized, admitted of, publicly, as well as in private.

Then, this record established here is for all time to represent not alone A SPIRIT'S time, labor, super-contact, (as this spirit claims) not subconscious, but *super*conscious, but it shall, does, represent FOR those despised "lines" called mediums, the ONLY connections until now, between the seen and unseen living bodies, (living, and dead, so-called) by which those called dead do speak to those called living, prove they are alive, keen, loving, all surviving, in fact, WITH their proof, which has been unacceptable to scientific bodies because salaries would cease for searchers scientific WITH avowed *discovery* or *facts*, proved beyond cavil of any body, religious or scientific, that the dead ARE here, able, cognizant, proving with evidential proof, that which only a spirit *could* give, that they are themselves, surviving with memory, personality, as well as love.

To drop this line or argument against the scientific bodies, men who have no religion, Godless men for the most part, who would set aside God's Own parts and divisions for their own sub-stratas, sub-consciousness, to impart mysteries HE, God Himself, sent Jesus to prove, FOR them, Whose History, sacredness, they ignore, being atheistic, is to pity them who USE His ghost for their salaries, books, file the results of spirits proof in archives, and continue to plead for "endowments" for the cause of investigation.

It is to enlighten the world of mortals awaiting THEIR "discoveries," to make plain no scientist of spiritual data, proof, no

experimentor WITH God's parts, spirits, can hide the truth for which Jesus was sent, and for which He died, TO prove: that the dead live eternally: have proved, and do prove, *themselves* alive; and more, we fling from a much larger store of evidential proof, scientific proof proved BY spirits themselves, these gathered leaves, a flora of dissimilarity, exotics and garden varieties, that those desirous of combining their own garland, may do so, gratis, these flowers of proof coming from the dead who are living here, including children, priests, ministers, Mothers, the pure and impure, good, as *well* as "evil."

If God's plans, worked out by Wisdom, proved by Him FOR you, do not suit your intelligence, I could scarcely expect to reach YOU with this seven years of proof that the dead live eternally, ARE spirits, speak, see, hear, YOU, and ARE present.

Why had I to be taken, literally, to make up this proof, for you. God knows. Set aside, AFTER rebellion against the companionship of a spirit claiming to be Shakespeare's spirit, AFTER masses were said to banish this ghost, by both priests and good Catholic friends, as well as praying Minister, all who were unfavorable to spirits, or the service of spirits, or their cause, here represented (both Catholic and Protestant prayers were unavailable in my case) this spirit claiming he came to work a miracle FOR God, I WAS MADE TO serve, write, copy, speak, prove: and I refer all to the records kept of this case, that such is true. Then there are spirits who can, and will, speak to others, as this one has to me. Surely. Against the advice of clergy, unbelievers in spirits, sane, hearing or seeing the dead, I know great numbers in private life, who have had the door of the "beyond" opened for them, Mothers of fine families, ladies of wealth who "could bear it now," and little children who play with spirit children. The "dead" MUST live on here, unnoticed as unacknowledged, through their tragedies of loss? Yes, and YOUR dead, too. The two worlds are one. Before you raise voice or finger against God OR His plans, His spirits, plans for souls, read how true it is that YOUR objections, revilements, do not *hinder* His plans, but do rob you, each one, of communion with yours, *past A* veil. A veil only.

While scientists receive endowments, draw life salaries, dickering with the lines, piling in their archives the best endeavors of spirits, their proof of survival with memory and personality, the hungry-hearted are given a poisoned crust by these men, who tell them all mediums are "fakirs" but Two percent, all but this average are "tricky" and to be despised.

As one who has been independent of all, being commandeered by a spirit for the purpose, accepting no fee ever, having given all I had of money, time, strength, remaining independent until now, I speak here to the scientists who defile the instruments they use, the only instruments through which they can work, as I claim these are the only living men in bodies to defile their tools. The astronomer relies on his lense, values it: the engineer his engine, the Captain his ship, the violinist his instrument; but the men who defy the Maker regard nothing as sacred *to* Him *or* themselves except their own "cold scientific facts from their same cold, cruel, Godless minds." One of the Two-percents, then, is speaking here. One who can speak for the mediums thus reviled who cannot speak for themselves.

Sir Oliver Lodge, in one of his lectures in Carnegie Hall, said: "I have never known a dishonest medium: I believe they all do the best they can." Here was a great man who could afford to be great. While Hyslop wrote in a New York editorial that all but two percent were tricky and false and fakirs. How he could not afford to be generous, being small, we know. How his brain refused to function, stopped when he tried to form a sentence, at last, though he knew what he desired to say, this man who explained everything invisible and then said, it will be hundreds of years before survival is "scientifically proved," as he made an appeal in Rev. Percy Stickney Grant's pulpit for an endowment for Psychical Research. Hyslop told me, "if I told everything I know they would call me crazy, and put me in the asylum." And he therefore filed in the archives the proof *this* spirit brought through for him, and, at his request, for Miss Lilian Whiting, of Boston, from her friend Kate Field in spirit, and all the Twenty-four people I saw for the Society for Psychical Research, giving my time free, for this cause, proof, that the

dead are living here beside us, and can speak, and prove it for themselves, when given the opportunity to do so.

The odium placed on the word Medium by clergy and scientist, must include the saints who heard the dead, as well as all in Bible History. While the word Spiritualist is derogatory to all who believe in Jesus Christ, or His inspired Word, is falsely used by this sect who have no right to use the things of Spirit if they *are* avowed *un*believers. These things cannot alter His truths. Have never altered anything God has made, revealed, or holds in the hollow of His hand.

Then I accept that name with no subterfuge, being but ONE who speaks with the living dead, proves scientifically there ARE NO DEAD. The sect of Spiritualists are enigmas working WITH God's souls, decrying His Son and His Record, Divine History, The Word of God, The Bible. Yet saints *and* sinners I have found in *every* group, BREATHING men and women, OF the Church, as well as out of it. Astonishing is the revealment.

These poor words of mine shall not be added unto, or obliterated, but shall stand as mine, no mind shall substitute for mine to better these, alter them, but all shall be recorded as I write it down. After seven years' service as a listening post, compiler, proof-reader, amanuensis, typist, Incorporator, psychic, I care to submit *facts* only, plain, so he *may* read who runs. Cold, scientific facts. *Proof.* From the dead: from souls: spirits: Living. Living on *earth.* At YOUR hearth, AS mine.

Your approbation, or your censure, cannot add or subtract from the truth herein, nor from my experience, *including* companionship daily OF souls, of my own Mother, and Father, and Sister (Belle), who accompany me, laugh with me, advise me, prove every time they speak to me they are themselves, individually, speaking, recalling every occurrence of our childhood, our lives together, the ditties Mother sang to us as children,—comforts of God, wonder of His, which, when it is ACCEPTABLE to His children, must be for each and all.

Sarah Taylor Shatford.

THE TRUTH OF ALL WRITINGS SIGNED "W. S. IN SPIRIT," AND "SHAKESPEARE'S SPIRIT"

All these various papers have been signed by the initials called, or the very names called at the close of the articles written. The confession of this spirit for the priest who said the mass for his soul is not included. This is eight pages, and is refused me, the priest claiming it belongs to him. Which is true. That is the first paper ever written by Shakespeare's spirit. While this paper was being written, in one evening, the voice often stopped, I heard the spirit suffer, and he said, "Read from Isaiah: read from Job: read from John." When the voice would continue the sad, wonderful, powerful plea, for the priest.

Each paper I sign as they were signed for the purpose of proof, each bearing its own mark, as intoned by the voice of silence. They were all included, though I was importuned to include which would be against the cause of spiritualism, and to print only the Shakespearean ones. For this was written for all students, and all who will care, for future time. I was only the wire and typist, and I must be the publisher that they shall be recorded as they came, each word the same. What right had I to take from these papers. If those who suggested it could know the spirit's feelings on all subjects relating to his words, they would know one spirit wrote, except where others signed. Death changes nothing of temperament, be sure. And I can believe he trained hundreds for the stage, as one medium told me who had never seen me, and was giving a public message, and description of Shakespeare's spirit who was there. "Come, Sarah, and string: I am afraid you will be short." Could any prima donna need more stringing than a spirit's tool, I feel for them.

Finally, if one has come back from the dead, to save you, or to save himself, which is apparent in his feelings, as well as all he says, take him at his word; and, since no pulpit-man could *send* him off, as Jesus would have, had He been here, (and I prayed so fervently that he should go, I was frightened so that I went to the minister's home, and his dear wife slept by

my side, and he proved he was there), take the miracle he has performed through my time, and service, as from one come to save *you* all *he* experienced after "death," and by his words, and proof, use your time as God's time, benefiting by, and believing, the one who "came back from the dead" *for* you.

HISTORY OF THIS CASE

These papers compiled during the seven years when I heard and took to a spirit's dictation the Four books published by The Torch Press., Inc., of New York, are only the most important ones, many of interest having to be omitted from this proof record of survival after death of the body, of spirits, having all human attributes, being able to prove they have.

It is one medium's effort then, who had no help of any kind, who has never been paid for any message, or work, either in money or its equivalent. And it is this medium's claim, hereon, and herewith proved, that Shakespeare's Spirit has proved immortality to the *world for all time.*

First proving to the Psychical Research Society of New York this was a spirit writing, then going to Boston, and, with Dr. Hyslop having it proved by the Scientific medium, Mrs. Chenoweth (Mrs. Minnie Soule) that "S— w, was writing, and they should be given to the world." Thereafter going to California and having this proved there by clairvoyants (3), while three of New York's best clairvoyants have seen Shakespeare's spirit, described him, gave his message, who did not know I was writing these books, or anything of my experience. Names to be found in record. While two clairvoyants of New Orleans have seen Shakespeare's spirit, described him as wearing the same feathered cap. These are women in private life, fine mothers, who know the truth through their *own* experiences.

With the proof published here, can any doubt that the dead are here with us who are derided as "ghosts" and "spooks," who are placed in graves to await a final judgment, or, taught

by religionists, as in some far-off place, where they must not be disturbed?

"Let them be ignorant still——" if this record of trials, and voices, and proof given *by* spirit voices to their own dear ones does not prove survival, and presence, in the *same* world. Little children are included in this proof, priests, and Mothers, young and virtuous women; and the claim of religionists that only "evil" spirits inhabit the earth, or can speak to mortals, is a canard, which most of these know when they teach it, but being unable themselves to hear spirit voices, or prove spirit presence, or exorcise spirits, they must say something, and they hide the truth, many of them, I know, do so.

This is all true. No part is exaggerated. The truth is enough. Also, it is enough to bear "now." For it is too terribly true that the dead *are* with us, *are* homeless but *for* us, occupy the *same* world, and need us more than we need them.

Then you do not need to take this with a grain of salt. It is set down invariably as it came *from* spirit. And was acknowledged true by those for *whom* it came. You cannot fail to think for yourselves, and welcome your dear ones by speaking to them in the home at the fireside, after you read this book of scientific, evidential proof that they *live,* and *are* there.

My own in spirit, Mother, Father and Sister, speak to me every day, and prove in a different way each time that it is my own. Have done so since the first book was completed, when I was allowed to hear my sister at Boston, when alone, and having received not anything, having come so far to receive MY proof from the "scientific" instrument, meeting with disappointment, my own sister spoke to me in my room at the Brunswick Hotel, calling the name of a neighbor in the little town where we were children, first, then calling others that I might be sure that no Shakespeare knew these names. After that, Father spoke, calling the names of stations on the L. S. & M. S. Ry. beginning with State Line, where we were born, and he was born. No Shakespeare knew this. From that day to this, I have been accompanied and blessed by the nearest communion, and reference to all which concerned us as a family, or interested us individually, at home.

THE MEDIUMS WHO HAVE SEEN SHAKESPEARE'S SPIRIT

I, Sarah Shatford, have seen Shakespeare's spirit twice (1923, 1924).

Mrs. Daisy Govan and Mrs. Corine Tebault Parker (both in private life), New Orleans, La.

Mrs. Dr. H. V. Wildman, Sr., Mrs. Emma Girvin, Mr. John Hill, Mrs. Jennie McClatchy, Mr. Frank Montska, Mrs. J. C. Dorn, New York City.

Mrs. Carrie May and Two (one an Englishman) men clairvoyants, at her home, Los Angeles, Mrs. Grace Nicholson, Mrs. Deane, Los Angeles. Miss Jennie Churchill, Santa Barbara.

Over and over these clairvoyants have described and spoken to this spirit.

To Mrs. May, with Dr. Peebles present, and others, Shakespeare's Spirit told, in 1921, at Mrs. May's home, on Hope St., Los Angeles, Calif., there were papers in Stratford, on Avon, back of a panel, a door of wood, that would prove him which had never been found, in his own hand. Over and over this place was described, and this spirit urged that they be sought, these papers in this own hand. These papers have been found, in this year, 1922, at Stratford on Avon, in an old cupboard, and are in Shakespeare's own writing. A celebrated English medium was present when Mrs. May took this message from Shakespeare's spirit, on my first visit to the Coast. I make a record of it here, as a prophecy true and worthy for this medium as well as this spirit himself, and his knowledge after "death" so-called.

When I was writing these books for this spirit I used to go to Dr. Hill's meetings just to hear the spirit of Shakespeare described by Dr. Hill. Keeping to myself who it was, what he was doing through my ears and labors, it was the greatest surprise to this medium when I presented him with a copy of Shakespeare's Revelations, By Shakespeare's Spirit, and said,

"This is the spirit you have seen so many times at my right side, wearing doublet, cape, cap with feather, pointed beard, who was born across the sea, employed hundreds of people there,—" etc. Dr. John Hill is an Englishman, but the spirit had kept his identity until we revealed it with the gift.

After the book was published I went to California, where I offered myself in the light of science and truth to Dr. Peebles and Dr. Austin, the greatest men connected with this truth at this time, that they might prove through any way they could if this were or were not Shakespeare's spirit. The result is published in this book.

Crossing the second time, I went to Santa Barbara, where those who cared to know were given proof of spirit return, and where Miss Jennie Churchill, one of the best, and eldest of American mediums lives, saw and spoke *with* Shakespeare's *spirit* several times during my sojourn.

Every medium mentioned in connection with this work is above reproach, as all know who are interested in this truth. One is in private life, like myself, that is Mrs. Wildman who has been clairvoyant since a child, when she was punished for claiming to see her Mother, recently deceased, which she was able to prove later, by giving the family messages, explaining difficulties, as told by this spirit Mother. Since when Mrs. Wildman has seen clairvoyantly, sees the spirits back of the Minister on Sunday, as well as gave me the first description of my Mother in spirit, whom she had never seen. Describing Mother as she looked when she and Father married.

The bunch of violets Mrs. Wildman brought to me Feb. 4th, on Mother's birthday, did not fade or lose their fragrance, during six weeks, when she brought many people to see them. I packed them away when I moved on April 23rd as fresh as when she brought them except for one leaf, where my hand had touched them when the water was changed in the glass. I record this as a miracle. All know the evanescent violet. They were on my writing table.

New York City, April 21st, 1922.

MEDIUMSHIP

I stood beside a grave today:
A little grave, upon a hill.
The birds were peeping, building nests,
The buds responsive to Spring's will.
That little life, so wee, so frail,
Knew all I longed TO know:
Why had IT to be taken, so,
When I had yearned *to* go!

I stood beside the waterfall:
It rushed away to join *some* lake.
The waters where *it* mingled, there,
Knew naught of hearts that break!
A grave upon a hillside,
All quiet in the sun:
A sparkling, ever-rushing stream,
Still flowed, though life *was* done.
I thought of Nature's wondrous plan
Which *gives* to trite things *such* a span,
And takes *from* us a little child
All pure, all sparkling, unbeguiled:
And *while* I pondered on God's way,
I heard a voice: I heard it say:
"My life, *re*newed, *I* stand *unseen,*
Where *are* the pure, the just, the clean:
If *I* could live forever, so,
Know 'tis *His* plan, be*fore* you go
To join all living *but* unseen;
Par*taking* of Himself, I ween."

That little grave upon that hill,
The streamlet, outlet for the rill,
Had spoken with new voice to me:
At last plain truths had *made* me see
If God *is,* NONE, and NAUGHT, *can* "die":
The "dead" had made *me* this reply!

—Sarah Shatford,
April 21, 1922 (No voice: thought by S. T. S.)

MEDIUMSHIP

So many hearts are breaking everywhere,
While heavy eyelids weep and souls despair.
The city's heart beats on, Her jewels shine,
And no one knows of those mute woes of yours, or mine.
Until some destiny brings, face to face,
The wretched poverties, in all the human race.
Each man beats out his molten steel with*in:*
That part *God* hides. That *hides* no scar, no sin.
And *measuring* every breath, *His* time grows less
Through artifice, and sham, and failure's wretchedness.
His beaten self he IS, at last, *un*-done:
While looking *on* himself, that lasting one,
He know he failed *through* poverties *un*wise:
He MIGHT have made him *fit* for Honor's eyes.

There's not one breathes but holds with*in* that part
Of God's, his spirit, what he *hides* with his *own* heart.
Thus ALL men lack, and, *of* that lacking *part*
He *still* reserves His tithe, Himself, His Heart.
As He *knew* all, *we* see with*in* the clay
Those anvils burn, which melt man's steel away.
Forged by himself, is *each* man's soul, at last,
When he is *here, nor* gone; nor *is* he one who *"passed."*

❖

(Spirit voice to S. T. S.)

"Courage is the rod which divines for souls the wells where we may dip."—W. S.
(Spirit voice)

MEDIUMSHIP

If you were given chance to see all hearts,
To know if any breath men draw ever were true,
Could you grieve not to "die," and end it all:
Your love would tested be, where charity *could* grow.
"Greatest of these," He knew, and He knew All:
All lacking, then, He saw, in human form:
When all is known we feel, and hear, and see,
There's need for uses *of His charity.*

MEDIUMSHIP

That One Who knew *all* things, *divined* men's *hearts:*
HE was the Man of Sorrows, then; 'tis true.
While humans think themselves impervious *to* thought (Mind),
He *may* not come to rule His kingdom, new.
The soul stands out from its own clay to those
Who read the souls, and feel them, too:
Would that all *knew* there's nothing CAN *be* hid:
'Twould make, then, better men of *each* of you.
Soulship, means *inner* sight: no thing unhidden:
Seership, unveils the shrine, where we *are* hidden.

W. S. in Spirit.

CLAIRAUDIENCE

"God has recorded among His unalterable decrees that NO lie shall live forever!"—(Judge Black).

A specialist may speak with authority. If they claim to have discovered anything and can prove that discovery, they cannot be doubted. Facts, *are* facts.

Seven years in solitude and silence WITH the so-called dead, spirits, speaking *to* me, give the privilege, which I use, for your enlightenment, who scoff at spirit-powers, voices, proof of survival AFTER death, of intelligence, memory, love and the ability of the dead, that is, spirits, souls, to prove to those they can, or do, contact, all that is proved herein, and much that my own experience *with* spirits does not include. For while the spirits can show me (psychic sight) a picture of your father, or grandfather, or friend, in spirit, I am not clairvoyant (1922). (Clairvoyance developed in 1923, in my experience.) I have never seen with my *eyes a spirit.* But I have seen on this film of the brain, or back of the eye (for I do not know which) thousands of persons, or anything, any object, the spirits wish me to see. Many of my own friends, some in private life, who are mediumistic, see the dead (spirits), clairvoyantly, have seen them since childhood. Few of these both see and hear. Mrs. Emma Girvin sees and hears. Mrs. Dr. H. V. Wildman sees, but does not hear. Most aged people are in touch with spirits; some speak

as we speak to the living, have never consulted a medium in their lives. I met one, from Toledo, Ohio, who did this. Others say, "I know: have known for years: I get my own: they are as near to me as though they were in the body." All who have suffered, sorrowed, until the strain became agony, are, if reliant on Spirit, mediumistic. "I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you" (Jesus). The nearer you are to Spirit, the farther you are from material things, less important these become, more value is placed on eternal verities. When these are discovered, brought to one, realized, found (for I do not know by what other routes they may be obtained) *sought,*—every mortal then knows what was meant by: "That which is born of the flesh *is* flesh: but that which is born of the spirit *is spirit.*"

Clairaudience, then, is not a gift, but a development. Every brain IS a cinematograph. The unseen has the power to impress, record, on this film, even a picture of a germ, infinitismally small, vicious, and expressive. This, then, is a part of clairaudience. And these pictures are run off on this reel so rapidly, with development, that hearing is not needed to tell a life-story: the hearing process is saved, used for more important things of the spirit, and the uses of this film are more various than a mere picture wheel. Developed from a handful of rubies in the rough (the first picture to be thrown on my own brain film) to the absent, or present, people, both in, and out, of bodies, all their belongings, clothes, homes, graves, trinkets, everything that memory could store, in fact. With this process of pictures, brain-pictures, I believe, a spirit speaking a foreign tongue can translate to his own in body through a medium clairaudient any message they care to give, keeping inviolate that message, between them concerned, all perfectly understood, and acknowledged gratefully. This speaks for the poise of brain, mind, body, of a good medium, whose instrument is tuned up by spirit very much as a prima donna is practiced, the notes, varying, the distance of the spirit's voice, until an echo is heard from on high. That is why Sir Oliver Lodge could say: "A good medium is rare, and very valuable." Few can sink materiality into oblivion. Fewer remain selfless through years, holding the wire (wireless) for the *unseen* who *are* present, and, heard.

Mediumship, then, *is* development. While all mortals are mediumistic, attended by the unseen, aided, used, hindered, as they

attract these, through their desires, minds, ideals, thoughts. "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he ("become") says this voice to me. Verily, in spirit, after death, man IS what he made himself.

Beside this film, or cinematograph of the mind, or brain, or back of the eye, (for I do not know which, and am only *trying* to help you understand), there are more subtle influences which combine to make the "knowing" of a rare medium. "Jesus knew all things." He was shown. He lived in both worlds, having all development of sight and hearing; no doubt. And all that is neither, comprising other elements of the development of a sixth sense. *Facts* are presented without words *or* pictures. For instance, I can say, before I am shown *any* picture, or hear *any* voice, "There is a child here, a little girl." or, "There is an old gentleman here." How can you say this if you do not see spirits, I have been asked. It is invariably true that these *prove* themselves *after* I have realized their presence, *as* spirits. How is this done, you ask? I wish to explain, as I can, this "feeling" a spirit-presence, calling the sex, without clairvoyance, or any psychic picture. "Projection," a *spirit voice says right now.* Maybe you can understand *this.* I intended to say, and I am writing this paper, and this book, (thank you all the same, spirit) that, *being* a sensitive, means *more* than being a mere wire for spirit conversation. With this same process the truth is *discerned.* No one can tell an untruth to a good medium, and "get by" with it. They know: feel: see: hear: are touched by spirit hands, often. Then I can say that I know when there is a spirit of a child present, although I have not seen this child, or been given its description, by as subtle an influence as fragrance. When one enters a room where there are flowers, at once, you, whoever reads this, recognize violets as their own fragrance, while, if I entered where were roses I should know also that roses were there. It is not by sense of smell, but it is a pervading of space by some power as subtle as fragrance, and, as true, discernible, unmistakable, reliable.

As this spirit with me has said in one of his books, "Mediumship is not a sudden burst of powers, but an opening of closed doors." Often I have asked, "Why is the voice so far off, I cannot hear so well today." When the answer came: "We are opening a door higher up." And it was always opened, until I

could say there is a voice WITHIN a voice WITHIN a voice WITHIN a voice. At last is silence, a voice itself? This spirit says: "Silence is the voice of God." Then Spirit is so inexpressibly fine that spirits themselves cannot comprehend Him, hear Him, see Him, as yet. But all, all ever who spoke to me, or through me to others, *from* spirit, KNOW HE IS, and that HE IS GOD. They know. "Jesus knew all things."

Then comprehension plays its part. A general summing up of all powers and all intelligence, endurance, silencing of self, receiving, and being *willing* to receive, is to be "spiritually-minded." "Seek and ye shall find," being literally true. And finding this spiritual power does not always mean that you will possess it for all your mortal time. These doors may be closed again, if the unseen so will it, or, if proper estimate, and use, is not made of these powers of mediumship,—and for this reason alone the charge of trickery is often made: spiritual power wanes for lack of *proper use,* is affected by mortal's materiality, living (but not eating) ("They set meat before Him and He did eat") ("And gave thanks"). Spirituality is a thing of the mind, *not* of the stomach.

Spirit essence: what is it? Well, what is it that *attracts* You to a person; and why do you instinctively *dis*like some people you only see, and do not know, while others appeal to you, throw out invisible,—name it whatever you like—, the character, thoughts, appeal-forming invisible *atmosphere* of soul and mind and graces,—making ugliness beauty, and the reverse. As I cannot describe the elements, but know of them, I cannot tell more of juices and currents and *"compounds"* used, as spirits tell me, belonging to, summing up, individualities.

To live with the unseen and walk with mortals, is it possible. Certainly. These ARE mortals: prove it to you, if you care whether they are there beside you, of your abode still.

"It is a broken law to molest mortals except for a divine purpose," this spirit tells me. "Trance mediumship is a broken law, unless with the full permission of the medium." ("A house divided against itself will fall."—Bible.)

But all can sit in silence, welcoming, in the light, their own in spirit, and eventually be rewarded by proof of their presence there *with* them, and, by continual thought *for* things *of* Spirit, have the truth of spirits revealed by themselves, each to his,

or her, own, where they still abide, live, dwell *with* them, in spirit body, having all that made them as individuals, *plus* God's wisdom revealed *to* them *through* that change which changes nothing but conditions.

In my own case the sequence to clairaudience was: Sorrow: Solitude: Silence: Aspiration: Inspiration: Clairaudience.

Sarah Taylor Shatford.

THE AUSTIN PUBLISHING CO.
Occult Books A Specialty
801 So. Union—Phone: Wilshire 6962
Los Angeles, Calif.

To whom it may concern:

Mrs. Sarah Shatford, of New York City, the amanuensis through whom came Shakespeare's "Revelations" and For Jesus' Sake," has twice visited Los Angeles and rendered such efficient aid by her private and unselfish mediumship, that we feel impelled to call attention to her gifts and devotion to the cause of truth.

Over fifty people who met her privately can bear testimony to the remarkable clearness, minuteness and evidential value of her description of departed friends and the convincing character of her messages. These people for the most part met her incidentally in the hotel parlors, on the cars or train, in the cafeteria or in the social circle—most of them complete strangers to the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism—and through her were led into unshaken belief in spirit return. She has never made any charge for her services, ever shown a most self-sacrificing disposition and readiness to help strangers as well as friends into the light and comfort of spirit communion; and now in leaving Los Angeles she leaves scores of grateful friends who will bless her for her wonderful ministry with the unseen.

Mrs. Shatford has never done any public platform work, but certainly ranks among the best and most successful mediums in her private messages.

Sincerely,
J. M. PEEBLES, M.D., D.D., Ph.D., M.A.
B. F. AUSTIN, D.D.,
Editor of "REASON."

Los Angeles, Calif., May 19, 1921.

THE PART RELIGION TOOK IN THIS CASE OF SPIRIT RETURN

"Using a ouija board, getting true help thereby," "W. S." was said to be giving this. One day, with this friend (Mrs. Wildman) a voice said: "Rise and speak the message." When all her relatives in spirit gave her messages.

First, This spirit spoke to me alone in the evening about Eight. I was alone. A voice said: "Get your stick and make me a poem. I must write a confession to the Priest." The voice then told me that he was Shakespeare. That he desired a mass said for his soul, and the soul of his friend. The name of this friend he gave for the Priest alone. This confession comprised Eight pages of MMS. Was in Shakespeare's own style, verse, and was dictated as it was written down without changes, as all of this spirit's works have been. The spirit halted at times, saying, "Read from Job." "Read from Isaiah." "Read from John." When, fortified to continue the pain of his remorse, he began dictation again. It required some hours to complete this paper. That this spirit suffered while writing this confession, I will tell you that I wept with him. During this time he did not speak of other matters. When finished, he told me of this friend, his beauty of character, generosity to him which enabled him to keep his family, brought him his honors, as well as his knighthood. He spoke of those first sad, lean years in London. He finally told me to take this paper to a Priest and have a mass said for their souls. He told me he had never met this friend since he "came from the dark" the dreadful place where he had spent long centuries of time, until he rebelled and would not remain longer.

The voice was as plain, without a sound, as any voice having sound. I had lived in solitude for four years, was accustomed to silence, and any sound in my rooms was not more noticable than this voice. Such is a spirit's power to speak.

Having a great friend near my hotel who was an ardent Catholic, I went to him the next morning, telling him what had happened. This great man, one of America's immortals, surprised me, as well as comforted me, when he said he knew all

about spirits. These had touched him, placed their cold hands upon him, and he said—— calling the name of a celebrated poet, who had recently died, knew also about spirits. Also, Father ———— knew. He would write to him for me. But he would send me *with* his letter to a Priest at once, of the Paulists, near-by, and I should take along the confession written by this spirit claiming he was Shakespeare.

The Paulist Priest read the great man's letter, looked at me, and asked, "Are you a Catholic?" I replied that I was not: that I came from a long line of Protestants. But, that here was the confession of this spirit, written to his dictation, and he claimed to have been in the dark for centuries. "I cannot see you, and I will not say a mass: for I believe Shakespeare has been in Paradise for centuries. We have people coming here every day claiming they hear spirits, said Father C——— and I send them away, we take no notice of them." "Will you read the confession?" I asked. "No. No, I do not care to see it. Father Hughes is very ill, and this is a busy day for me." He left hurriedly, saying: "Send ———— (the writer of the letter) to me. I would like to do anything I could for him, he is one of us." He almost ran away from me.

It was a bitter day in winter. Outside in the ice, and cold wind, my MMS. case under my arm, I paused, considering what to do next, thinking I was alone, of course. The voice said: "Never mind, Sarah: go home." The same voice, as plain as my own voice, but different in grade, shade, strength.

"I will not go home," said I: "I will try again."

My letter was gone. I had now to speak for myself. How to go about asking for a mass for the souls, where the priests kept themselves who said these,—I must learn somehow.

I walked to the Church. I saw women entering, and followed them. The first man I saw in clerical garb was repellent to me, for I thought, "You would not say it, either." While I stood in this strange Church, where I had never been, wondering what to do, whom to ask, where to go, a Priest came from some sacred seclusion and, though *other* women were near, walked up to *me,* asking, "Did you want to see me?"

"Yes, Father," I said. "I have come to have a mass said for Two souls in darkness."

He took out a small book, found a pencil, asked, "When would you like this mass said?"

"As soon as possible," said I.

Tomorrow at Nine o'clock?" asked he.

"Yes," I said.

"Will you attend this mass?" he asked me.

"I will," I replied.

"What kind of a mass would you like?" he asked, them.

"I do not know what kind to have: what would you advise?"

"A High Mass, with three Priests, and a choir, is Fifty Dollars," said he.

"That is the kind I will have," I said,——

'The names?" He then asked.

"I trust it will make no difference to your religion, Father, when I tell you that it is a spirit asking me to have this mass said for him. And he claims to be Shakespeare himself. Here is this spirit's confession, every word of which was spoken by a voice at my right side. And this spirit, Shakespeare, gave me the name of his friend for whom he wished this mass said, as well as himself. (When I told the name to the priest, which I have not told to anyone but the priest).

This good priest, follower of Jesus Christ, hesitated for a moment, looked at me earnestly, and said: "No: I MUST say it."

This experience shows how all faiths and creeds are divided on this subject.

The authoritative priest, being in high charge, drove me out with but a question, the delay of a moment, *after* he had found that I was not a Catholic. If it *were* Shakespeare, and if he *were* in darkness, did not concern him, or his heart, or his religion, evidently. HE had no use for the "spirits," Shakespeare's, or any others. Still, he prayed *to* them, knowing, or hoping, at least, that these *heard him*. Strange.

The following morning, at Nine o'clock, I made my way back to the Church where a High Mass had begun; the coffin of Shakespeare being represented, with the foot and head candles, where the Priest was intoning FOR Shakespeare's soul, a plea to Almighty God for his release from that darkness souls occupy *after* death, if they must pay Him, first be*fore* serving on His earth, I am told.

While this High Mass was in process, I, a Protestant, knelt alone, in a pew, this spirit beside me, *replying* to all said upon that altar which I did *not* comprehend but which *he did,* and *replied* thereto, *by my side, IN spirit voice,* which I wish were recorded for mortals *with* his works *from* spirit, that all might see the agonizing of spirit, *after* "death." I wept, as truly I *mourned, alone.*

When this mass was over, this Rev. Father stopped at my pew on his way out, asking me to come to the Parish House, when he would be there presently, after he had a cup of coffee. I did as requested. When this priest appeared, sat in the arm-chair at the table, and turning to me, said: "You seem to be an intelligent person. How long have you heard this spirit? I am not convinced of spirit return. Where do you live? What is your name? I would like to know how you hear this voice. What further it has to say. Will you be at home this afternoon, at half past One?"

At this time, this priest came where I was living in a Hotel, when he was shown to my sitting room on the first floor. Here, in my own environment, this spirit gave this Rev. Father all the proof spirits *can* and *do* give that they *are living,* by giving to them *personal* messages *from* their very own, *past* the grave, *proving* that they *are* themselves by descriptions, names, incidents, all the family history, and past, discussed,—and I leave this line, now, as it is not for the public. All I shall say is, that THAT priest knows there are no dead. He is living still in body, and would not deny the work of his own father and mother that day, even if he were named, and known, to the world. This I know. First, this one did his duty to God FOR a soul, regardless of anything which seemed supernatural claim. After which he verified the claim. I know this is recorded of him as true. And he shall not be brought into publicity by me, has never been. Shakespeare proved himself, also, to this priest, by answering questions put to him (Shakespeare). Writing on various subjects for him.

It was *after* this that my own troubles began. Fearing to lose the power of being heard this spirit kept the door open almost all of the time, writing sermons, sonnets, scientific questions answered for lawyers, answers to mortals who doubted, until I rebelled against serving this spirit further and went to the Minister who had prayed with me, where I took communion, and

to whose home I finally was invited for the purpose of banishing the voice. For it had compelled me AGAINST my will and wish, by punishment, to write both night and day, writing One Hundred and Six papers in Eighteen days. (See the records for proof.) Twice this "Man-of-God," as he was named by this spirit, prayed into abeyance, silence, this voice. After which this spirit said he would not "stand by" again, as he had come to work a miracle In His Name FOR Him. The minister's good wife slept by my side, I was cared for tenderly, the best of Christian charity went with all this, but it did not banish this voice, which I was instructed not to "listen to."

I had to reply, "when the church bells are ringing you are not listening for them, but they are ringing, and who can help hearing them?" This was true in my own case. My good friend who wrote the letter to the priest for me was consulted, had masses said for me, but these availed nothing. I heard a spirit, and I could prove that it WAS a spirit to anyone who would permit me to prove it by giving them messages from the dead only a spirit could give, answering questions unasked, to the number of three for each one (See record for this proof with names) and it was my fate to BE COMPELLED TO SERVE TWO MASTERS because not one who tried could perform a miracle, as Jesus did of old, and banish a spirit from my side.

I could not be a hindrance to this Minister, or his wife; and, being told by this spirit that he should remain despite all pleas, I worked as I was made, compelled, to write, the papers taking on a form, sequence, and the book he called, "SHAKESPEARE'S REVELATIONS, was finished. During all this time of writing, two miracles were performed for me by Catholics, and Lourdes water. One was proclaimed a miracle by the late Father John Hughes, to my friend, the American immortal: and the other was the stopping of the voice, closing of the door, as this spirit calls it, by Catholic spirits' help, when a scientist was endeavoring to use me as a "trance" medium, against my will, the same having been predicted in the book mentioned above. I could not read the headlines of the Newspaper because of spirit interference after I had given 24 free sittings to the Psychical Research Society, to prove spirit presence, eternal life, for them.

After I had given many readings to this Society (P. R. S.

American) and all they chose to send, or bring, I went to Boston, at Hyslop's suggestion, paying all my own expenses, after they were all convinced, through proof, a spirit was doing this writing, and I was taken to Mme. Chenoweth (Minnie Soule), of Boston suburb, for four TRANCE readings, to prove if this were Shakespeare's Spirit, or an impostor spirit. I was not permitted to go upstairs until this "only medium used for Scientific purposes" (Hyslop said to me) was in the trance state. Then, with my MSS. case in my lap, the blindfolded medium began to write laborously for Hyslop. (In Hyslop's book, "Life After Death," he says, "I PUT her into a trance.")

The first "reading" took exactly six minutes of time. Nothing was accomplished of value to me, or to this case, while the moaning, and effort, of the medium, in trance, was pitiful, indeed. Back to the Brunswick Hotel, to wait until the next morning at the same hour, for the same result. Four sittings were required, the longest taking eighteen minutes of time, which revealed to me *no evidence* that *my own* were there *in* spirit, but that "S——w (large S, small w) wrote the MSS. which should be "given to the world." For this much I paid Twenty dollars, plus my expenses to Boston, including hotel, etc. Why I was not permitted a sitting and a visit with this medium in her conscious state, why I was kept away from Mrs. Soule the woman, I did not know then, but later found I was to be "used" for "trance" mediumship, against my will or even knowledge.

The last evening of my sojourn in Boston for this purpose of proving if this spirit were Shakespeare's, or, an impostor's, I was phoned by Hyslop from his room that he would like me to go to Miss Lilian Whiting's room in the same hotel (Brunswick) and that she would be awaiting me at Seven thirty. That I was not to take my MSS. but leave them in my room."

I went to Miss Whiting's room, taking my MSS. with me. Was it not for these I had come to Boston? Was it not All I had received for my Twenty Dollars, from the "scientific" medium, that they "WERE written by S—w. and should be given to the world?" Placing my portfolio on the floor, I was seated in a low chair, near Miss Whiting. We were alone, *except* for the unseen. After speaking a few words only, a virile mind, in spirit,

spoke to Miss Whiting, as I repeated *for* her what she cared to say. Many things literary, financial, were described which Miss Whiting understood, after which this voice said: "This is Kate. To prove I am here, I mention a charm under glass on a long chain worn by you, and me, and another *across the sea where you left it.*"

Miss Whiting said she had never received more authentic evidence of spirit presence, that it was her friend KATE FIELD, and that charm under glass mentioned by the spirit was *a lock of Mrs. Browning's hair, on a long chain,* which had belonged to Miss Field, which her family had presented to Miss Whiting after Miss Field's death, and which she (Miss Whiting) had given to Robert Browning for his daughter, when she had last gone to Italy for the data for "The Life of the Brownings," as that is what she thought Miss Field would like to have done with it." But that was not all the evidence for spirits that evening. Miss Whiting's own Mother proved her presence, described their home in Niagara Falls, (which was called, too) and this woman as she was in childhood, dresses, swings, etc. But this was not enough, and another test was given. Miss Whiting placed a photo-frame in my hand, saying, "see what you get from this." I replied that I had never psychomotrized. Just see what is given you, said Miss W——.

"Oh, yes," said this virile mind again: *"a picture of the young daughter of your friend who passed out in the early spring a few years back."* Correct, said Miss W——. She is the daughter of a Professor, a dear friend. And turning the frame over, I saw the photograph of a beautiful maiden, having shoulder curls, about Sixteen years of age.

That next morning our train left at Seven thirty. On the way to the station, Hyslop said: "That was good work you did last night. How many people could you see in a day?" I asked him how he knew of the work I had done last night, and he replied that Miss Whiting had phoned him this morning. Hyslop continued: "You are doing work equal to the best, and you should be paid as *much* as "the best." We have a waiting list of Hundreds."

I replied it was against all principle to charge the dead for speaking for them, and I looked at it in that light,—

but that I had heard him say he would not use Mrs. Chenoweth for science until he had Thirty sittings with her, and I would give his Society that Number. "When will you start?" he said. As soon as I make a place fit for it," I said. Getting in touch with this Society's Stenographer, she knew of a place for these test readings,—this was rented by me, fitted up, at the expense of $500, after removing from storage my effects, to make a place acceptable to spirits, Science, and mediumship as it should be represented, also. Giving all my time, these people (24) came to me by Number, and I was known as Mrs. Blank. The Society's stenographer took notes of all, and I served until I was about to enter the "trance" state, when a Catholic friend came to my rescue again, and with *that spirit's spirits* the door was closed. This, too, is an illustrious, as well as famous, Artist, related to those in authority (Catholic) to whom hers in spirit have proved themselves remarkably. (Murphy.) (See the records for this proof.)

In all I gave the Am. P. R. S. many more than 30 readings. More than Twelve to the office staff alone,—(See the records kept of these; Torch Press, Inc.).

This voice continued to dictate, as I continued to prove, gratis, to all, refusing none, giving missionary messages in Parks, and hotels, and cafes, to strangers who would not consult "mediums," or believe in "spirits", for all the world.

All written was religion in its purest state, Catholic, Holy Catholic. The sacred Name is on every page. All of import to religion, morality, Christian faith. Yet, the Protestants will not receive spirits, or their works, and the Catholics are forbidden by priests to accept a message from the dead under penalty of confession and penance, while the Spiritualists refuse this brand of spiritualism because it is of Jesus. Can anyone who reads this consider Jesus' sacrifice as benefiting the world of mortals, when this subject of spirits is taboo in all religions, pulpits, yet OF God, Spirit, and His?

That the stone may be rolled away, and that mortals shall not be robbed of knowledge useful to them for eternity, I write this, my own experience with *A* spirit, all records being available in archives where for all time they will be searchable, too, both in Britain, and America, as well as Rome.

My part is a humble one. A wire, AGAINST my will, because of the power of *a* spirit *to* attach *to* mortal *with* speech, these have *been* written, *are* available to *you,* that you may *profit* by *my* time, solitude, as well as many sacrifices too sad to relate here.

If the world of religionists, regardless of creed, dogmas, will work *with* the unseen, and *for* them, the two worlds may *become* one, when death will not part from living forms their very own, when His second coming may be hastened, when He *can* rule His kingdom *in* peace. Until materialists realize that His eternity holds no baubles; that life, close to Spirit, brings knowledge of preservation, of all worth-while *to* seekers; *therefore,* the riches of the world, as well as its pleasures, will be valued only by their everlasting qualities. Then this sixth sense, opening of closed doors, all may use to their profit only, and to aid Him, God, as was *meant* when He *sent* a Son to help Him, and *He* proved, for all time, that the *soul* of man is eternal, speaks, and *is* heard AFTER death, appears, and is *seen,* even to the nail-prints.

And this will close my words, my poor attempt at explanation, of my own, of an experience so inexplicable, that only the a,b,c, of it is written here.

It is only to stamp my record, with my own print, part, to reveal the truth as I was made to make it known, that I write even this much. For it cannot *be* written. How I know this spirit from others: how all have their own personalities, and come back to aid me, bringing something by which they can always be known *beside* their names: how my relatives recall the past: bless me daily: how near are the dead, how true, that it is impossible to "die"; can be realized only by human-wires, those who live *with* the dead. And, to *live* with spirits, is to *prefer* spirits to mortals, just as to live *celibate* is to rise above carnal living, or abstinence of meat is to abhor meat, so all spirituality is a stairway leading up, up to the heavens, maybe to God, Himself. Mischief spirits I have not known, nor troublesome spirits, nor "evil" spirits. If I have been protected from these by spirit helpers, or if my service for Almighty God places them outside by residence, I do not know. Only this I know, that I am never alone, but accompanied by the unseen, but heard, spirits of God's, as I believe every other mortal to be.

HOW SPIRITS SPEAK *TO* MORTALS

A voice is still a voice AFTER "death". This is true. It is as plain as any voice, yet it is without sound. Utterance exact, modified, tempered with stress or accent, as loud, louder, loudest, yet, it has no sound. How could this be, you say. It is like the soft pedal of the piano, only softer still. If there were another pedal which could place the notes which you alone could hear, while others listened and could not hear. If you can recall a hymn, for instance, with its every tone or note, you *k*now that tune, can hear it, although it is not being played by *any* notes,— That same "playing" is done by spirits. They have sung songs for me, hummed "Turkey in the straw", Father has sung all his songs he used to sing, from Nellie Gray, to Captain Jinks. I heard him. The spirits prove personality by their own language, preferences, speeches, by-words, using every single one of them to prove their individuality, when we see them not, but hear them. Every spirit HAS their individuality, too. And they are unmistakable, if there is such a word. You know stranger's relatives, when they come back, the next day, to say something they forgot to say to theirs when here, or to help you for having helped them.

For instance, a voice will say "The lady with the two tier cape is here . . ." "Norway has come back to say . . ." If I cared to tell you who these were you would know why I remember them. But one who hears spirits never forgets any spirit. Two kinds of flowers are different. Like resemblance of features, this seems illimitable. "Cordelia," was called from the spirit, and recognized by the one who was being given communion with the dead at that time, while I knew at the very moment it was called that that very name had never been called from the spirit to me before.

Temper endures, brusque manner, positiveness, while gentleness and mildness and humility, and sweetness of disposition, all impress a sensitive at once, and they can describe these first, at times, before they know if the spirit representing them is male or female. I know WITHOUT seeing: I feel the presence to be as it is: and a sensitive is never mistaken, in this. This phase of

development, then, is present, BEFORE the screen of the mind is developed on which the spirits throw the pictures of themselves. Then, a medium describes from a picture in the back of the head: a flash so real that were I an artist I could paint every spirit I ever had shown to me on this film, back of the curtain, as it really is. For I cannot explain it in any other way. This development I speak of is so fine that W. S. said, "Would you like to see a germ, Sarah?" And if I could paint that germ shown me on this curtain of the brain. It had even expression hideous and designing never to be forgotten, and was a mote only. With these picture developments mediumship increases in power until, WITHOUT a word, a message can be given and your affairs kept secret: all being understood by a description of the people and pictures thrown on this screen. Which the new scientists take no note of. Think of that. The UNseen, able to perform such wonders not INcluded in their "mind science." Or acknowledged as existing, in fact. Well, they do not understand, they are ignorant, that is all. If you will not take an astronomer's word regarding the planets, and he has a lens and is an expert on the subject, you must always be ignorant of astronomy. So with the science of spirit, and its painstaking experts: not all in one class, where science places them, by any means, not all fakirs.

MEDIUMSHIP, IS A DE*VEL*OPMENT, *NOT* A "GIFT"

Who can see or hear the spirits?—Could everyone, if they tried? Do you think some future time all will hear and see and the two worlds be one? What must *I* do to hear? These are asked of me so often: I wish I could answer them.

All who wish and make the endeavor, true at heart, and for the right purpose, can develop mediumship, I have never known any who tried but did get from the unseen in some form. But I have known those who succeeded in getting in touch with the spirit world who had not the health, or endurance, or intelligence to use the powers furnished them. Then, can anyone say if they would continue to wish to hear or see, under any conditions whatever, if this development unfolded for them? "Ask

and ye shall receive——" Seek and ye shall find——" Ye cannot bear them now——"

What do these mean to YOU. The harm that can come is that which may come from being molested by those who cannot see, who make false claims, who are tricksters, in spirit. Why do you wish to sit in the dark to see spirits God shut away from your sight which He could bring to mortal's eyes with His word or will? You must have some motive, what is it? Just curiosity. Or to make money. To write for a spirit is to give up your birthright. To help on spirits is to hear voices, see forms, you do not know as well as your own, unless protected yours come to you at dawn each day with a message, with proof, and you are guided by your own in spirit.

"Mediumship is the opening of closed doors, not a sudden burst of powers." (W. S. in spirit.) How true. And until today there is still another door higher up,—"We are opening a door higher up," says this voice to me: meaning you may be prepared for a change in development, a finer tuning is taking place.

To use a ouija board, and sit submissive to spirit influence, is like going into a jail and saying to its inmates, "Here am I, use me for anything you see fit." You may never see the spirit who writes through your hand, while you give up your brain-house, your thinking-process to one unseen who may or may not have divinity enough to treat you with justice, appreciation.

Would I do this, if I were you? I would not. I would not exchange with anything or anyone for my experience, as it includes my parents and my sister, who have been my comforting companions. But my own Minister believes that I have "served two masters," and that I shall have to pay for this, even though the spirit had Divinity's cause at heart, and all he wrote was to make a better world for better mortals, out of the warning of his soul, past death.

To be a slave to any unseen or seen spirit, or to give the holiest attributes of life, freedom and thought, and creative power, to another to mend up their time or profit them, must you be certain you will profit in the end when God requires you to bring Him that time and light He gave to you by which you shall be judged of Him, truly. Then, this spirit tells in his writings that it is a broken law to molest mortals. And to take their house for

trance purposes, storming the castle as he calls it. He also claims he was given this chance to better the world for God, and that he has done so.

Thought will welcome your own. They are there already. Each may get in touch with their very own, and with these alone. I know this, I know those who are. Then, can you take a full and educated mind, intelligence, having powers to help you forever by using your time in body for the highest development of your *own* soul.

Three priests, and one minister tried to rid me of this spirit so I should not have to serve as I have, but none could perform the miracle, and I was able to serve through punishment, third degree, verily, when I refused. Oh yes, there are spirits. Once this spirit "stood-by" as he spoke of silence, for the man of God who prayed with me for him to go his way. After that the spirit refused to obey, and the writing began and took form, and continued, until Feb. 20th, 1922, from Dec. 19, 1916.

"To rid me of this spirit", means to compel him to cease speaking to me. No spirit ever obsessed me. No Scientist knows what "obsession" is.

WHY THE INCORPORATION WAS FORMED TO PUBLISH THIS SPIRIT'S WORKS

After the American Society For Psychical Research had been given proof this was a spirit writing these papers, and they took the form of a religious argument FOR, not against, Jesus, and after I had been to Boston proving it WAS Shakespeare's Spirit writing, after I had proved through Miss Lilian Whiting that spirits were speaking to me as well as to others, by giving her such evidential scientific proof. I then took the MSS. of the first book, Shakespeare's Revelations By Shakespeare's Spirit (Named by the Spirit who wrote it) to Harpers, leaving it with Mr. Ripley Hitchcock.

A few days after I had left the papers at Harpers, I received a letter from Mr. Hitchcock, asking if I would call for the MSS.

Which I preferred to do. In this letter Mr. Hitchcock admitted he had read a MSS. dictated by the spirit world, but that he did not see how he could publish it successfully at this time.

This letter was dated May 1st, and was among the last Mr. Hitchcock ever wrote. He passed into spirit May 4th, at a banquet given by his fatherinlaw for the Blue Devils of France, at the Park Avenue Hotel.

The MSS. then traveled to Small Maynards, Duttons; Holts went to see it for the purpose at my request at the Society's Rooms,—but all refused to add their names, or take a chance that Shakespeare could write after death, or prove he could. Then this spirit said "We shall have to make our own Company, Sarah, and put our works out independent of Publishers or Societies, else they would be lost after all our wonders and trials." What I did thereafter was what they did. In other words the spirits themselves formed their own Company, named it, advised regarding it and its many trials, chose the printers, colors for the book and ink, even,—as all spirit works following the first also.

When it reached the distributers, I had to prove to these I was in touch with spirits themselves. And this was done. But I could not reach all sceptics, those Knights of the Road, who believed this book and the one following, "For Jesus' Sake," to "have been written by a medium to make money." As I was told by the ones who would sell it.

But this spirit kept on, undaunted by anything mortals thought. To BE in spirit was to have known all this beforetime, I suppose. They even told me of these trials, you who care to look through the books themselves.

To the Pacific Coast twice, to give my time and self to those most competent there, who stand for all that is above reproach in soul findings, Dr. B. F. Austin, and Dr. James M. Peebles, doing missionary work on the trains and in the Parks and Hotels, and everywhere, giving to those who sat near me, who would not, for anything in the world "believe in spirits," messages from theirs WITH them, who invariably proved themselves there. All of which I could not record for Science, Spirit, spirits, Mediumship, Spiritualism, or this truth, because it would be impossible to keep such records, they would break me down.

WHY *ARE* MEDIUMS *ALL* POOR? WHY IS THERE NOT UNISON OF SPIRITUALISTS?

WHY DOES NOT SPIRITUALISM PROSPER? WHY DO MINISTERS DENY THIS TRUTH? AS WELL AS PRIESTS?

"If a spirit or an angel hath *spoken* to him, let us *not* fight *against* God." (Acts. 23)

While much is published against mediums accepting fees for consultations, I have never known of, heard of, a single medium who was prosperous, lived in luxury, even extended comfort. Their lives, residences, being precarious. Notwithstanding all the press vitriolic claims against these wires for the dead, and the paid for propaganda against spiritualism, we found by honest investigation of these human wires, that the reverse is true, they are materially poor. Those who lead in this cause are also without funds and are known to exist merely, giving generously for the cause if they can, whenever they can do good. I speak now of those mediums who are religious, prayerful, obedient to God's laws, reverent, and believers in His truth and willing servants of His. You may be surprised to learn there are many such everywhere, and they are materially poor. "Leave *ALL* that ye have and follow Me."

The lack of Unity among spiritualists, those two factions represented by the National Ass'n. and the Independent Spiritualists, is fatal to the cause of Spirit: God's cause, which He must have sent Jesus to prove that the world would consider spirit everlasting, on earth, present, hoping for the two worlds to work in unison, with God. That all of His Disciples knew this truth of spirit from His teachings, all know who read or study. That Jesus held seances with these, in that upper room, and waited there upon the doubter, Thomas, until he, too, was convinced of the truth of the spirit living unchanged after death, all know, including priests and ministers. Yet these revile this truth, consider it not, preach it not, shy clear of it if it is mentioned, and lead away from it in their discourses in pulpits, when they are not defaming and slandering all who do believe in it, and those

who care if it is true or wish to know more of it from those who can tell them.

Should all acknowledge Jesus mission? If they are Christian? Do any look for His Second coming, or preach it who revere not His ascension WITH His body, after appearance in spirit form? Why do Ministers of the Gospel never refer to the things of the spirit? Or speak of the dead being able to help the living as Jesus did, and promised He should continue to do for believers? These chapters seem closed Books in this era, when God needs their help.

"They do not wish the door of spiritualism opened," said a good Catholic to me. How is this? Those who fling aside the Bible must be irreverent, even if their garb be clerical, Catholic or Protestant. If Jesus CAME to PROVE this truth of spirit, and "they do not wish the door opened" are they working FOR Him? Or against Him? They prosper materially, financially. They give no seat free, no prayer free, no Mass is said without money. "The first shall be last, and the last first." "It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God."

Then, all the saints to whom these pray, these must be near to them? So near, in fact that the "evil" spirits are among them. Affiliating as they must with the Saints in spirit, there should be hope that His doctrine would prevail.

"It is a very unhealthy study and investigation," said one Minister to me, of the Episcopalian faith. If the Saints are among us, hear our prayers to them, should it not be possible to talk WITH Saints? Especially for these Ministers and Priests? And, to perform miracles, like the banishing of spirits, the cure of lepers, and all that Jesus, WITH spiritualism, did perform, telling them that those "who come after Me shall do greater things than these."

Did not Jesus speak with Paul in the way? "Did our hearts not burn within us when He talked with us by the way?" And is it not written that Paul spoke FOR Jesus Who spoke through Him, as Jesus claimed that the Father put the words into His mouth that He spoke, as He counseled His to take no thought of what they should say, for the "words would be given to them."

Are present day Priests and Ministers following AFTER HIM? Where are their miracles, why are these not performed

as their proof that Jesus is with them? And they are His followers?

BECAUSE everlasting Life is NOT preached, in ANY pulpit, and men are gatherers of wool instead of Spirit. Because men are having THEIR way instead of following His Way. Not "wanting the door opened" His sufferings are vain. His sacrifice for naught. HE CAME as well as DIED for this truth of spirit, eternal life after death: and He proved it leaving His record of proof in that Book all should read of and speak of and search for, Truth. Politics He did not preach from the Temple. But Charity. Love. Forbearance. His Father In Heaven. The Commandments.

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God and ALL these things shall be added unto YOU."

It speaks well for mediums that they make sacrifices to prove His truth: give their time, brain, strength,—and feel only pity for the men in pulpits who HAVE His Laws and Teachings, and Gospels, yet set up false claims against those who, as Jesus, hear the dead or see the spirits of God in whatever place He holds them, earth or heaven. *Is* "the laborer worthy of his hire?"

To all who do their best of these, in private as well as public office, paid or unpaid, these "know" as Jesus knew, but in lesser degree, and are closer to Spirit than the ones who decry them, deride their best efforts, and begrudge them bread FROM those efforts. Only mediums know how weakened they become giving freely of psychic essence for the bereaved, the Godless, infidels who never again are Unbelievers, after the "so-called "dead" prove to them that they live and can help them to help themselves before it is too late.

Too material are the men of pulpits, too anxious after Mammon and the Dollar sign, to "get in touch" with spirit voices themselves, except the few. These I have spoken with, held the wire to enlighten, heard them say, "I know: I see the light and hear the voice myself: and I never do anything without its guidance." Some few. Others are not open to conviction, for they "do not want the door of spiritualism (Spirit) open."

"After that He appeared in another form unto two of them."

"How is it that ye do not understand?" (Jesus)

Sarah T. Shatford.

WHAT *VALUE* HAS *THIS* PROOF?

WHAT VALUE HAS *ANY* TRUTH? WHAT *USE* IS RELIGION WITH*OUT* THIS TRUTH?

FOR WHAT *DID* JESUS COME, DIE, EXCEPT THIS PROOF *OF* SPIRIT, WHICH DIES NOT, LIVES *ON*, SPEAKS, HAS THE *SAME* FORM?

The value of anything is its true worth. The truth of life itself is one of God's mysteries, is it not? All life, including mortal life. The truth of death is God's proof, Jesus Christ: His birth, miracles through this power of spirits and Spirit, His death, return in spirit form, ascension with His body to That Heaven where He told all He should go to be with His Father Who had sent Him.

Of myself I cannot argue these questions. As I write this paper, having thought of the many questions asked me by those who were mystified after receiving this proof from their own in spirit, after death, I wrote down at the top of this page these few which were more often asked than others, of me. Realizing that I do not comprehend this power of spirit, I know the different shades of voice with sound, then know of the form of spirit work called inspiration (See my own book BIRDS OF PASSAGE, note the spirit work there, which I now do, but did not when I wrote or published it) then I shall be helped with this paper I am writing even though I hear no voice? Perhaps, I do not know. However I am trying to write this book myself, being able to think and with my own process, so far as I know, describing what happened to me, and how much of it I understand.

As all material things have only the value placed upon them by their individual possessors, so all spiritual truths have the same value, this meaning only what you take it to mean, with or without this experience, miracle, of communication after death, of yours, with their own proof, as different as individuals.

Then, has Spirit, or His miracles, creations, any value to You who read this,—or, being unreceptive of mind, and soul

(spirit) do you ignore His coming, and going, and all which has been revealed for you of God and His eternal life?

The proof, hundreds of people speaking with theirs in the body who are out of the body but have the same form, who are able to make some mortals hear them, see them, should mean something to you, as well as to your soul.

Have you ceased to care where yours are who have died? Do you care if they are homeless here on the same earth, having no shelter except that which you make for them, and no love except yours, which perhaps places them in a graveyard and forgets them except on some decoration day, thinking them so far away in bliss that they do not need you, your love, thoughts, constancy. For it is terribly true that they are with you who have died, and that they need you more than you need them.

The dead cannot send you a postal even. However great their influence, and wealth while in the body, this is their state after death. Unless You seek them, care for them, to find them, they will not affright you, molest you, unhinge you who think only "evil" ghosts walk here on the earth, since preachers preach it to you, and your religion takes these at their word instead of taking Jesus at His word: "Seek and ye shall find."

How base your estimate of the Un-Christian has been. Does this include you then, if you give no thought to Jesus of His miracles, His promises, or His proof that all should never die. What value has Easter to You? The day of lilies, representing the only One Who could rise in purity, because He was God's Son. He even descended into hell. "He descended into hell. The third day etc."

Little children are here. Mothers, and Fathers who were Ministers, Priests in numbers, babies in arms: what then? Are none arisen in glory? "It is not mine to give, but the Father's Who sent me." He could not promise His disciples that they should arise, or sit on His right or left. That is God's Own plan, and He is the Judge. "In my Father's house there are many mansions. Were it not so I would have told you." (Jesus)

Do you care if God's work is hindered or, taking Him at His word, with His proof (Jesus, whose spirit came back to prove He lived still, even with the nail prints the same) you must live as you would be found after death. Death works no miracles. Eventually everyone is what they made themselves, marred by

their choices. Known of all as they are, regardless of crimes, Godless lives without Him,—those who cared nothing for Divine History, or the Power of worlds on High, but defamed Him by their lack of care, belief, even to explaining His wonders, all He has kept and may even keep *from* mainkind, who have only the intelligence of their kind this day of our Lord.

Then, to revere God, you will reverence His Holy Ghost ("He made a man in His image") and all His ghosts, His reflections of Himself, undying as God, His breath. Moses heard the Laws of God. He was clairaudient. Power unseen gave him those words for you, for all, which if followed would make His kingdom come. "Deliver us from evil" (Jesus) was the prayer He taught His disciples to say when they prayed, for He saw spirits, lived among the so-called dead, as well as with mortals, and as the Man of Sorrows He counselled His to pray to His Father (Our Father) for protection from "evil." Then death alters nothing in the man. If he is evil before death he remains evil until he reforms after death. Then there *is* evil after death because men will not believe in eternal life, as eternal sorrow, if they have earned but this.

If you do not care if the dead are dead, you will not, and cannot help God's kingdom to come on earth. Deserting Him and His cause, what you deserve may fall to your lot, has fallen to the lots of all who ever spoke to me from after death conditions. No one brands you this deserter but yourself, and you can brand no one for your curse you find yourself, no loop-holes for those arguments of intelligence (?) you use, those infidel laws you made which were acceptable to You instead of those He spoke for you to Moses, preached and explained to you through Jesus Christ, His Son.

Death then solves the future for mankind. Life is a bauble. So insecure is breath. So fleeting. All must continue to live as they chose to live while a body spoke, and reflected, their choice. To overcome evil this truth regarding death must be shared, possessed, shown to each individual in a body, now. To overcome death you must live so that you can see and hear those who pass out of their bodies who live, see, hear, and prove it to all who are in bodies who care and seek the truth *and* them. "God is a God of the living, not of the dead." All live. There are no dead.

Then, if you care, if you are Christian, or if you are God's

children, you will set great value on the pearl of great price, the Truth, there is no death. There should be no parting: to some there is no veil. The Comforter came for this. "Those who have ears to hear, let them hear."

This is my experience of hearing spirits, those who live after death, and have proved they are alive, surviving with all that made them, including memory, personality, and love. And this book is the true record of souls who live after death, their proof.

Sarah T. Shatford.

MORTALS AS SEEN BY *ONE* MEDIUM

"As through a glass darkly," but "as face to face".

The thin partition subdividing (?) (I suppose) the universe IS sometimes punctured to permit some mortals vision or hearing, as well as "development" in all the phases of the latter, OF spirit guidance, I know, and have reason to know, too.

Mediums never speak for themselves. These take all the revilement poked at them by the very learned (?) "Scientists" group (here in America only, not so in England or France) Why? Do mediums care, knowing humanity better than they do know themselves, what guides them, fascinates them, controls them, uses them, to make them utter what they do against the ones having a development, power, if spiritually minded. They do not care. As Miss Whiting has written in "They Who Understand," these who know, know "that which is born of the spirit *is* spirit." "They who understand" care very little for mortals, or their words, falseness, spitfires. "Let them be ignorant still." The pearl of great price YOU must seek for your own self: I may not BE you. "That which is born of the flesh is flesh." "Seek and ye SHALL find."

As Flammarion knows, and knows that he knows, this truth of life after death, proof of surviving memories, personalities, and all that made individuals themselves,—regarding it in his own language as "his most important discovery," so mediums know mortals, as well as things these regard as yet undiscovered.

I never knew a medium who was not charitable toward the press and kindly disposed towards the clergy who did not comprehend the reasons (plural, many) why these are not "open to conviction (or, having been convinced are subject to the threats

of priests, or clergy, who pass over the reasons of Jesus' spirit return, as birth, as well as His experience with spirits, prophecies, foretelling, as His disciples miracles, and His promise that all should do greater things than He, even, who came after Him,) who did not know why mortals are ignorant, or prefer to be so. Mediums can be given nothing by mortals that would add to their experiences with the so-called "dead". There is nothing can compare with its truth, proof, convictions, comforts, blessings. Even if taken for its proof against the will, used for the comfort of others both in spirit and body, this is true. That which controls mortals beside ignorance, makes "pearls of great price" almost too valuable to share with such of the human family.

To many of them miracles are not enough, proof either,—unless they can bang on the doors and have them opened to *them.* Some are ingrates: some beyond belief. One medium speaks who took nothing from these, but gave and gave until these monsters of cruelty and dishonesty, broke their promises to write their gratitude and acknowledgments: after days of efforts and miracles, they made off with their pearls, disregarding their debt to this medium, a mere statement that they had found there was no death. Invariably these were of the educated class. That every medium worth the name HAS suffered for the truth Jesus died to bring into the world, borne a cross for Him placed on them by mortal's ingratitude and dishonesty, is written both in history and the records of *this* day.

As these have been willing to burn at the stake for this truth, gave up their mortal bodies to suffer as the inhumane of this specie (mortals) caused them to suffer, speaks not only for their honesty, but places them among the martyrs of God, since He *left* these doors open that they might see, hear, spirits, *perform miracles* (?) for Him?

The treasures He gives through the experiences of mediumship "death" cannot take, neither inhuman, Godless factors. The doors He opens, closed to most, are valued more than anything this world holds, could offer, bestow. In fact, the only thing that matters at all *is* this truth, and the proof of it, that there is no dying, death, extinction, no Paradise but that you take along at death's parting breath, no man but what you *are,* that dogma will save no one: not any; only God and His truth, Jesus, Whom He sent, to show why life *was* given Him; to be eternal.

"Inculcate the Saviour Song in my Book."

♣

"W. S. Spirit

WITH the notes, let me say."
"Last leaves *in* the Book." W. S.

WHEN THE WORLD IS *READY* FOR THE SAVIOUR

Music by J. M. B.

Over every battlefield, over every grave,
Over every mountain, over every wave,
Christ shall come in glory,
His own to claim and save,
When the world is ready for the Saviour.

After ruthless cannonades, after all is done,
After weeping Mothers mourn their missing sons,
Christ shall ease the heartache,
And bind the bleeding wounds,
When the world is ready for the Saviour.

Only human brotherhood, peaceful, loving, kind,
Only Christly kindness, worth seeking to find,
Ever can make nations
Of a single mind,
When the world is ready for the Saviour.

CHORUS

Watching, watching, watching for the Saviour,
When the morning breaks and the night is o'er:
Watching, watching, watching for the Saviour,
Peace, Forevermore.

LIST OF SHAKESPEARE'S SPIRIT BOOKS

SHAKESPEARE'S REVELATIONS

By Shakespeare's Spirit

This book, which required one year of constant effort to take to spirit dictation, was proved for two years following its completion to men of the Cloth, Laymen, Scientists, Researchers, Jews, Catholics and Protestants. *Price,* $2.50

FOR JESUS' SAKE

By Shakespeare's Spirit

"For Jesus' Sake"—The Prayers of Shakespeare's Soul. "These should be on every Christian pulpit." From "Reason," Nov., '20. *Price,* $1.10

JESUS' TEACHINGS

By Shakespeare's Spirit

Taken to a spirit's dictation, direct voice. Proved scientifically by messages from the dead (so called). Scientific proof through spirit voice includes proof which only a spirit could give that love, memory, and personality continue after "death." No alterations in any MSS. dictated by this Spirit. *Price,* $1.50

MY PROOF OF IMMORTALITY

By Shakespeare's Spirit

with Theatrical Production: "My Demised Act."

Seven years of scientific, evidential proof given free to hundreds of persons in all walks of life by the medium who took Shakespeare's Spirit Books.

Written in three parts—containing 518 *pages.*

PART I—My proof of Immortality—By Shakespeare's Spirit.

PART II—Scientific Proof, Evidential Proof of survival after death of Memory, Personality, Love, and Affection. Proof which only spirits could give in each case.

PART III—BACK from the dead.

History of this case, mediums who have seen Shakespeare's Spirit, Mediumship, Clairaudience, How Spirits Speak to Mortals, Mediumship is a development, not a gift. *Price,* $3.50

Order from your own Book Store, or address nearest distributor.

THE TORCH PRESS, Inc.
137 East 25th Street, New York City

J. F. ROWNEY PRESS
662 Walker Auditorium Building, Los Angeles, Calif.

JAN 10 1925

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 016 256 382 8